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**NOVEMBER  
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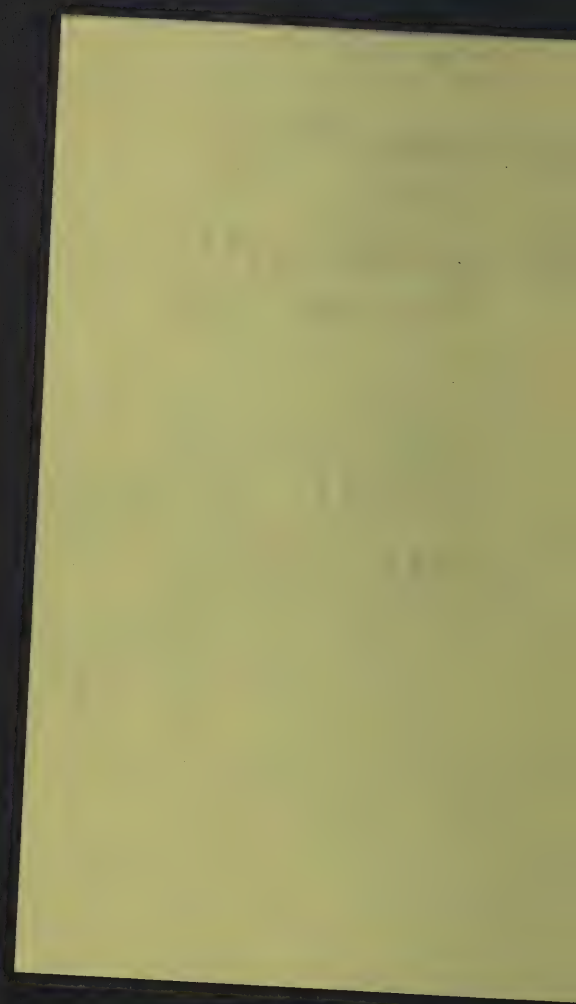
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The  
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Entered as second class mail Feb. 13, 1919, at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate for educational publications.

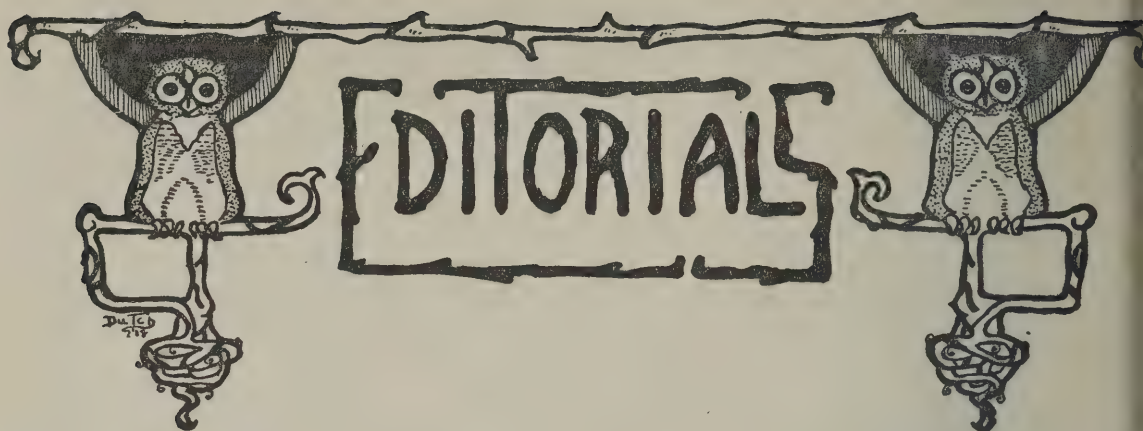
*Vita sine literas mors est.*

Volume 37.

No. 1

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## THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

### AMERICANISM AND ITS NEED

We believe that a school can have no better goal than to produce real Americans and without this ideal, always before her, she must fail in her most cherished hopes. Let us try to find out what Americanism really is. It is justice tempered with mercy, opportunity without privilege, liberty without license, and power without oppression. Americanization is more difficult to define.

Americanization, at this critical period, is a job in which all must help or we will lose that freedom which is our's. You now have the opportunity to prepare yourself for this job.

Here at Cambridge High and Latin School you are given every advantage. Do you seize it and give nothing back? If so you are missing something. If you have never felt that thrill, which is akin to love of country, run up and down your spine when the warriors of your school go out to battle on the gridiron, you have missed something else. If you want your school and Americanism to live do something for them.

Let us look at this thing in a selfish way for a minute. If you think that you can be a success in later life without being able to get together with your fellowmen and produce teamwork you are wrong and now is the time to realize it. Let your sleeping genius burst forth and smite the waiting multitudes with "awe".

If you are an athlete go out for athletics with a vengeance. If you are an orator go out for debating and public speaking. If you have musical talent go out for the orchestra but do not sit back with a cynical eye and criticize the ones that are trying to do something. "Come out of the dope" and help.

It is through organization that a school and country get ahead. The individual may make suggestions and try to do a little in his own way, but he cannot accomplish much alone. It is the united effort that gives the real production. Will you help to make this school the best there is so that its output will be real Americans?

### MANDOLIN CLUB

The Mandolin club has had several interesting meetings. The following officers have been elected for the years 1922-23:

President—Donald Moreland.

Secretary—Elizabeth Whiting.

Treasurer—Frances Moulton.

The club intends to have a very active year and is planning to give several public performances.

Meetings are held in assembly hall *every Friday* at 1.45.

New members always welcome.

The Review was started in 1888 by a small group of the best all-round young people. Since the beginning it has always been backed by a small group of the leaders in school life. This year we have eight hundred subscriptions which is more than ever before but which is only one-third of what we should have. There are twenty-seven hundred pupils in the school. Admitting that two hundred really cannot be expected to buy the Review, there are twenty-five hundred who ought to subscribe to their school paper. It stands for you and for the school. Instead of the traditional small group, let's have the whole school backing the Review. Subscribe now! Don't wait!

Last week twelve hundred class-notes reporters were appointed and a meeting was held

in 79 to explain what was wanted. Out of about the same number last year the traditional small per cent sent in material. That was very welcome but instead of having to print almost everything that comes in, good or bad, we should like to be able to pick the very best from a great mass. Every pupil in this school is

fully able to send something in for every issue. Don't wait to be appointed as a reporter. Help us carry on by contributing. This year's results so far have been better than ever before, but we want the best. If you want a better school paper, do your part. It's up to you!

In the death of Miss Caroline Close, the head of the English department, the school has suffered a loss not to be measured in words. And yet it is fitting to recall some of the traits that endear her to us.

First her conscientiousness that was shown even in her school days: for by doing more rather than less than was required, she finished her four year's course in three. This same virtue led her to do so thoroughly her daily task that years ago when she was teaching in the grades, there was no training school in Cambridge, a teacher from out of town was assigned to her room to observe her methods. That teacher today counts that opportunity a cherished privilege. It is true that it takes more than thoroughness to make a successful teacher. But as Mr. Cleveland well says, she raised the position of teacher to the rank of a profession: hence she was well qualified to teach others.

Second is her loyalty. Born in England, she was ever loyal to her mother-country; but she

took fast root in American soil and showed the finest kind of loyalty to it and its institutions. Loyal also to church, she was, yet she never obtruded her faith upon others; but recognized the good in other forms of faith, especially when, as in her case, the religion was manifest in the life. Loyalty to country, loyalty to church have been mentioned, but Miss Close was staunchly loyal to friends. Although one of a large family with unusually strong ties, she still had room for many warm friendships among both old and young. Her friends always delighted to share with her a good anecdote or an amusing incident for she had a keen sense of fun: but they were equally sure of relief for distresses or sympathy in sorrow.

Do not these lines of James Russell Lowell admirably tell what made her so beloved?

She doeth little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone, or despise:  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

### FLYING RAGHO

The old king leaned back wearily upon the cushions and gave himself up to day-dreaming. A vast Maratha army under his two brilliant sons had gone north to stop an invasion of the festive Afgans. Therefore his ambition would soon be realized, and all India would fall under Maratha control. All messages hitherto had told of success, and the messenger, bearing news of victory was due at any moment. Suddenly the warder's clear challenge rang out, was answered from without, and the massive gate creaked open to admit a travel-worn rider. His bloody, torn, and dusty appearance proclaimed him the expected messenger from the distant battle-front. He dismounted with evident pain, slowly climbed the palace steps, and forced his stiffened muscles in a low bow to the king. His message was shorter than that of any Caesar,

but yet excelled Cicero in style. "We have lost," it stated, "two pearls, twenty-seven gold mohurs, silver in great quantity and a vast amount of copper." To the king the news was like the crack of doom, for the king well knew that the pearls were his two sons, the mohurs his great nobles, the silver his lesser thanes, and the copper the ordinary soldiers. In short, the magnificent Maratha army had been annihilated. The poor man could not bear the shock and died soon after. Ahammed Khan, the Afgan leader, could have easily conquered the rest of the confused and defenceless Maratha kingdom, but he merely appointed governors over the already conquered territory, and returned to Kahul with much loot.

They brought news of the disaster to Ragho, the king's third and youngest son who spent his sunny days in sports and the chase. When



he heard it, the carefree smile faded from his face, and he swore a most binding oath that he would not rest before drinking the blood of Ahammed Khan, the cause of his sorrow. He then set his cousin upon the throne and set out himself to fulfill his vow. A great army was out of the question, for most of the warlike Marathas had fallen in battle. Therefore he picked two hundred men who possessed brains of action, hearts of gold, and muscles of steel. These he mounted on the best Arabs and armed with the finest exports of Damascus. Then, they vanished.

For three strenuous months Ragho trained his men in a mountain fastness. Finally they acted as a swift, harmonious whole, suddenly changing at an insignificant sign from their leader. Each man knew of Ragho's aim and was sufficiently wise to know the best method of execution. Ragho had impressed them with the great necessity for speed.

Then suddenly northern India became aware of Ragho. Not that they saw his person, but his name and fear of his name simply came and struck them motionless. Through a bustling town would come a clatter of hoofs, a band of galloping horsemen striking right and left, and then the town would be no more. It usually was reduced with the quickness of thought to a smouldering heap of ashes. By a figure in black mounted on a coal-black horse at the head of the band men knew that Ragho had come. By the mark of the Swastika, always left in a prominent place on the ruins, men recognized Ragho's handiwork. He and his men seemed to need no rest. They also had perfected the art of vanishing, because he never was where he was reported to be; and because of his sensational swiftness in covering ground, he became notorious as Ragho Bharari, or flying Ragho.

Mind you, he never destroyed unnecessarily, nor did he seek loot alone. Women and children were always safe. Sundry robber bands who tried to follow in Ragho's wake for the purpose of looting found too late of their mistake. Their bodies were discovered stretched upon some highway with the Swastika on their foreheads. Ragho never wasted an ounce of energy nor a moment of time. He always took into account the psychological effect of a deed. The deed itself was planned most carefully and executed with the speed of thought.

To cite an example, the remote city of Rampur at the head of a rebellious district refused

the Marathas its annual tribute. Knowing of the destruction of the Maratha army, they even killed the emissaries. Ragho with his scant two hundred was a thousand miles away, but he covered the distance in nine days. The next morning just as the councillors had come forth from the council house, Ragho happened to dash down that very street. This unfortunate occurrence left Rampur without a responsible government. His horsemen, most of whom had been raising Cain in other parts of the city, met before the city treasury. The tribute, and quite a little loot, was immediately collected. While leaving, Ragho broke the city water tanks, thus flooding the main part of the city with all its drinking water. Moreover, it was not entirely accidental that the strong bridge over the city moat collapsed under the leading rescuers. The crocodiles in the moat, and Ragho, were quite satisfied that day and the rebellious district "paid up." Ragho sent most of his gains back to his nephew, for a kingdom cannot be run without money. A great deal he used to establish secret bases of horses, arms, and food. Some more, judiciously distributed, made easier many of his brilliant coups. Occasionally, Ragho would find some Afghan fort very inconvenient. The next morning the sun usually gazed upon a heap of stones. One gate of the fort was always left standing with the Swastika carved on it and before this gate in neat array were the bodies of the garrison. Once a rash Afghan Nabob declared Ragho to be just a common robber and set out with a sizeable army to prove it. During a noonday halt Ragho's men paid that army a visit. The Nabob returned with a shameful remnant of his men and an entirely altered opinion of Ragho, for on the Nabob's manly brow had been cut a Swastika by Ragho's long sword.

Traps galore were set for the daring prince. He simply played havoc with them. Sometimes he would come in the middle of the night to break the springs of the trap; again he would allow himself to be caught, only to break through in broad daylight.

His fame slowly but surely spread with his exploits. Because of the money he sent back, the Maratha government gradually gathered power, and even raised a small army to follow up his conquests. The hill tribes simply idolized him and disclosed to him such passes through unexplored territory as had never been dreamed of. For this reason men wondered and feared to see Ragho come upon them

suddenly when he should have been scores of "kos" away. Ragho soon got to know of all transactions in the land and profited thereby. No governor dared to send the taxes to Ahammed Khan without a strong guard. At that most of the money on its way to Kabul fell in Ragho's clutches. Traps, armies, and walls were of no avail against this man who could plan an entire campaign in a short moment and put his plan into thorough execution in less time than that. He never increased the number of his men because their speed could not have been better, nor their coordination nearer to perfection.

On the religious Afghan festival of Meharam, Ragho entered the prominent city of Trichinapolly. He calmly broke up the religious parade of the Afghans, razed the Afghan mosques, and sacked the city. Quick rescuers from three neighboring cities found only a huge, extemporized Swastika on the site of the chief Mosque. Not only that but when they returned to their own cities, they each gazed upon a sad havoc. During their absence Ragho had calmly destroyed their homes.

Thenceforth, Ragho became a great nuisance and a living insult to every true believer. No messenger for help reached Ahammed Khan. Ragho made sure of that. So after a conference, the governors that Ahammed Khan had left behind raised a great army to destroy the upstart. For eight long months they trailed the swift Maratha by his wake of destruction. Ever he danced before their sore, angry eyes deliberately smashing their greatest cities and forts into mere stoneheaps. They succeeded by their strategy as they thought, but by Ragho's wish as it happened, in cornering him. It happened in a mountain bound valley of which the only exit was shut by an invincible Afghan fort. During the dark night, the blood-thirsty Afghans closed their toils around the unsuspecting Ragho. Then the fighting commenced. For such a punitive force, the Marathas fought with surprising energy but the dawn dispelled the surprise. The maddened Afghans found that Ragho had again melted through their eager clutches, to leave them unknowingly fighting each other. Moreover, on the way out, he had casually taken the "invincible" fort and completely destroyed the belated Afghan supply wagons. If you have the courage and the power to penetrate unknown places, you may yet gaze upon the bones of forty thousand Afghans who fell

into the hands of the savage hill tribes and the pangs of relentless hunger.

Thenceforth all northern India came under Maratha power. Ragho never showed himself, but whenever a rebellious arm arose, there he appeared in no uncertain manner. He had accomplished something the like of which has never been done by any other man, i. e. he reduced all northern India to submission with a force of two hundred men. Yet they were men, and they were led by one whose mind held but one idea—revenge.

About this time a messenger, spared by the will of Ragho, came to Ahammed Khan. The great Afghan at first refused to believe the wild tale of Ragho's depredations. Then as the overwhelming proofs were driven home, he waxed angry and called to him his only son. That ambitious young man was forthwith furnished with an army, a finely carved box, and full instruction for the use of both. The army of course was for the purpose of apprehending Ragho whose head was to be returned C. O. D. in the box. The box came back in due time. The eager Ahammed Khan opened it only to gaze on the head of his late son.

The old man's wrath knew no bounds. He called every able-bodied Aghan to help reduce India to submission, yet it was not the same army that had destroyed the Marathas. Insidious luxury had crept in. Instead of riding his own fiery steed Ahammed Khan rolled luxuriously in a howdah on an elephant's back. The soldiers followed their leader's examples on a smaller scale.

In the Khaiber pass, Ahammed Khan's army marched majestically on its way to India. Suddenly, a lone horseman, all in black, was seen galloping up. A messenger, thought the Afghans, but they were startled to see the messenger cut down the man who bore their flag. Then Ragho, for it was he, made his horse lean his fore legs upon the Afghan leader's elephant. A single stroke sufficed for the driver and another struck Ahammed Khan's drawn dagger from his hand. Then the Afghan's swarthy face went pale as he looked into the face of death itself and remembered Ragho's vow. What the grim avenger did is unknown, but he did join his waiting men with blood on his lips. The Afghan army was moved to action by the dull thud of Ahammed Khan's body on the ground, but all too late. Ragho's revenge had been taken single handed, and the warrior had vanished as was his wont.



### "AW RATS"

*Constance C. F. Desmond*

*Class '24*

Jim Hanson was as good a boy of eighteen years as one could wish to see. He was extremely good-looking and almost perfect in manners, behaviour and scholarship. You notice I say "almost." Jim was human, and he was not a "willie." He had one bad habit. That was "aw rats." That little slang expression was always turning up at the wrong time to the horror of his twin sister Eline and his mother. Try as he would, he could not obliterate it from his vocabulary. At the present moment his mother was reading him a lecture on English as a half, as a whole, as an—oh, everything under the sun!

"But aw rats, mother!" and then he gasped in dismay at the look on his mother's face and beat a hasty retreat from the room.

Grabbing his hat, he made a dash for the front door. Just as he was about to rush out of the door, Eline called down the stairs, "Oh wait a moment, Jim. I have some one whom I wish you to—"

"Aw Rats!" shouted Jim over his shoulder. Bang! went the front door, and Jim actually ran down the street.

"That sister of mine!" he muttered under his breath. "Always bringing some one home to be introduced. Aw rats, she makes me sick!"

"What makes you sick?" asked a very soft, sweet, feminine voice. Jim practically jumped around. Never had he heard such a beautiful voice. He found himself face to face with the prettiest, most piquant little miss that he had ever seen in the whole six thousand five hundred seventy-four days that he had lived. Her eyes were big and dark with heavy, black eye brows and long, dark eyelashes. She had beautiful, clear, olive-tinted skin. A deep dimple came and went in each cheek as she looked up at him, and her hair was short and curly and dark.

"A-um-er-to whom am I indebted for the honor?" he stammered.

"Aw rats!" she exclaimed, and fled laughing up the street.

For an instant Jim stared after the receding figure, and then he suddenly became galvanized into action. What a shame to let such a perfectly lovely girl disappear without learning her name! Jim raced madly after her absolutely unconscious of the curious glances of

the passers-by. However, when he reached the corner, she had vanished.

"Aw rats!" he exclaimed, "What do I care, anyway," and he turned disconsolately toward home.

Entering the house, he started immediately for his room. As he passed the guest room, he heard the laughing voices of his sister and some other girl. Halfway up the stairs, he came to a sudden stop. Then he turned and bolted down the stairs to the guest room door. It was open just a little, enough for him to see the little brown eyed elf. It was she! Right here in his own house. Suddenly overcome by shyness as he heard the girls discussing him, he turned and crept up the stairs to his room.

Fifteen minutes later Eline came rushing into his room.

"Oh Jim!" she cried prettily, "I am in such a fix. Here Jeanne Faulk has suddenly arrived from Illinois, and I'm going to the Prom tonight with Tom, and I don't want to take her with us, and I don't want to leave her at home, and she wants to go, and she's your guest as well as mine—"

"And, and, and, and," mocked Jim. "Well, little girl what do you want me to do, take your paragon to the Prom? Aw rats, sis! Well, never mind," he said, seeing the dismayed look on his sister's face, "I'll help you out. Don't worry." Eline gave him an ecstatic hug and rushed away to dress for dinner.

When he entered the dining-room, he saw no one but the brown eyed elf.

"Miss Faulke," he began, "I-I-w-want-w-wish you-I-will you-would you-aw—"

"Rats!" she exclaimed mischievously.

He blushed bashfully and dropped his eyes. He was fairly caught. Then Eline breezed in and put an end to further conversation.

After dinner (a very silent affair on his part), he gathered all his courage and begged Jeanne to allow him to take her to the Senior Prom given by the Boy's High.

"Aw rats!" she exclaimed wickedly, but took it back when she saw the pleading in the boy's eyes.

"If you promise not to say 'Aw rats' again tonight, I'll go," she said.

"Thanks awfully!" he exclaimed, relieved.

"Aw rats!" she said laughingly, and fled to get dressed.

## NUGGET JACK'S STRIKE

By Frank Morris

In the inky blackness of the night, the rain beat down upon the steep road with a ceaseless tattoo, almost drowning out the faint *clip-clop* of a horse's hoofs. At times the sound would be lost entirely, only to emerge again and reassure one that the horse was approaching the summit of the grade.

A minute passed, the sound grew louder, and the pace was slackened to a slow trot. Presently the beast settled down to a steady walk and continued thus until the summit was reached. Here it stopped, and a rider dismounted.

The horse shook itself and began to stamp about restlessly, but a caressing hand at its nose quieted the animal instantly.

"Sh-h-h, Reddy!" admonished the rider. "I heard somethin' down thar in that gulch."

The voice was sweet and musical, but fraught with anxiety. Its owner could be no one but a girl.

She listened for some time, and as the sound did not return, she grew agitated. Taking a few steps forward, she approached the right side of the road, which frowned down upon a black, seemingly abysmal gulch. Here she halted and stared down at the dark, precipitous bank.

"Hullo, thar!" she called in the same sweet voice.

The rider listened attentively, but heard nothing except the monotonous, deafening patter of rain; for the California rainy season had begun, and the fall was somewhat heavier than usual.

The girl called again, and again, and ultimately shouted an appealing "Hey, thar!" and a desperate "Oh, you!" Then, drawing back to her horse, she clutched him by the mane, endeavoring in vain to stifle a sob in her throat.

"Oh, Reddy," she demanded of the animal, "where have you led me?" And drawing up her heavy, rain-soaked coat closer about her head, she disconsolately mounted. "An' I kalkilated thar was a cabin down thar."

She had ridden down the grade but a few yards when she suddenly whirled her horse around and again dismounted.

"Reddy, I must be hearin' things," she whispered, half-angrily, half-excitedly, and, approaching the side of the road, peered down into the black gulch once more.

It seemed like an exceedingly long time that she stood inert in that position, but when she straightened her back again she was conscious of having heard a faint *click, click* somewhere below. She recognized the sound instantly.

"Thar is some one down thar, Reddy," she whispered excitedly to the horse. "Oh, I'm so glad! I kalkilate it's some poor old miner workin' in this rain." And she raised her voice in another musical "Hullo, thar!"

If there was any reply, she did not hear it, because the steady pounding of the rain drowned out every sound. In sheer desperation she left the road and began to descend the precipitous bank to the gulch below. The footing was hazardous and uncertain; she had literally to feel her way. More than once did she slide a few feet before she recovered her balance again. Finally, swinging forward her foot to find a firm hold, she was amazed to discover none. Peering closer, she saw that she was standing on a great narrow ledge, and that had she been less cautious, the next step would have plunged her into the abyss below.

Shading her eyes with her hands to protect them from the driving rain, she looked up in fright. But nothing was visible; all was blackness. Then she heard the sound once more. This time it was considerably louder, so that she leaned forward and peered over the ledge straight down.

She bit her lip to withhold an exclamation of surprise. Far below shone the weak light of a lantern. It was not this that startled her, but the depth. It appeared to her as if she were somewhere up in the clouds; in reality she was a little over two hundred feet above the light.

Now she realized why she had not perceived the light before; the ledge had obstructed her view.

But some one was moving down there; occasionally she caught the glint of a metal, which she conjectured to be a pick. Then she descried the shadowy figure of a man near the lantern. This last encouraged her, so that she cupped her hands to her mouth, and shouted: "Oh, you down thar!"

The man went on working.

She shouted once again, and finally emitted a long wolf howl, which she could accomplish almost with perfection.



Once the miner stopped, and leaning on his pick, appeared to listen; but the next moment he was at his task again.

Suddenly an idea occurred to her. Picking up a fair-sized pebble, she rolled it down at the miner. It missed him, but a tiny avalanche which it had precipitated covered his feet up to his ankles with clay-like dirt and small stones. He glanced up quickly and stepped back. Shouting an apology, the girl wound a white silk handkerchief around another pebble and sent this strange missile rolling down.

In her eagerness to attract his attention, she accidentally stepped off the ledge and slid her right foot down. With a little cry of fright, she clutched desperately at a small azalea bush to recover her balance, but her weight snapped the stalk, and she went rolling down the bank to the gulch below. . . .

It was not until late in the afternoon of the next day that she recovered consciousness. She found herself lying on a sort of couch in a small room, whose walls were decorated exuberantly with pictures and clippings from newspapers, all dated the year 1849. Near the foot of the couch a tall young man of handsome features stood reading a month-old copy of a San Francisco chronicle.

She coughed significantly, and he instantly turned toward her.

"I beg pardon," he smiled, "but how do you feel?"

"Well . . ." she hesitated, turned her pale countenance toward him, and studied him carefully with her dark eyes. "Well, I don't know. How many bones have I got broken?"

"None. You've got some nasty bruises, though. . . . Are you hungry?"

"Mm," she smiled up at him, "I kalkilate so. . . . But are you the miner that was diggin' thar—last night was it?"

"I'm the one," he replied, with a broad grin. "Nugget Jack," they call me. I struck a rich gold-pocket yesterday, and I was that enthusiastic I would have worked all night—if it hadn't been for you. In a few days, you know, working the pocket will be quite difficult because of the rains."

"I should say," she acquiesced. "You're a San Franciscan, ain't you?"

"Well, yes; that is, I used to be one. The gold fever got me, though, and I live wherever I find gold. . . . And you, Miss. . . ."

"I'm Tess Laramee. I was ridin' to San Francisco to visit my brother thar, when the

rains began. I kinder kalkilated thar was a cabin down yer, an' I fairly yelled my head off. Did you hear me?"

"Not until you threw down your handkerchief. I was bundled up so thick I couldn't have heard you had you been a foot away from me."

"That's too bad," Tess laughed. "And oh, did you ketch Reddy, my horse? I knew you would, Mr. Nugget Jack. . . ."

A week later her convalescence, if it could be called that, had reached the stage where it permitted her to sit in the saddle and take short rides, when it was not raining. She even went so far as to attempt cooking, sewing, and house-cleaning. In the afternoons she would visit Nugget Jack at his diggings. Each day he expected her to make her departure, yet she did not go.

However, one morning, as Nugget Jack prepared to leave the cabin, Tess confronted him with tears in her eyes.

"I'm perfectly rude!" she exclaimed, looking down at her shoes. "Look yer, I've got to thank you, but I don't know how; an' it's time I was a-movin'. . . ."

Nugget Jack smiled.

"Listen, Miss Laramee," he said, "I'll clean out that pocket in about two weeks, then I'm going to San Francisco. We can go together.

Tess shook her head. "It ain't right. I'm a-hinderin' you."

"You know that's not true," he expostulated. "Miss Laramee, please stay. . . it's the only way you can thank me."

That evening, when he returned, Tess saw that he was pale and uneasy.

"Feelin' bad?" she queried.

"No. I'm worried. Miss Laramee, do you remember that ledge you was on that night? Well, you know it's just above my diggings. Today a little piece of it broke off—I suppose you weakened it some—and started a landslide, but the earth was checked before it reached me. Another little piece like that would start a dangerous landslide that would bury the pocket. You see, just above that ledge is a dead buckeye. A strong wind would topple it, and I fear the wind is rising even now. . . ."

They listened in silence to the long, wailing, sad notes of the wind, and to the drumming of the rain on the windows. Time and again he would walk to the window and peer into the blackness. And Tess would gaze at him half shyly, half admiringly.

"Miss Laramée. . . Tess," he finally broke the silence. "I've got a reputation that whenever I dig for gold, I strike it."

Tess Laramée smiled. "In course. How else could you have got the name of Nugget Jack? Your. . ."

Suddenly a deep muttering, beginning low

and continuing upward it rose above the notes of the wailing wind and grew into a thunderous roar, shattered the comparative quiet of the night.

Tess tremulously clutched at Nugget Jack's shoulder. He saw—and smiled. He had been right; he had dug for his gold and found it.

## AN ENGLISH BUTLER—AMERICAN PLAN

Last Thursday evening, at the home of Mrs. Adelaide Penberton Smythe, an English butler drew back the portiere between the dining-room and the drawing-room. He stood for a moment like a soldier at attention; then in a low, even, respectful voice he announced, "Dinner is served."

As languid, fleshy Mrs. Smythe passed into the next room she glanced at the statue-like figure with patronizing approval. She was proud of her English butler. He had come with letters of character from some of the best families in England. Altho the letters said nothing of his ability as a butler she found his bearing faultless and his knowledge of etiquette complete.

Mr. Smythe followed her to the table and laid a newspaper beside his place which he continued to read. His wife watched him a few minutes in pouting silence. "Harold! Don't always spoil my meals with that horrid old paper!" Mr. Smythe looked up, and as he did so, she snatched the paper, putting it beside her place. He reached for it appealingly. She placed a fat sugar bowl on it with a decisive motion.

The butler brought in two plates of soup and found Mrs. Smythe carrying on a lively conversation about the doings of the Federated Women's Clubs. He gravely stood behind her chair ready to place her soup when a black headline caught his eye.

### LLOYD GEORGE OUT OF OFFICE

He glanced hastily at Mrs. Smythe. She hadn't even heard him enter. The butler leaned forward as he tried to read the smaller print. What memories did this news bring, that made him so forget his duties? These were names familiar to him: Oxford chums: he had made a speech for that man before the war.—Suddenly a sugar bowl intervened between him and the news from home. (Mrs. Smythe was still talking). He held up the soup plate with one hand and arranged something on the table, pushing aside the sugar bowl. Still Mrs.

Smythe seemed unconscious. He took one last look. "Bonar Law was forming a new cab—"

"Eee-e-eghk!" He felt a sickening sense of calamity as he turned and stared into the pudgy, horrified face of his mistress. There was a thin stream of soup pouring from the tilted soup plate, directly above her head. She screamed and threw up her arm, hitting the soup plate. It was knocked from his grasp, and making a perfect pancake twist, it came to rest on the exclusive head of Mrs. Adelaide Pemberton Smythe. The inverted dish balanced there for two ghastly seconds, then slid to the floor. The soup ran thru her hair, down her neck, back of her ears, under her double chin, down her back, all over her.

She screamed for her maid. She glared at the butler. She rose from her place gathering all her scattered dignity. She trembled in rage, pointing at the door. "Haw! Haw!! Haw!!!" Her husband was doubled up, swaying back and forth with uncontrollable laughter. She turned to glare at him in astonishment. Then she whirled back to the offending butler and gasped out her choked up rage. "Go! Let me never see your face again! Get out of my house! Go! Go!! Go!!! You clumsy, snoop-ing——"

The butler went. After him echoed the roaring laughter of a new and awakened Mr. Smythe. He reflected that he had never before heard Mr. Smythe laugh in that house. He smiled bitterly to himself as he packed a few simple belongings into a suitcase. He thought of his life in England before the war.

He was of an old family. When the war came on he became a major in the British army. Noone cared unselfishly for the estate. Five years of neglect, taxes, and profiteers had left him nothing. He returned from France intending to find some occupation. For months he hunted a position, gradually trying for more menial tasks as his supply of spending money gave out. Finally a friend loaned him enough to get his passage to America. He had just paid the debt in full thru the Bank of England.



It was all he had saved as a butler for Mrs. Smythe. Again he found himself nearly destitute.

He carried his suitcase quietly out the back door. All Friday he hunted a suitable position. Saturday morning he searched for any kind of a job. He was walking despondently down Tremont street when a well dressed man came out of a doorway and stepped into a waiting Packard. Behind him fluttered a strip of blue cardboard. The ex-butler picked it up. The car had gone. He looked for the man then back to the pasteboard. It said, "HARVARD vs CENTRE FOOTBALL SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 2.30. A newsboy beside him was yelling, "Boston American! Boston American! Read all about the Centre game today in the Boston American!" The ticket might be worth something, he thought. Then he shook his head, smiled a little grimly, and determined to see that game for himself.

An usher showed a distinguished-looking, middle-aged Englishman to one of the best reserved seats in the stadium. At his right were two prosperous business men with flaring red neckties. The one on the farther side was the well-known Mr. Smythe of the Shawmut National Bank. He appeared much more cheerful than usual. Next to the Englishman sat Morgan P. Rutledge, the powerful New York banker. He also appeared cheerful and was obviously an ardent football fan.

"I'll bet two thousand against two hundred on Harvard," Mr. Rutledge offered his friend.

"I never bet against my college, not even for Centre," Mr. Smythe answered.

The Englishman touched his neighbor on the arm. "I accept the bet."

While they were arranging the checks, one on the Bank of England and one on the First National Bank of New York, Mr. Smythe was watching with peculiar interest. There was a twinkle in his eye as he said, "I have decided to break my rule for the first time. I'm going to bet on a college I admire." He turned to the Englishman. "I bet two thousand to two hundred with the odds in favor of Centre. Will you take me up?"

Mr. Rutledge turned to his friend, "Are you crazy or something?"

"No, I'll explain later," answered Mr. Smythe.

Three days later the men met in a private office. Mr. Rutledge called for an explanation of the generous bet. Mr. Smythe complied. "You know, Rut, I used to be scared to death of Adelaide. Well it was that Englishman that fixed me up. He pulled off the funniest stunt on her I ever saw, and I laughed so hard I nearly broke. Since then I've been myself and haven't let her boss around too much. Oh, yes! She's a good old girl, only I took her too seriously." Mr. Smythe went on to tell the story of the soup. When he had finished, he said, "I saw the Englishman yesterday. He says he is going to pay back the eighteen hundred margin he made as soon as he gets well on his feet. I hope he doesn't. You know he is a well educated man; I was just thinking, you said the other day you were going to Europe on this foreign loan business, and you needed someone to show you the ropes at the foreign capitals and be an interpreter and what not. Wouldn't this English nobleman out of luck, be just your man?"

### FREEDOM\*

The winds are lashing on the sea,  
But I am where I love to be,  
In a ship that is tossed by the billowy waves;  
In a ship that is stirred while the mad water  
    raves;  
In a bark that is rocked by a tempest.  
The sun is shining on the sea,  
And I am where I love to be.  
I'm out and away on the bounding foam;  
I'm out and away, great leagues to roam;  
I am free on the restless ocean.  
Twilight is stealing over the sea,  
And I am where I love to be,

Breathing the joy of the ocean air;  
Letting the winds blow away all care;  
Feeling the spray and the splendor.  
Night has deepened the blue of the sea,  
And I am where I love to be,  
Soothed to sleep by its rythmical song,  
Sung by the waves as they sweep along,  
Calmed by the voice of the ocean.

*Eugenia S. Houston, '22. Cambridge High  
and Latin School.*

\*Printed in "Gleam," a magazine of verse for young people.



### *Tennis Tournament*

The G. A. A. tennis tournament for the Durrell cup is being held this fall. The weather and other conditions have been unfavorable, and the first round matches were not all played off until the end of October. It is hoped that the other matches can be played more promptly so that the finals may be played before the snow comes.

### *The Freshman Party*

The Freshman Party is to be held Saturday, November 18. The members are asked to come masked and dressed to represent some food or something pertaining to the table. Prizes will be given for the prettiest, the funniest, and the most original costumes.

It is the custom of the G. A. A. to have a so-called "Freshman Party" every year to give the new members a chance to become acquainted with the old ones. Usually at this time the old girls give a short entertainment.

### *Basketball*

Basketball practice has been started earlier than usual with the Freshmen and the Juniors practicing on Mondays, and the Sophomores and the Seniors practicing on Thursdays. This year the sophomores are as new to the game as the freshmen for there seemed to be no time last year when they could practice.

The plan this year is not to have a first and second team from each class, but to have several teams of equal strength from each class. This plan gives every girl the opportunity to play on a team, and it also provides for more inter-class games.

This year physical education has been made compulsory for all girls ranked as freshmen or sophomores. For those who do not feel

able to do the regular physical education work a "deep-breathing" class has been formed. On fine days the members of the class take walks under the leadership of Miss Brown or Miss McLaughlin. When this was written, it was still a question as to what this class would do on wet days.

### *Meeting October 9.*

A mass meeting of freshmen with a few Seniors to keep order was held in the hall in the special period October 9.

Mr. Cleveland explained to the Freshmen the meaning of "school spirit", and urged them to support the "Review".

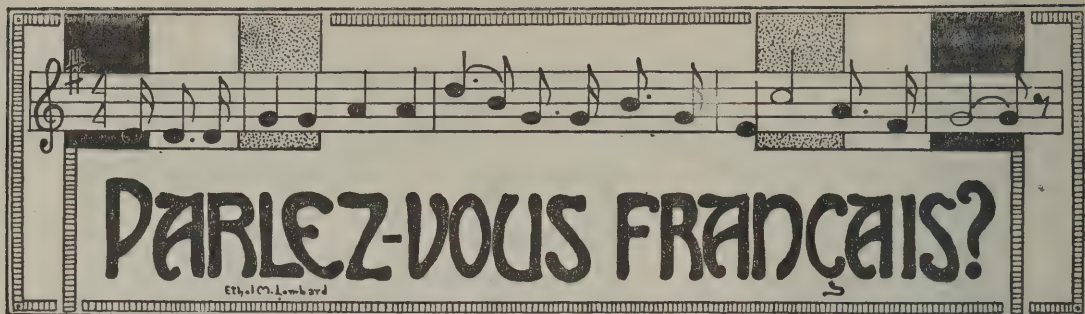
Regina Grenier, the president of the association, also spoke of "school spirit" and said she hoped all the girls were planning to go to the football games. She explained that the G. A. A. dues have been raised to \$.25 as the past executive committees found it impossible to meet expenses when the dues were only \$.10.

Miss Brown introduced the officers as either Regina forgot to or was too modest to. Then, for the benefit of the new girls, she told how the G. A. A. was originated and some of its purposes, the most important of which is to make everyone happy.

Before the meeting was dismissed Mr. Cleveland said that he has known Regina ever since she was very small, and that there is no girl in the school better able to take the responsibility of being president of the association. He congratulated the other officers on their records expressing his conviction that they will always do what they think is best for the good of the association.

The officers of the G. A. A. wish to take this opportunity to ask for any criticism or suggestions which may be helpful to them.





Sur le bord de la Baie de Fundy en Nouvelle-Ecosse, se trouve un petit village pour ainsi dire un hameau solitaire. Il est connu dans les environs sous le nom de Church-Point. Le village se compose d'a peu près vingt maisons. Le petit village est bien assis sur le haut d'une petite colline dominant les environs. C'est le rendez-vous des pêcheurs. Dans la Baie voisine les pêcheurs sont certainement abondantes comprenant surtout le homard.

Les paysans font leur vie, pour la plupart à la pêche. C'est une scène quotidienne de voir trois ou quatre vieux marins marcher à pas lents le long du quai fumant leurs pipes craseuses et regardant leurs jeunes filles reparer leurs filets.

Il y a une superstition parmi les pêcheurs de la cote que si un pêcheur se met "à la mer" avant le levée du soleil, il lui arrivera quelque malheur avant le coucher du soleil.

Les paysans sont très rudes, mais hospitaliers. Ils reçoivent bien un étranger, lui donnent le meilleur de tout et croient

que c'est une insulte d'être offert de l'argent. Le village est dépourvu de journaux d'automobiles et même de locomotives.

Le soir réunit tous au foyer paternel, où les vieux marins aiment à raconter cette anecdote assez amusante et dont je ne doute pas de l'authenticité.

En 1910, un touriste américain prit envie de suivre la côte entre Digby et Yarmouth pour prendre des vues du paysage. Il arriva donc un dimanche à Church-Point au moment où les paroissiens sortaient de la petite église. Lorsqu'ils aperçurent cette machine qui marchait sans che vaux, deux vieux pêcheurs s'évanouirent, plusieurs faillirent s'évanouir et les femmes faisant le signe de la croix, s'enfuirent dans l'église épouvantées croyant que c'était le diable qui passait.

Ce qui montre que ce petit village, est loin de notre vie moderne.

Par ALBERT J. POIRIER,

Class of 1925.

## JEANNE D'ARC

### Son Enfance

Il y a cinq cents ans qu'il naquit à Domremy, petit village de la Lorraine, une petite fille. La petite fut baptisée Jeanne, et grandit libre parmi les enfants du village. Comme toutes les petites filles de ce temps-là, elle savait filer, coudre, faire le ménage et dire ses prières. Elle gardait souvent les troupeaux ou travaillait aux champs, mais elle ne savait ni A ni B.

Au printemps, les enfants de Domremy allaient à L'Arbre-des-Fées fêter les bonnes dames, comme on appelait les fées. Jeanne les accompagnait. Ils s'assemblaient, leurs paniers au bras, et attendaient Jeanne devant sa maison, qui ressemblait à bien d'autres humbles demeures du village.

Dans la façade il y avait deux fenêtres qui donnaient peu de lumière. Le toit descendait presque à terre du côté du jardin, qui était verger et potager en même temps, mais qui, à ce moment, était tout fleuri de blanc et de rose.

Un jour—Jeanne avait alors treize ans—elle sortit de la maison pour rejoindre les autres enfants qui descendaient la rue du village. La petite troupe de paysans s'avancait entre les maisons si semblables aux granges d'aujourd'hui. Au sortir du hameau, ils virent un grand pré à l'herbe verte et tendre, et au-dessus du grand chemin s'élevait un très vieux hêtre.

(To be continued)

## ALUMNI NOTES

Among those having 100 percentile mark on their College Board "exams" are Amy Lindahl (Radcliffe) in French and Elementary Latin, Oscar Catsiff (Harvard) in English and Physics, Ben. Goldman (Harvard) in Plain Geometry.

*Radcliffe News*

At the first party given Sept. 30 at Radcliffe to the class of 1926 Rosamond Coolidge '19 and Mary Killam '20 were in the receiving line. Miriam Putnam '20 was one of those in charge of the entertainment given by the Sophomore class.

Helen Moran '20 has been appointed treasurer of the Catholic Club.

In the first group of honor pupils for the first "half-year" are Carolyn Stubbs '20 and Elizabeth Pelletier '20.

Lilly Lindahl '19, Irma Reed '20, and Mary Campbell '21, are in the second group.

Estella Bradiey, Anita Carley, Grace Fair, Doris Gerry, Amy Lindahl, Elsa Marsh, Marie Naughton, Dorothea Parker, and Ruth Whitley, all of '22 are Freshmen at Radcliffe.

Grace Fair and Anita Carley received very high honors in their examinations.

Helen Hitchcock, Helen Coolidge, Catherine Henry, Evelyn Hotson, Grace Richmond, and Alice Sexton, of '21 are Radcliffe Freshmen.

Barbara Nolen '19 has transferred from Smith College to Radcliffe for her junior year.

Alice Johnson '20 has been elected Song Leader of the Sophomore class.

Ruth Whitley's '22 picture was in the paper, because she is the youngest at Radcliffe.

*Simmons*

Esther Andleman '22, Betty Eldredge '22, and Olive Nelson '22 are at Simmons. Olive Nelson is taking the nurse's course.

*Smith*

Harriet Lane '20, and Anna Dallinger '20 finished the freshman year with high honors. Mae Galvin '22 is a freshman, also Dorothy Rand '20.

*Wellesley*

Connie Bailey and Margaret Lane of '22 are Freshmen.

*Harvard*

Albert Bailey, Donald Bradley, William Brooks, Oscar Catsiff, Raymond D'arcy, Robert Ford, David Gay, Benjamin Goldman, Meyer Goldman, Arthur King, Douglass MacKinnon, Luther Macnair, Benjamin Rosenwald, Eliot Spaulding, Harold Vucassovich, and John Walz of '22 are at Harvard.

John Walden and Phil Doherty of '21 are there too. Frank (Gaspie) Sullivan '18 is a Harvard Freshman.

Several have gone to Normal Schools.

Ruth Boland '22 and Helen Grade to Miss Leslies.

Mary Barry, Alice O'Sullivan, Caroline Shaw, Catherine Riley, Mary Powers, Mary O'Hare, and Alberta Chapman are at Salem.

Mary O'Connell, Helen Zubrinski, Eleanor Bacigalupo, and Evelyn March, all of '22 are at Lowell.

*\*Marriages and Engagements*

Helen Farrell '21 is engaged to Daniel Fitzgerald of Allston.

Lura Jones '19, married Edward Cooper June 14th.

Alice Grant '17, married Dwight Gregory of East Aurora, N. Y., Oct. 17th.

Evelyn LaCroix ex '22 married Thomas Kenney '20, September 27th.

*Tufts*

Alexander Paddock, Donald Howard, '22 and Rudolph Lanclos '22 are at Tufts.

Donald Howard was elected president of the Freshman class.

\*Laurial Lane and Marguerite Pierce, both of '16 were married October 7th.

Laura Jones '19 married Edward Cooper June 14th.

Alice Grant '17 married Dwight Gregory of East Aurora, New York, Oct. 17.





Pupil: "Johnson, in his later years, became a hypochondriac."

Teacher: "That sounds pretty good, but tell us what it means."

Pupil: "He had the blues."

Teacher (to boy sharpening pencil during class): "Hurry up, Collins, you are delaying us."

Boy: "Run right along; don't let me keep you."

Student (writing home): "How do you spell 'financially'?"

Other: "F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y, and there are two R's in embarrassed."

Miss Hardy: "English derivative from noceo, harm."

Rothstein: "Knock out."

#### THE FORD

A little bit of sparkle,  
A little bit of coil,  
A little bit of gasoline,  
A little bit of oil,  
A little bit of tin,  
A two-inch board,  
Put them together,  
And you'll have a Ford!

*Ruth Connell*

Miss—: "What objection have you got to having cracked ice in your drinking water?"

Fresh: "Because germs might get in between the cracks!"

#### *Inane Remarks*

Mr. Jacobs: "Why did the soldiers starve at Valley Forge?"

Miss S—: "Because they didn't have any food."

Mr. Jacobs: "What about the Whiskey Rebellion?"

Lovejoy: "That's a dry subject."

Teacher (in chemistry): "We will now take poison."

Pupil: "You may, but I won't."

Girl (translating Virgil): "The gods breathe and make gentle breezes."

Student: "Gee! When they sneeze they must stir up a tempest."

Heard in German II: Unser Kanarienvogel blies sich auf.

Trans.: Our canary blew up.

In verschieden zarten Farben waren dort alle Beete verzeichnet.

Trans.: In delicate different colors the beets were marked out.

Wie heiter und frohlich verlief dies kleine abendessen.

Trans.: How quickly and happily this little evening meal ran away.

Perhaps the person who translated the passage was hungry.

Do you recognize this?

Miss S—: "When I write my Geometry, etc."

Glasheen's idea of the height of economy is vulcanizing a toy balloon.

Miss Dolan (translating Latin): "He has an army in him."

Mr. Derry: "My! What a cannibal."

*A Modern Version*

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty bin,  
For the soul is dead that slumbers  
When the coal comes rolling in.

Lovejoy: "A horse may be hungry but he will never eat a bit."

*Heard in Geography*

Teacher: "Name the zones."

Fresh: "There are two zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine is either temperate or intemperate; the feminine is either torrid or frigid."

Teacher: "I am surprised at you Sam. Why can't you tell me when Columbus came to America? What does the chapter heading say?"

Sam: "Columbus—1492."

Teacher: "Well, isn't that plain?"

Sam: "Yes'm, but I always thought it was the telephone number."

*Who was it?*

The kindergarten had been studying the wind all the week until they were pretty well bored. To stimulate interest the teacher said in her most enthusiastic manner: "Children, as I came to school today in the trolley car, the door opened and something came softly in and kissed me on the cheek. What do you think it was?"

And the children joyfully answered, "The conductor."

"Maggie, how was it I saw a man talking with you in the kitchen last night?" asked the mistress.

The girl after pondering, "Faith an I can't make it out meself, you must have been looking through the keyhole."

*Turned Out*

Angry Father: "How dare you come home like this in the middle of the term and have the cheek to say you don't like the C. H. L. S.? Don't you know that it has turned out some of the most brilliant men in the country?"

Son: "Yes, dad. They turned me out."

There seems to be some doubt in this school as to the meaning of the word oil-can when applied to people. Can anyone enlighten us?

Miss Cassidy reading a notice: "Seventy-five years ago today this school opened its doors."

Voice in the rear: "Do you remember it?"

Miss H.—: "Give me a derivative from 'bovis'?"

Bright young soph: "Bevo!"

Mr. Derry to Miss Preble: "How can Atlas support the earth on his shoulders when he is standing on it? That's quite a feat."

Englishman on biting into his first clam fritter: "Oh, I say old chap, something nawsty's crawled inside me bun and died."

Fresh: "The world consists of three parts water and one part land. The chances are that some of us are born fish."

*Bright Remark*

Dow (in history): "They were lonely because there was nobody around, only people."

A—: "Did you ever hear the story of the empty box-car?"

B—: "Yes, there's nothing in it."

Pupil in Physics class: "If a man were put in a vacuum with only oxygen to breathe would he burst?"

Teacher: "Try it and see."

Miss B. (to pupil who failed on a verb): "Did you look at it?"

Pupil: "Yes."

Miss B.: "Well, you must have had the wrong glasses."

Miss Flanders (to every class): "How are you going to study your home lesson?"

Every class (in unison): "Notes! Glossary! and English Dictionary!"

That's all there is, there isn't any more.

Humphreys in trig: "You don't change the man—teaser." (Meaning mantissa).

Casey said to Carney: "Say kid, there was one thing I used to like about you, but you spent it! Get away!"

Miss M-r-a-y seeing young Neddie F-a-r-n in his first long trousers, stage whispers to Mr. Citeria: "I'll bet he's still got his long stockings on!"

*In Physics*

"When I entered a store yesterday," said the teacher, "I read a single word printed on the door. Can you guess it? It is one without which not one of you could dream of succeeding in the scientific world."

"Pull!" shouted the class in unison and the teacher realized that she had taken her motto from the wrong side of the door.



# DEBATING



Cambridge Latin is looking forward to one of the most colorful years in the history of its debating annals. In addition to the inter-class debating a duel debate with Quincy and possibly another with Everett are in the making. The last time an Everett debate was held, their representatives took home the bacon by a 2 to 1 decision of the judges much to the surprise of the great majority. With one of the strongest teams it has been able to boast of for years, Cambridge is out to defeat Everett good and proper, thus wiping out our defeat of a few years back.

In former years it was the custom to hold an annual Quincy-Cambridge Latin debate, although for some inexplicable reason this custom has been neglected for the past years, it is with great joy that we announce its renewal.

All of the victorious team which whipped Malden last year are back again to renew activities once again. In the persons of Walter H. McLaughlin, Milan N. Drake and Theodore Walcott, is a trio which the average high school team would have some job to whip. This statement is borne out by the decisive victory which Cambridge Latin gained over Malden the past year.

It is the intention of the debating council to make more of inter-class debating this year than has formerly been the case. Yearly, a series of debates are held between the Freshmen and the Sophomores, the winner of which is awarded a medal. In addition to this set of debates a series are also going to take place between the Juniors and the Seniors. Then at the end of the year the winners of the two series will have a final debate for the medal and school championship.

As it is understood at the present time Rindge, our friendly rival across the way, is to have a debating trio this year. If this is so, nothing will be more pleasing to the followers of both schools than to arrange an early meeting of these teams for the city championship. We have met Rindge upon the diamond, gridiron, track, river, and arena, and usually have been the victor. But never have we met Rindge upon the platform. As to who will be the winner, time alone can tell.

Due to the College Board Exams, the upper-classmen seem to lose all interest in the Durrell Prize Debates. This is due no doubt to the extra amount of studying the average student is forced to do before he can pass successfully the 60% mark. At the next meeting of the debating council, plans are going to be discussed in regard to having the Durrell at an earlier date, possibly some time in January or February. Thus the upper-classmen will not be hampered by having both exams and debating coming at the same time. From all appearances the Freshmen are going to have a strong team this year. They came out in large numbers and when they meet the Sophomores in the first tilt for the medal it should prove interesting.

On Wednesday, October 25, 1922, the trials for the Freshmen-Sophomore debates were held. Among the Freshmen who reported were two girls, a Miss Thompson and a Miss Sweeney, both of whom proved to be very good. After due consideration, the judges picked the following teams:

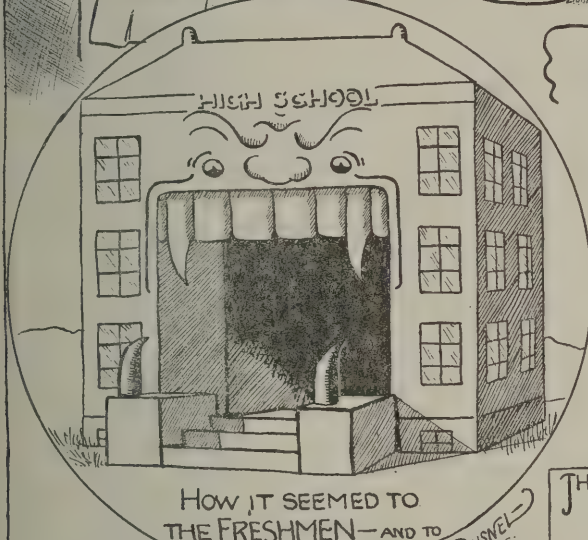
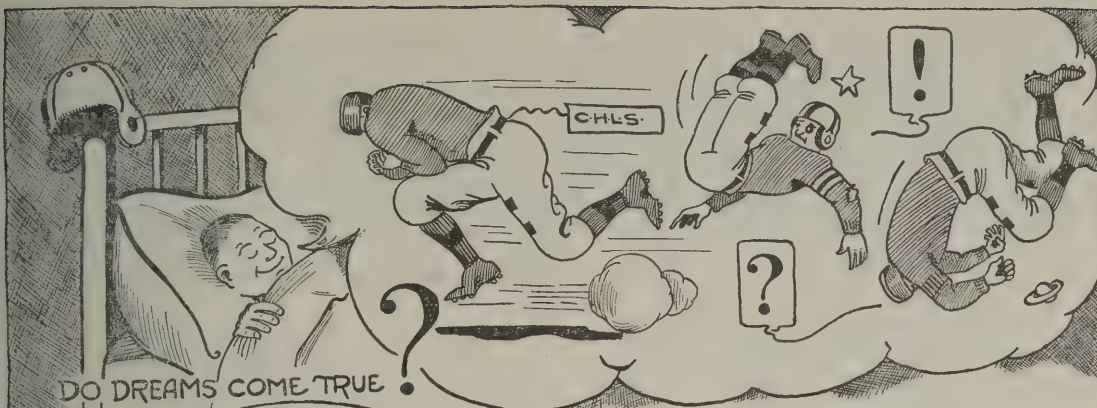
*Freshmen*  
Brooks Bartlett  
Julia Sweeney  
\*Henry Adilson

*Sophomores*  
\*Roy Lamson  
Edward McCarthy  
Henry Waitskin

\*Rebuttal Speaker

The judges were Miss Wood and Miss Sharkey. The Freshmen showed an abundance of material and the above mentioned team should make things hot for the Sophomores in their next tilt. For the first time in many years, one of the feminine sex is a member of a class team. But Miss Sweeney is a welcome member, and it will be worth while to watch her work.

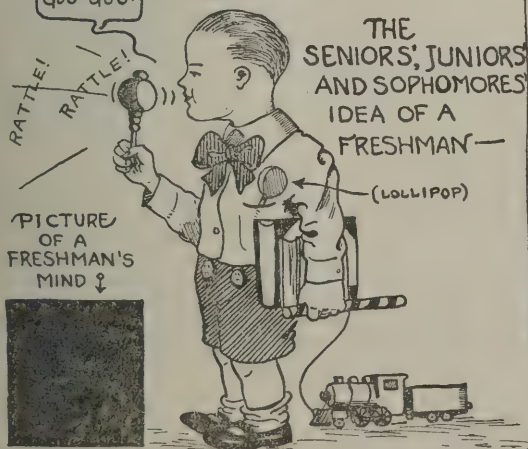
With the first tilt between the Freshmen and the Sophomores schedu'ed to come off in the near future, and plans for an inter-scholastic debate already under way, we are looking forward to a rosy debating year full of thrilling moments from the word, go! until the final exams. have been passed and all disband to renew activities another year.



How IT SEEMED TO  
THE FRESHMEN — AND TO  
ALL THE REST, FOR THAT  
MATTER.

BUSNEL  
CHLS.  
1923

DA-DA!  
GOO-GOO!



THOSE DRINKING(?) FOUNTAINS

S'MATTER ?

SHOCK, I GUESS —  
HE SAW ONE OF THEM 'ERE  
'DRINKING' FOUNTAINS  
ACTUALLY WORKIN'!







## CAMBRIDGE LATIN DEFEATED BY CUSHING 7-0

Cushing Academy managed to defeat Cambridge Latin in a hard-fought game. Latin did very well considering the facts that she was considerably outweighed by her opponents and that it was her first game.

Cushing scored in the third period. Payne received a punt and with a clear field ahead of him and aided by good interference, he romped over the goal for a touchdown. He also kicked the goal. Latin outfought Cushing in the first half and threatened to score twice but on each occasion Cushing's defense tightened.

Dudley, Davies, Smith, Kelleher, O'Connell, Casey, and Fitzgerald did exceptionally well for Latin School.

Payne, Peltier, Miller, and Provanche played good football for Cushing.

### *The Line-up*

#### *Cambridge Latin*

Nelson R. E.  
Kelleher R. E.  
Moxan R. E.  
Smith R. E.  
MacAnern R. G.  
Murtaugh R. G.  
Agustino R. G.  
Arthur R. G.  
Garner C.  
Beardsell L. G.  
Conroy L. E.  
Dudley L. E.  
Fitzgerald Q. B.  
Duchin R. H. B.  
Shaunessey R. H. B.  
O'Connell R. H. B.  
Casey L. H. B.  
Davies F. B.

#### *Cushing*

Muck L. E.  
Regan L. T.  
Miller L. G.  
Gamache C.  
Provanche R. G.  
Crosby R. T.  
Battin R. E.  
Conway  
Peltier L. H. B.  
Payne R. H. B.  
Smith F. B.

## CAMBRIDGE LATIN DEFEATED BY ST. JAMES 16-3

St. James High unexpectedly won from Cambridge Latin 16-3. The field was wet and soggy and good football could hardly be expected. St. James had a big heavy veteran team, but Cambridge Latin managed to hold her at a tie score 3-3 until the final period when St. James scored twice. In the first quarter after a series of line bucks failed St. James, Broderick dropped back to punt formation and kicked a field goal. This was quickly followed with a field goal by Davies, Latin's fullback. Thus, this score stood until the last quarter when Latin School seemed to weaken. St. James first touchdown came in the final period when Davies attempted to throw a pass to Fitzgerald, but the ball was intercepted by Connors the St. James center rush. He was tackled by Smith on Latin's 10 yard line. After two successive rushes Broderick scored but he failed to kick the goal. A few minutes later Connors again excelled. He caught a punt from Davies and ran it to Latin's 7 yd. line where Broderick scored on a straight dive through center. This time he kicked the goal. This was the final score.

Cambridge Latin played a good hard game and the coaches feel satisfied with the showing made by the team.

Davies was the individual star of the game. Time and time again he threw the opposing backs for losses.

Garner, Beardsell, MacAnern, Duchin, and Shaughnessey excelled for Latin School.

Broderick, Connors, Minnehan, Brunelle and G. Holland did well for St. James.

### *The Line-up*

#### *Cambridge Latin*

Moxan R. E.  
Conroy R. B.  
Beardsell R. T.  
McNeilly R. T.  
McAnern F. G.

#### *St. James*

Brunelle L. E.  
Frantini L. B.  
Bolukas L. G.  
Connors C.  
Holland R. G.

Garner C.  
 Beardsell L. G.  
 MacAnern L. G.  
 Smith L. T.  
 Rotman L. B.  
 Dudley L. E.  
 Fitzgerald Q. B.  
 Duchin R. H. B.  
 Shaughnessey R. H. B.  
 Parker R. H. B.  
 Kelleher L. H. B.  
 Parker L. H. B.  
 O'Connell L. H. B.  
 Davies F. B.

Timmons R. T.  
 Halloway R. G.  
 Minihan Q. B.  
 Donahue L. H. B.  
 G. Holland R. H. B.  
 Broderick F. B.

MacAnern R. G.  
 Smith R. E.  
 Carver R. E.  
 Fitzgerald Q. B.  
 Duchin R. H. B.  
 Casey R. H. B.  
 Kelleher L. H. B.  
 O'Connell L. H. B.  
 Davies F. B.

Morrell L. G.  
 Bobby L. T.  
 Kilty L. E.  
 Fermoye L. E.  
 Blackman Q. B.  
 Jeremiah Q. B.  
 Rogers L. H. B.  
 Blackman L. H. B.  
 MacFayden R. H. B.  
 Wells F. B.  
 Georgette F. B.

### SOMERVILLE WINS FROM CAMBRIDGE LATIN 6-0

In one of the best opening games of the season Somerville defeated Latin School 6-0.

Somerville's touchdown came as a result of a Latin School fumble on the latter's 3 yd. line which Somerville recovered, and after 3 line plays failed, Capt. Blackman finally scored. McFayden failed to kick the goal.

The brand of football displayed was of mid-season form. Latin School should have beaten Somerville because it outplayed and outfought Somerville throughout the game. Somerville executed some great forward passes in the second period which proved to be the most brilliant plays of the game.

In the second period Jeremiah of Somerville tossed a forward pass to Mattern for a gain of 40 yards. Blackman followed this play by a gain of ten yards. Cambridge Latin's defense then held Somerville on the 3 yd. line. Latin School then on her 3 yd. line tried two plays which failed, then she fumbled, Somerville recovered and quickly scored.

In the second half Fraser kicked off to Davies who made 10 yds. Latin made three first downs in succession with Davies carrying the ball. Somerville was penalized 15 yds. for clipping. Latin advanced to the 5 yd. line for first down and then to the 2 yd. line where Somerville held for downs. Wells then kicked out of danger and the game ended soon after. This was Latin's really great chance to score.

Capt. Blackman, Wells, Rogers, and Mattern played well for Somerville. Davies, Dudley, Smith and Garner excelled for Cambridge.

#### *The Line-up*

#### *Cambridge Latin*

Dudley L. E.  
 Conroy T.  
 Beardsell L. G.  
 Garner C.  
 Arthur R. G.

#### *Somerville*

Mattern R. E.  
 Fraser R. T.  
 Haggarty R. G.  
 Casey R. G.  
 O'Neil C.

### RINDGE WINS FROM CAMBRIDGE LATIN 6-0

Rindge, by virtue of her victory over Cambridge Latin, is champion of Cambridge.

During the first half of the game the play was mostly in midfield. Rindge had two chances to score by way of field goals but failed. Every foot of ground that was gained by Rindge was bitterly contested by Cambridge Latin. Rindge had a big veteran team that showed aggressiveness and power. It had also a hard running backfield.

Rindge tallied in the last stanza. On a series of line plunges and a forward pass from Saunders to Corkery, Rindge put the ball on Latin's 15 yd. line. On an off-tackle play Corkery gained 12 yards. He then scored on a plunge through center. Kane failed to kick the goal.

After Rindge scored, Latin seemed to find itself. Several forward passes were completed and Latin school was advancing to Rindge's goal. A forward pass Dudley to Davies was intercepted by Corkery. This ended Cambridge Latin's chances of victory, because the game ended right here.

Capt. Corkery, Kelly, Smith, Lassman, and Saunders excelled for Rindge.

Smith, Casey, Fitzgerald, Beardsell, and Conroy played well for Latin School.

#### *The Summary*

#### *Rindge Tech.*

Boley C.  
 Lassman L. T.  
 Zollin L. G.  
 Saunders C.  
 Banzoul R. G.  
 Kelley R. T.  
 Elcewicz R. E.  
 August L. H. B.  
 Sweeney L. H. B.  
 Smith R. H. B.  
 Corkery F. B.  
 Kane Q. B.

#### *Cambridge Latin*

Carver R. E.  
 Nelson R. E.  
 Conroy R. T.  
 MacAnern R. G.  
 Murtagh R. G.  
 Garner C.  
 Beardsell L. G.  
 Smith L. T.  
 Dudley L. E.  
 Shaughnessey Q. B.  
 Fitzgerald Q. B.  
 Casey L. H. B.  
 Kelleher R. H. B.  
 Davies F. B.



## CAMBRIDGE LATIN GOES DOWN TO DEFEAT TO MALDEN 12-0

Cambridge Latin opened up the Malden's new field, and more than 5,000 enthusiastic fans were on hand to see the game.

Malden first scored at the end of the last half. After failing on end runs and forward passes, Malden resorted to line plunging, which thus gave her six points.

Malden's second score was a gift. Near the end of the game a Latin forward pass was intercepted by Holden of Malden, who was not downed until he had reached Latin's 20 yd. lines. After a series of line plunges Capt. Sandberg scored.

Latin School did not play her usual good game. The backs could not seem to get started, and the line did not charge fast enough. Latin School gained only one first down.

Carver's kicking was a feature of the game. He got off some fine high spirals which were well covered by Dudley.

*Line-up**Cambridge*

Carver R. E.  
Conroy R. T.  
Beardsell R. G.  
Rotman R. G.  
Arthur R. G.  
Murtagh C.  
Donahue L. G.  
Smith L. T.  
Dudley L. E.  
Fitzgerald Q. B.  
Cohen L. H. B.  
O'Connell L. H. B.  
Casey R. H. B.  
Kelleher R. H. B.  
Davies F. B.

*Malden*

Barabee L. E.  
Ritter L. T.  
Payne L. G.  
Miner L. G.  
Halpin C.  
Goodrich R. G.  
O'Connor R. G.  
Holden R. T.  
Neville R. E.  
Jackson Q. B.  
Sandberg L. H. B.  
Holden R. H. B.  
Cooper R. H. B.  
Connelly F. B.

Carver, Dudley, Cohen, and Murtagh starred for Cambridge Latin.

Halpin, Sandberg, Jackson, and Holden excelled for Malden.

## CLASS NOTES

(Continued from page 17)

Teacher: "Only fools ask questions wise men can't answer."

Senior: "No wonder I drew a V."

Mr. Cain would grow hair on the top of his head if he were able.

Miss Forrest is too fond of acute angles in her fifth period class. At least this kind of V.

Miss Shroeder: "Stop that."

Bright boy (in a whisper): "I will if it comes my way."

*Youthful Finance*

Mother: "Johnny, why in the world are you feeding the baby with yeast?"

Johnny: "Boohoo! She's swallowed my dime and I'm trying to raise the dough."

"What is Billy Hardatit doing these days?" asked Smithers.

"Oh, he's working his son's way through college," replied Binks.

He: "Weren't you shy when the judge asked you your age in court?"

She: "Yes, I was about ten years shy."

Jimmy: "What's the best thing for water on the knee?"

Eddy: "Wear pumps."

The vaudeville artists, King and Rosenwald, perform every day in Room 80, 5th period. All Freshmen are invited. They may be able to teach them some new tricks.

It did not behoove Miss Sears to discuss fraternities with Miss Gerould, for we are all inclined to believe that the latter knows quite a bit about them.

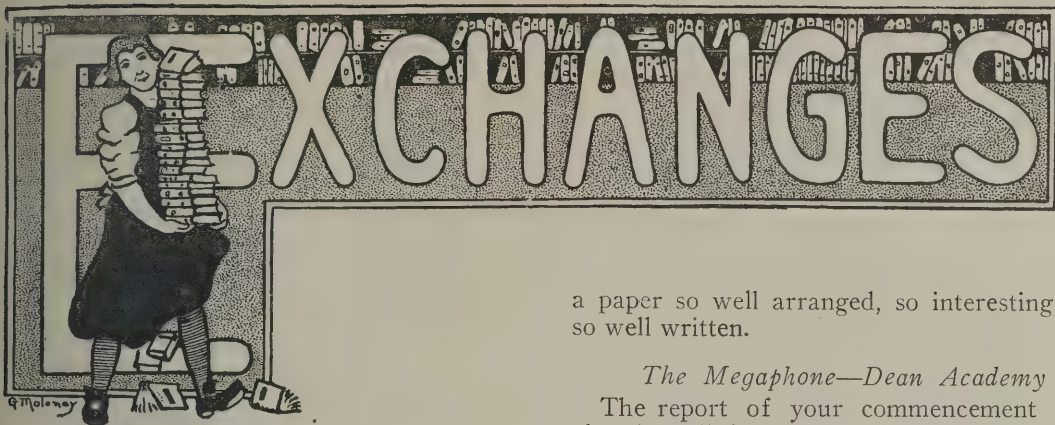
Miss Sampson: "Here, here, Cassidy."

Cassidy: "Where? Where?"

If ignorance were an alley, some of us would be a boulevard.

Question: "What was the largest island before the discovery of Australia?"

Answer: "Australia."



a paper so well arranged, so interesting, and so well written.

*The Megaphone—Dean Academy*

The report of your commencement exercises is well done. We think that a better arrangement would improve your paper. Your pictures and cartoons are very good. Where are the jokes?

*The News—Beaumont High School*

Your material is unusually good, but why not have a better arrangement? Your "Brickbats and Bouquets" is very good.

We gratefully acknowledge:

The Bowdoin Orient (3)—Brunswick, Me.

The Technology Engineering News—Mass. Institute of Technology.

The Middlebury Campus (3)—Middlebury, Vermont.

The Voice—Concord, Mass.

The Randolph Macon Academy—Front Royal, Virginia.

### EXCHANGE JOKES

"Have you ever seen a mosquito weep?"

"No, but I've seen a moth ball."

When a fellow is allowed to muss a girl's hair, he considers it a net gain; she, a net loss.

Traveling Salesman: "Your office is as hot as an oven today."

Business Man: "Yes, I make my daily bread here you see."

"I should like to take out some insurance."

"Fire or life?"

"Both. I have a wooden leg."

Doctor: "This is a very sad case, sir, very sad indeed. I much regret to tell you that your wife's mind is gone, completely gone."

Peck: "Well, I'm not surprised any. She's been giving me a piece of it every day for the last fifteen years."

With the beginning of a new school year, we wish to start out with a definite object in view—constructive, not destructive criticism. The object of an Exchange Department is to help other schools by showing what has been successfully done in one. For the benefit of new pupils who may not know, we want to say that the exchanges are kept on file in the Review office for anyone to consult if he is looking for ideas in regard to school organization and wishes to know how things are done in other places. You would be surprised to find what interesting reading these papers make.

What we think.

*The Spotlight—Chelsea, Vermont*

We are more than glad to receive a new publication on our mailing list. We shall look forward to seeing your paper and hope that you may have a prosperous year.

*Ravelings—Decatur High School*

Your paper on the whole is very excellent, but where is your Literary Department? You show a remarkable school spirit and a loyalty to your teachers which is deserving of praise.

*The News—Dubuque, Iowa*

Your "Inquiring Reporter" and "Did You Know That" are departments which might well be copied by other schools; your "House of Representatives" is also a unique idea. Why don't you have a Literary Department?

*The Herald—Holyoke, Mass.*

Your literary department is very interesting, but wouldn't it be better to have fewer stories and more "Special Features?"

*The Gazette—Lynn Classical High*

We cannot express our pleasure in finding



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NORMAN, BEATRICE

*G's and E's*

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ANDREWS, PAUL  
BOLAND, DOROTHY  
BOYLE, EDWARD  
BOYD, LILLIAN  
BRESNAN, EVELYN  
BROCKBANK, HAZEL  
BROOKS, BARBARA  
BURACK, ANNA  
CAMPBELL, WILLIAM  
CARNEY, BERNADETTE  
CASSON, SARAH  
CLAIR, JACK  
CLARKE, AVIS  
CLYDE, ALEXANDER  
COHEN, ALEXANDER  
CONLON, WALTER  
CONSTANTINE, FRANCES  
COX, MARIE  
CREEDMAN, MARY  
CUMMINGS, GERTRUDE  
CURRIER, CLAIRE  
CURTIS, MARY  
DAILEY, BARBARA  
DAKIN, ELEANOR  
DANE, HELEN  
DEER, ELEANOR  
DICKIE, HARRIET  
DINSMORE, JOSEPH  
DOTEN, DANA  
DOUGLAS, ANNA  
DUNCAN, LILLIAN  
DUNN, MARGARET  
DUNNETT, OLIVE  
DUNPHY, MARIE  
FARIS, LILLIAN  
FERRAR, MINNIE  
FERRICK, MARGARET  
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FINSTEIN, MAX  
FLEMMING, JOHN  
FLYNN, WILLIAM  
FULLONTON, MARY  
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GANZ, STANLEY  
GAULEY, DOROTHEA  
GEROULD, ELIZABETH  
GEROULD, MARGERY

GERRY, HAROLD  
GILBERT, ELIZABETH  
GODDARD, CHARLOTTA  
GOLDMAN, LOUIS  
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GRODEN, JOHN  
GUINEY, LUCEY  
HAGER, DOROTHY  
HANSON, HELEN  
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HAYWARD, RUTH  
HERMAN, BEAUMONT  
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HOFFMAN, HENRY  
HOLLIDAY, EMELIA  
HOLMES, ELEANOR  
HUTCHINGS, HAZEL  
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KALOGLON, ANNA  
KENNEY, JOHN  
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KING, LESTER  
KLAM, LILLIAN  
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MORDECAI, ELIZABETH  
MORRISEY, MARGARET  
MOULTON, FRANCES  
MUNROE, FLORENCE

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 MURRAY, MARGARET  
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 PORTENUS, JOHN  
 PORTER, ROSE  
 POWERS, FLORENCE  
 POWERS, MARJORIE  
 PUZYN, STASIA  
 RAULINAITIS, MARY  
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 RUBIN, IRA  
 RUGGLI, ELIZABETH

SABATH, HARRY  
 SAGE, PRISCILLA  
 SAKOWICH, JULIUS  
 SANDERSON, RICHARD  
 SANDIFORD, HELENA  
 SHANNON, JOSEPH  
 SHAPIRO, EDITH  
 SILVERMAN, IDA  
 SOUTHARD, AUSTIN  
 STROLOVITZ, FRANCES  
 SULLIVAN, MARGARET J.  
 SWEENEY, JULIA  
 SPENCE, ETHEL  
 STEAD, OLIVIA  
 TAFEL, RICHARD  
 RALARICO, SARAH  
 TASONIS, JOSEPH  
 TEMPLE, ALMA  
 TIFFANY, DON  
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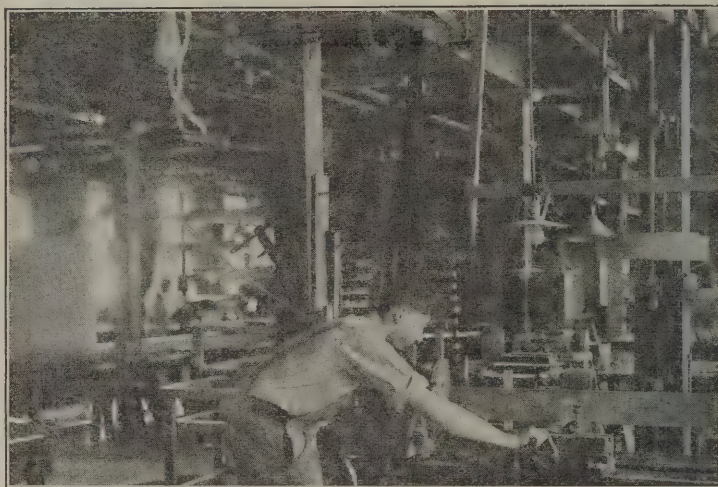
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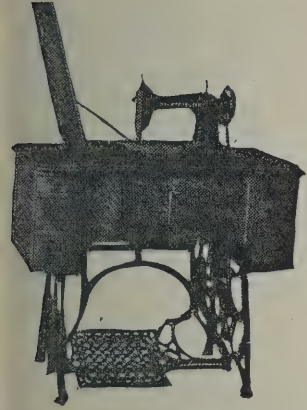
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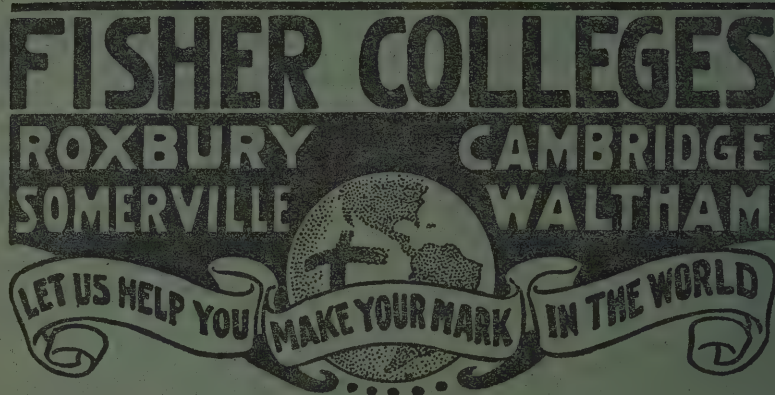
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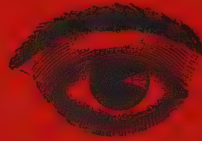
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Entered as second class mail Feb. 13, 1919, at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate for educational publications.

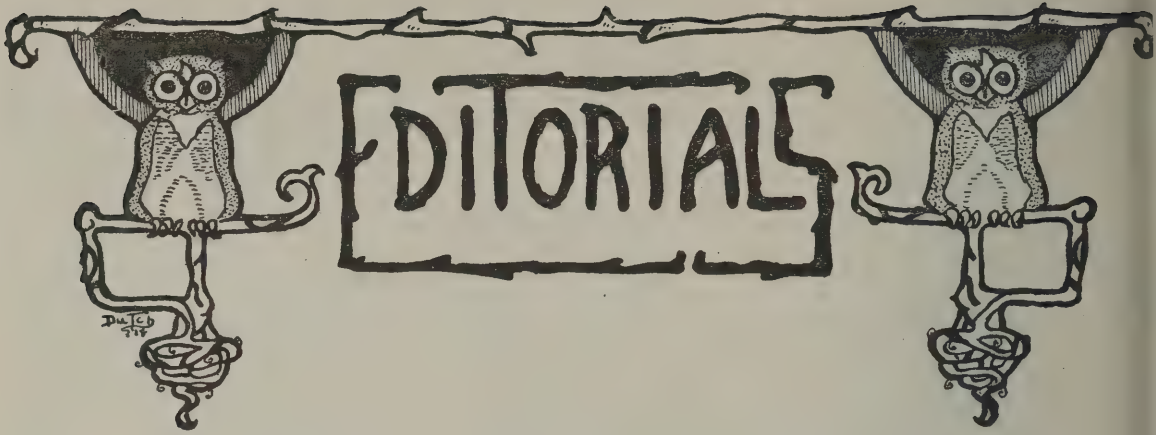
*Vita sine literas mors est.*

Volume 37.

No. 2

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### THE CLASS OF 1923

The class of 1923 began its career at "C. H. L. S." in 1919, but many have come in the class from other schools. This class, as freshmen, attracted much attention, which was not always favorable, by eating in the corridors at recess and by asking where the elevators were located.

In the years that followed many have fallen by the wayside, but enough have escaped the pitfalls of Trig., English, Latin, etc., to make a class which we all hope will be a record-breaker in all lines of activity. The senior class is a large one which goes to prove that the statement that good things come in little packages, is all wrong.

When these high and mighty seniors were still in swaddling clothes as freshmen and sophomores, they remained as unobtrusive as possible, but now they have reached the cherished goal. The stage is set for you, Seniors, what will you do? The senior drama will be here and with the help of a certain Miss Hartigan, a past master in her work, you will be able to cast a shadow over the senior drama of years gone by. We have no doubt that this class, the class of 1923, shall go down in our hall of fame as an example for the others who are yet to come.

"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts."

You, Seniors, are only playing in one of the early acts now, but we are sure that as the play continues we shall be well pleased with the production.

### BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT

The Management of the Review wishes to thank the ones who solicited subscriptions for their hearty cooperation. Their fine work has increased our subscription list to 960 subscribers. We wish to thank the following, especially, for their good work: Katherine Cornell, Rebecca Gorran, Beatrice Hersum, Elsie Machan, Edith MacLean, Gordon Messenger, Vivian Nichols, Beatrice Norman, Gladys Nordstrom, Dorothy Pennock, Edna Parker, Mildred Perkins, Mary Rockelt, Helen Richardson, Ira Rubin, Mildred Stokes, Madeleine Sullivan.

W. B. N.

### ILLUSTRATING THE REVIEW

In the February issue of the Review the editorial staff plans to have one story which will be illustrated, the illustrations to be procured by means of a contest in the drawing classes. The honor of having our drawings appear in published form should stimulate those of us who have special interest in drawing to our best efforts.

It is evident moreover, that to be the author of the first story to be illustrated in the Review is an exceptional honor. For this reason a contest will be held to determine upon the story. We expect the hearty co-operation of the students of the C. H. L. S. in this contest. Show your school spirit and support the Review not only with your subscription but with your talent.

If the first illustrated story is successful the policy of illustrating our leading story will very likely become permanent.

**A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to All**

## THE TRAIL OF MAH-EN-GIN

By Frank Morris

One evening of the early winter, when the silence of the grim, snow-covered forest was quite predominant, an Indian hunter plunged into a thicket of dark spruce, and a moment later, stood before the entrance of an Ojibway lodge.

Hastily removing his snowshoes, he entered. By the lodge fire he found seated his old friend, Kichinass, an Indian with a serious, determined countenance. - Opposite the entrance, Little Spruce, Kichinass' daughter, was occupied with mending moccasins. The hunter immediately stated his case.

"My brother," said he, addressing Kichinass in the Ojibway tongue, "I am in trouble, and I come to seek your counsel."

"Let my brother open his heart, so that I may see the nature of his grievance," urged Kichinass. "Mah-en-gin may proceed."

With this encouragement, Mah-en-gin glanced at Little Spruce, and complied.

"A white man follows me. He is tall and strong. He is ordered to take me with him. Behind him stands the Hudson's Bay Company. I am charged with false trading with the Company's post on Mountain River. The man is Roy Jensing; he is but one hour's journey away from here."

Kichinass smoked at his pipe thoughtfully.

"My brother says this man is Roy Jensing. He is a very persistent man. And this Roy Jensing represents the Hudson's Bay Company. That is a very persistent company."

"Ae," assented Mah-en-gin.

"Then why does my brother come to me?" demanded Kichinass.

"To seek his wise counsel."

"Then I give it—and a very wise one it is: Leave the country."

Mah-en-gin considered this, then shook his head.

"That cannot be," he negatived. "I would be fleeing the country just for one man."

"Is it Roy Jensing?" asked Kichinass, removing the pipe from his mouth.

"No, Kichinass, it is Mukwa."

"Ah!" exclaimed Kichinass, a strange light showing in his eyes.

A short silence ensued. Little Spruce continued to mend moccasins, not once changing her position. Finally Mah-en-gin spoke.

"Mukwa and I were good friends. We had agreed that, when he was short of skins he

could buy on my credit, and when I was short of skins I could buy on his. Many times had he bought from the Hudson's Bay Company on my credit, and I have acknowledged it willingly. Four suns ago I bought articles on his credit from the Company's post at Mountain River. Mukwa refused to acknowledge it, and when I grew angry, he sought the protection of the Factor at Mountain House. Then, two suns ago, I learned that the Factor had ordered Roy Jensing on my trail. I could do nothing. The Factor was against me because I had often traded my goods with Free Traders, the enemies of the Hudson's Bay Company. He wanted to catch me, so that he could influence me to trade my skins only with the Company. But I fled—and came here. . ."

Another silence followed, during which Kichinass seriously contemplated the fire. Once or twice he shifted uneasily, and ultimately laid down his pipe. Mah-en-gin looked up expectantly.

Then Little Spruce rose and approached the old man.

"My father?"

"Yes, Little Spruce," urged Kichinass, looking up at her.

"I would help our brother Mah-en-gin."

Kichinass reserved a respectful silence.

"He is of our people, and also, I find him good in my sight."

She finished speaking and withdrew immediately to her former place. Kichinass looked at the hunter.

"Mah-en-gin," said he, puffing slowly at his pipe again, "I will help you."

Thus it was that, when Roy Jensing of the Hudson's Bay Company appeared at the lodge that same evening, he found only Little Spruce. Accompanying him—undoubtedly for the so'e purpose of directing him to Kichinass' lodge in the spruce thickets—was an Indian, whom Jensing called Mukwa. They seated themselves by the lodge fire.

"Where is your father?" asked Jensing, removing his mittens and extending his hands toward the fire.

"He is following a trail," replied the Ojibway girl.

"How long is he gone?"

Little Spruce stared at him and shrugged her shoulders.



"I know not, Master, for I was asleep when he left."

"Then how do you know he is following a trail?" Jensing shot at her.

To this she smiled.

"Does Master think I have no eyes?" she countered, pointing to the ground at the entrance, near which the trails were clearly defined on the snow.

He merely glanced in that direction, nodded, and smiled at the silent Mukwa.

"Who is the man your father is following?" was the next question.

"I know not," replied the Ojibway girl hesitatingly.

"Were you asleep?" he smiled.

"Not then."

"But I don't understand."

Little Spruce's pretty black eyes narrowed. Her teeth flashed in the firelight as she lisped in Ojibway:

"My father and I know not the man who made that trail, for that man did not enter this lodge!"

Now it is not customary for an Indian to lie. On the contrary, the Indian looks upon falsehoods as base and wicked. However, in this case, Little Spruce was perfectly justified in lying: she was defending an innocent man—an Ojibway—one of her own people.

Roy Jensing accepted her statement at face value; Mukwa, being naturally suspicious, doubted. He continued to sit in silence.

After a while Jensing rose and put on his mittens. "Darn pretty girl," he muttered to himself in English, eyeing her somewhat admirably. Then, changing to Ojibway again, he spoke to her.

"Is it safe to leave my little sister here alone?"

She flashed him a smile. "It is safe," said she.

"Good. . . . Mukwa?"

"I remain," declared that Indian, producing a pipe and lighting it.

Jensing stared at him, then at the girl. But Little Spruce protested.

"This is my father's lodge, and I wish to be alone."

"I remain," repeated Mukwa, stolidly.

Jensing threw a significant look at the man, shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and turning, made his departure.

Little Spruce shivered. Rising, she gathered some spruce boughs near her and threw them on the blaze. The spruce needles

crackled, brightly illuminating the lodge and giving off a fragrant and balsamic odor.

For some time complete silence was maintained. Then Mukwa laid down his pipe, and spoke.

"My little sister. . . ." He stopped in order that his words might gain higher ascendancy. "My little sister, where have your father and Mah-en-gin gone?"

She manifested surprise. "My brother!" she exclaimed, staring down at him.

Mukwa remained calm.

"Why does my little sister deceive me? The trail does not lie. It shows plainly that Mah-en-gin was here."

"He may have been here," continued the girl, "but he never entered this lodge!"

Mukwa doubted the possibility of such a thing.

"Why does my little sister lie?" he persisted. "Is it not a great shame for an Ojibway girl to tell a falsehood?"

Her eyes blazed in fury. Her pride had been humbled.

"An Ojibway girl lying," he continued, mercilessly. "It is a great shame!"

It was insufferable. No one had ever before humbled her pride as this man had now. Her vulnerable point had become susceptible to his tongue.

"Shame!" she mocked. "Shame! But it is not a shame for my brother to deceive his friend; it is not a shame for my brother to act as base as a *ninny moosh* (a dog); and it is not a shame for an Ojibway to become swayed by the white man's barbarous civilization and turn against his own people! . . . My brother," she concluded with bitter irony, "the white man's civilization has turned your head!"

And seizing a capote made from a Hudson's Bay Company blanket, she leaped like a cat through the opening and plunged ahead through the deep snow. Mukwa, very angry indeed at her words, sped after her.

The forest stood out white and clear in the moonlight. The snow-laden spruces pointed their tall spires at the sky. This white world seemed to have been conjured into silence by the magic North. Occasionally a lonely wolf pointed his nose at the moon and howled forth his troubles in sad cadence; after which the wonderful forest would again resume its mysterious slumber.

There was no wind, but it was intensely cold, nevertheless. Little Spruce wound the

capote tightly about her slender body and continued to run, up dazzling forest aisles, in and out among spruces, and over small rises. The *crunch, crunch* of her moccasined feet on the snow, besides the *crunch, crunch* of the moccasined feet behind her, was the only thing that now broke the heavy silence. She sped through the forest as fast as *Wash-gish*—the red deer—but she could not outdistance her pursuer. Mukwa was persistent.

Once, while skirting an unusually large spruce, she tripped and fell almost under the tree. Instantly a shower of snow from the branches overhead struck her full in the face. The snow was very cold; it stung her; it made her smart; but it gave her new energy, which she unquestionably needed, since Mukwa had gained on her.

At another time, in her intense eagerness to shake off her pursuer, she hazarded running down a hill at full speed. The result was that she plunged headlong down the hill and landed at the bottom, with her face in the soft snow. She was not hurt in the least, but merely winded, a trifle frightened, and even somewnat jubilant because of her gain on Mukwa.

Then she came upon dense spruce and spruce-fir thickets. They slackened her progress, so that she ultimately halted and stared round her, wild-eyed.

Suddenly two figures detached themselves from the shadows and walked toward her. With a cry, she ran toward them. They were Kichinass and Mah-en-gin.

"Hide! Quick!" she whispered, more to Mah-en-gin than to her father. "Mukwa comes!"

"Mukwa!" echoed Mah-en-gin in surprise, taking Kichinass by the arm and dashing behind a spruce.

Two or three minutes elapsed; then the *crunch, crunch* of feet was heard. In another moment Mukwa came into view. At sight of Little Spruce standing unconcernedly on the trail, he stopped—suspicious.

Then the two men stepped out into the open and approached the defaulter. Mukwa did not flee. Instead, he advanced toward them.

"Mah-en-gin," he cried, "I have wronged you. It is even as my little sister, Little Spruce, told me: white man's civilization had turned my head. The Factor at Mountain House bribed me. I agreed to refuse to acknowledge your credit. He knew you were a good hunter, and wanted to get all your trade. Thus I did, and I am greatly ashamed."

A deep silence followed. Then—

"Mah-en-gin, hereafter your credit is good with me," Mukwa said.

"It is well," agreed Mah-en-gin.

Kichinass regarded the men.

"It seems, my brothers," said he, "that it took a girl, a woman to bring this about."

At the lodge they found Roy Jensing squatting near the fire. He looked up in surprise at their entrance.

"So you got him, eh Mukwa?" he burst out in English.

Mukwa smiled. "You must return alone to Mountain House." And he explained to Jensing.

"Bribery, eh?" Roy Jensing rumbled, in English. "That's something to spoof the Factor about. Some fun at the post for the next week or so!"

The next morning he was on the trail for Mountain House.

"Darn pretty girl," he grinned to himself. "Looks stuck on that Mah-en-gin fellow."

## THE CHANGING YEAR

Louise Hall, '23

For ages past the years have come and gone  
In endless sequence, and in present time  
The progress of mankind continues--still  
Is measured by the passing of the months.  
And ever as the twelfth month nears its end,  
Then soon another year will join the throng  
Of those whose deeds are writ by memory's  
pen  
Indelibly upon the books of Time,  
The heart and mind of man recoil to think

Of records gray or black instead of gold.  
The book of Past is closed forevermore;  
The years are gone, deeds cannot be recalled;  
But in the book of Future pages lie  
Unsullied. They are ours to mark with shame,  
Or to adorn with honor and with truth.  
Let our resolve be never to regret  
A word or deed. So we, with conscience  
clear,  
May face again another changing year.

## HOW THE AMERICAN LEGION CAN BEST SERVE THE NATION

"The United States is today at a critical period in her career. Capital and labor are still incessantly quarreling, each claiming the greatest profits from the nation's business, each forgetting that one cannot exist without the other. Bolshevism and similar cults are rampant throughout the land. Calvin Coolidge claims that socialistic ideas are receiving too much attention in American institutions. One could go on for some time reciting the ills which have befallen this nation, but it would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that everything seems upside down, the natural order of things perverted. A great change in affairs is due—and is inevitable.

The American Legion can play a great part in this change, as the following paragraphs will show. To begin with, let it be understood that the American Legion has not the power of the Federal Government and therefore cannot cause any abrupt and radical change in affairs. Everything it does must be done by teaching, rather than by legislation.

Daniel Webster said, "Knowledge is the only fountain both of love and the principles of human liberty." Therein lies a suggestion for the American Legion. Instruct the great number of immigrants to this country in the principles of democracy upon which the United States is founded. This instruction could be preceded by a course in elementary English. One of the reasons why many foreigners become disillusioned after a short residence here is that they cannot speak English—good, bad, or indifferent.

Schools, necessarily evening schools, could be founded for that purpose, funds to be ob-

tained from philanthropic contributions and other means, such as street collections. The carrying out of this plan would do much toward realizing one of the purposes of the American Legion, namely, "To foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism," and would lessen radical tendencies among the foreign element.

Here's another project which could be adopted without entailing a great deal of expense. To quote Vice-President Coolidge again: "If the American republic is to endure, the American Republic must be taught." Now, how are grown Americans taught? Obviously through the medium of newspapers. Anyone who cares to do so might take a census of the papers of the United States. He would undoubtedly find most of them to be strongly partisan or very inaccurate in accounts of public events with their relation to the government. Why cannot the American Legion publish a newspaper, the purpose of which would be the telling of the truth, first, last, and always, and adherence to no political party? This would do much toward bringing about a better understanding among Americans, and general knowledge of the reasons behind public events. Surely, removing the veil which is drawn around the news in this country is honor enough for any organization.

Just these acts will win for the American Legion the undying gratitude of true Americans and the knowledge that in America's hour of greatest need, when Liberty's cause was dark, the American Legion rose to her defense—for God and country.

### YESTERDAY

I left my dad, his farm, his plow  
Because my calf became his cow;  
I left my dad, 'twas wrong, of course,  
But my pet colt became his horse;  
I left my dad to sow and reap  
Because my lamb became his sheep;  
I dropped my hoe and hit New York,  
Because my pig became his pork.  
The garden truck I made to grow,  
Was his to sell and mine to hoe,  
Believe me, too, I had to hoe—  
There was no riding down the row.

### TODAY

With Dad and me it's half and half  
The cow I own was once his calf,  
I'm going to stick right where I am,  
Because my sheep was once his lamb,  
I'll stay with Dad—he gets my vote,  
Because his pig became my pork;  
No town for me—I'll stick right here,  
For he's made me tractor engineer.  
It's even split with dad and me,  
In a profit sharing company,  
We work together from day to day;  
Believe me, boys, it's the only way!

*Colorado Boys' and Girls' Club News.*



### “IT’S COMEDY TO SOME FOLK—”

A newspaper is a great power for good—also for evil.

Holding on to a strap in a crowded street-car is not conducive to concentration of the faculties.

Policemen are not always as obliging as they might be.

Consider the above as axioms, and proceed with the story.

I got on a subway car in a five o’clock rush. I was the “one more” in the saying “There is always room for one more,” so I considered myself lucky to obtain the upper part of a strap. I was engaged in trying to make my proboscis come within reach of a draft of fresh air, when someone stepped on my foot. To be more exact, he “settled” on my foot. I started to remonstrate, gently, to be sure, for he towered well above me. He replied with the trite remark that feet are made to stand on. Not feeling inclined to argue the point, and being unable to extricate my foot, I took a paper from my pocket and started to read, trying thereby to forget the pain in my lower extremity.

Two photographs struck my eye and held it. One was of K. O. Dan Devilfish, the most promising aspirant for the lightweight crown, the other of a noted criminal. I read about them curiously, for they were both in the city—one wanting, the other wanted.

At length the young specimen of the genus

“Hippopotamus amphibuis” deigned to remove his bulk from my now numb foot to allow me to go out. After recovering my powers of self-loccotion, I went to a restaurant for supper. Taking the only available table, I sat opposite a man whose brutal face was strangely familiar. I searched my memory for his name and my coffee for the cream simultaneously. I took another look at him, and recognized him. He was the criminal whose picture was in the paper. Arising quietly, my heart beating wildly, (did I mention there was a reward?) I went to the door and sought a policeman. Luck was with me, for one was not far off. To say the least, he was skeptical. Could I show him the picture? No, I could not, I had left it in the car. Would I be so kind as to ask the gentleman in question to the door? Yes, I was so kind. The man walked suspiciously to the door when politely (very much so) requested to do so by me. The policeman asked point-blank, “What is your name?” The man answered without hesitation, “Dan Devilfish”.

The policeman laughed, and explained my mistake to the enraged man. Taking one look at the angry fellow’s face, I had never felt such a need of the law’s protection. But the policeman was busy.

Dan met me on the street a short while after. Let me remind you again that he is an aspirant for the light-weight crown.

### THE CALM BEFORE THE

The oppressive, sultry air weighed heavily on the earth, and the giant South Pacific combers rolled high over the reef surrounding the island, coming from nowhere at all and unheralded by wind. In the trade room of the tiny stockade, a short distance inland, was a tense but calm little group. Seated behind a small table was a stern-faced, grim man of perhaps forty, clad in white. His head was bent studying a map before him, but he glanced up now and then to survey the countenance of the fierce war chief of the Sarawajs who was deploring the situation of his people. The chief paused in his oration. The air throbbed faintly and dully with the rumble of the distant war drums. He continued, “You say the English are our friends and yet you have taken from us my eldest son and two of the best warriors.”

The white man said, “It is the law of the

white men: ‘He who kills must die.’”

A palid-faced young subaltern placed a paper on the table before him. It was from his sergeant saying that the natives were collected and were dancing.

The old chief straightened, “You have taken three men,” he said, “we must have three men in return or—.” He paused but the Englishman was silent. He turned and stalked out. He was allowed to depart unmolested. Even with cannibals one must respect a truce. The white man sat quietly, lost in a deep reverie while the subaltern stood nervously by.

“We have a machine gun, sir,” he said. His superior smiled grimly. He thought it needless to mention the fact that the ammunition had been stolen. Outside the heavy clouds sullenly lowered and obscured the sky.

F. F. F.

## FINDING THE MAN

Milan Drake.

"Did you hear that old Joe Halby's back, Judge?" asked Commissioner Bates as he passed the celery.

"That means more work for you then, Sheriff!" laughed Judge Enright, and turning to the Commissioner, "He's a strange fellow, isn't he? Hasn't missed a jail term each winter for—for I don't know how long. Nothing really bad about him, you know—means well—never did any real harm, but just can't seem to resist coming back to the old familiar Fairfield jail for the winter. He's an ideal habitual criminal, though!"

"You bet he is!" cut in the sheriff, "Why he was the best 'trusty' they ever had. Bill used to send him to town for the supplies, 'n' had him fix up all the new guys. He never swiped anything or tried to beat it! Funny when you think of the mischief he does every fall—why he used to do most of Bill's work!—and that reminds me! Say fellows!" turning to the Judge's several political friends from about the town, who were having a neighborly Sunday dinner together, "You know Bill died last week, and nobody wants to take his place. I can't get a soul! Too tough a life, and too little pay! I've tried everyone in town! Do you know anyone who could and would do the job?" There was a general shaking of heads around the table.

Just then in scurried the negro maid: "Jedge!" she whispered into a dignified ear, "Jedge, some'un done swipe de ice cream!"

"Excuse me, gentlemen!" The judge left the room, only to reappear in a moment at the door. "Look here boys!" he laughed and led the way back to the door. There stood the wooden freezer half filled with ice but minus the metal cream container. Clear tracks showed in the mud from a recent rain, leading up a path into some woods beyond a narrow field.

"Well, Sheriff, this is your business!" remarked the county clerk, winking to his companions.

"Then I hereby summon you all as a posse, to apprehend the ice cream bandit!" countered the sheriff.

After some joking the men started in a body to track their lost dessert. They followed the path into the woods with elaborate caution like boys on the war path. Finally, upon hearing a faint voice ahead, they halted and sent on the sheriff to reconnoitre.

Soon the sheriff returned at an unsteady trot, bent double, and attempting to stifle laughter with his forearms. "It's—it's old Joe,—ha-ha-ha-haa-aaaa-a! and he's feedin' it to—to—(he-he)—to your kids! Ha-ha-ho-ho-ho-o-oo! One on you!! He!—he-he—ee!"

"Say, have you got hydrophobia?"

"No, but—he-he-he-your boys have the ice cream ha-ha-ha-aa!"

After vainly trying to get sense from the sheriff the men stealthily advanced to the edge of a little bush-lined clearing beside a rippling brook. In the centre sat old Joe Halby dishing out ice cream on new shingles to six ravenous and joyful youths.

"Oh, Uncle Joe," asked little Alfred Bates, "where did you get all this ice cream for us?"

"Now, Ally, when I sed I had 'sprise for you, didn't I say not to ask any questions?" smiled the wizened old man.

Jimmy Moulton passed on a heaped up shingle full to Donald Smith and another to little Tommy Enright.

Judge Enright, County Clerk Smith, Commissioner Bates, and Selectman Moulton all exchanged glances while the sheriff watched in amused silence. The Judge grew thoughtful and finally said, "I think Old Joe has shown us where the ice cream should have gone in the first place."

The other men nodded in assent and filed back down the path by which they had come. When they reached the house, the Judge broke the silence: "We can't leave him loose on the community, yet it doesn't seem right to jail him. What shall we do about it?"

"I know," exclaimed the Sheriff, "he can take Bill's job. He can do it better'n anyone I know, and Warden Kelleher can keep an eye on him!"

To this day they say in Fairfield that the best assistant warden the jail ever had was Old Uncle Halby, ex-convict!

Teacher: "Willie, what is steam?"

Willie: "Steam is water gone crazy with the heat."

Mother: "Now remember, Johnny, there's a ghost in that dark closet where I keep the cake."

Johnny: "Funny you never blame the ghost when there's any cake missing, it's always I."



## ORPHEUS A.

A week ago Monday I was enjoying a little nap in the sun porch when my friend Roller dropped in. Orpheus A. Roller is his name in the directory. He writes it O. Apollo Roller, but there's not much choice as far as I can see. He'd been to Canada for a few months, and had any number of photographs of dead trees, and natives. Snapping photographs is Apollo's chief weakness, but I didn't know it then.

He went over everyone of his Canadian treasures, and it took an hour and a half to do it. Then he discovered that I'd never seen his pictures of the Central States. So I suffered for one more hour. I saw a scene in Hamburg, Indiana, where the Mayor, on a white horse, was heading the Liberty Loan parade, that is, the "G. A. R." and a mob of school children waving flags; I saw the insane asylum of Tranquility, Ohio; I reveled in a picture of Aunt Edith as she looked on her fifty-first birthday.

After these selections had been praised and disposed of, Orpheus showed me the front view of his father's house. That was all very well, but after it came the side views of his father's house, the roof of his father's house, the parlor of his father's house, and on, and on, and on until I was comforting myself with the reflection that even Orpheus couldn't divide his father's house into anything smaller than molecules for the purpose of making photographs.

But I didn't take Apollo's scrupulosity into consideration. After he had conscientiously shown me a separate picture of each and every one of those molecules, he began to dissect his grandfather's house. About that time I went to sleep.

When I awoke, he was proudly exhibiting the point of the fourteenth tack in the small rug on the floor of the maid's room in his grandfather's house. I suggested at this point that since I had seen the point of the fourteenth tack, I could get a pretty good idea of the points of the other eighty-six, so we changed the subject and began on a circus.

The pictures of the animals were not particularly choice. All but the lion and the monkey were blurred beyond recognition, and there wasn't much of the lion because he had been fed on peanut shells for two weeks as a scientific experiment, while the monkey had been laughing so feelingly at Apollo when the picture was taken that the poor animal seemed all mouth.

But pretty soon the one silver lining in the whole collection of clouds shone forth: it was the walrus. It was just about the cleverest picture I'd ever seen. The old fellow was all dressed up in a soft hat, coat, snowy collar, bow tie, spectacles, and all; while a watch chain peeped out from the vest pocket, and a fat cigar was stuck in the corner of his mouth. It was altogether a wonderful make-up.

I could hardly speak from admiration, but I managed to cry, "Orpheus, my boy, this is a wonder! Why, by George, it's the most beautiful, inspiring, and absolutely miraculous specimen of animal life that I've ever seen."

Orpheus looked blank for a moment, and then said, "Yes, it is a fine likeness, isn't it? I've always said it was the best picture he's ever had taken. But, come to think of it, I didn't know you'd ever seen *father* before!"

F. F. F.

## LOCKED OUT

Being locked out is one of the most unpleasant sensations possible. To come home, let us say, late at night and suddenly discover the total absence of your key, is, to say the least, a startling thing.

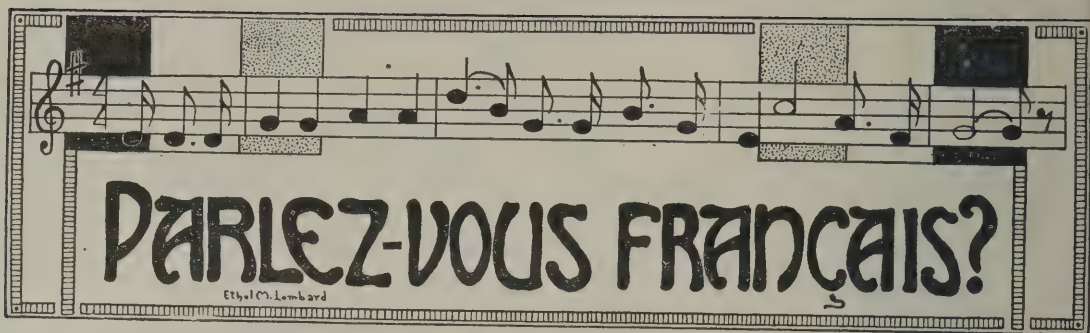
Let us take an actual happening for an example:—

It is the dead of night. The moon shines in solitary splendor, far up in the sky. It is by the light of the moon that we see the following things. A dark shape stealing silently up the walk (evidently does not want to be heard!)—slips quietly up the front steps. Then a rustling sound is heard—then a muttered curse. The shape moves down the steps again. A low whistle can be just faintly distinguished. No response. The whistle is re-

peated—this time a little louder. Still no answer. Another low curse is heard. The shape steals around to all the lower windows—all locked. Then it comes back to the porch—hitches its belt and starts to climb up to the second floor. Half way up it slips, falls down with great clamor. Another muffled curse. The climber tries again—succeeds—tries the window. Ah! Unlocked! He lifts the window. Just as it is about three inches up it begins to creak horribly. The mysterious climber groans. Creak! And then, out of the silence of the house comes a feminine voice:—

"John? Is that you? Do you know what time it is?" All is over! After this we will use our key-ring! John M. Darrow III





## LES ÉCOLES EN FRANCE

En choisissant un sujet sur lequel je pourrais vous écrire quelques mots, il m'a semblé que vous seriez intéressés par quelques remarques sur les écoles en France. Je ne vous parlerai pas de ce que vous pouvez trouver dans les livres, mais je désire vous donner certains détails sur les coutumes des élèves français, surtout au point de vue des usages différents des nôtres.

Souvent dans les rues je remarquais des enfants qui se rendaient à l'école toujours par groupes séparés, les garçons entre eux et les jeunes filles entre elles. Ceci est très naturel puisque les écoles ne sont pas mixtes en France sauf pour les très jeunes écoliers. Les élèves étaient très vifs, très animés et ne semblaient pas regretter d'aller au travail. Quelques particularités de leurs costumes m'ont frappé. Par exemple, les enfants portent des chaussettes jusqu'à dix ou douze ans, même en hiver et souvent ils sont chaussés de galoches, ou souliers à semelles de bois, qui claquent sur les pavés lorsqu'ils courent, en craignant d'être en retard. Ils portent des bérets. Je pense que vous connaissez cette coiffure ronde surmontée d'un pom-pom rouge. Vous avez dû la remarquer sur la tête des marins français qui sont restés ici quelque temps pendant la guerre. Les bérets des élèves n'ont pas de pom-poms. L'année dernière il était à la mode de tirer cette coiffure presque jusque sur les yeux.

Les garçons de votre âge ont une préoccupation très grande de ne pas porter des sacs sur le dos comme les enfants plus jeunes. C'est un grand souci pour eux et pour leurs mères de protéger la partie de r pantalon qui frotte continuellement

sur les bancs. J'ai donc vu avec surprise sous leur bras une sorte de petit tapis carré assez épais dans lequel ils enveloppent leurs livres et leurs cahiers et dont ils se servent pour s'asseoir.

Les élèves entrent dans le collège comme ils veulent, mais ils pénètrent en classe quelques minutes avant l'heure et en rangs, conduits par un maître d'études ou un surveillant qui doit empêcher les enfants de faire des bêtises. Ils ne doivent plus parler même quand ils sont en rangs. Le signal du commencement ou de la fin de la classe est donné dans les collèges de garçons par un roulement de tambour. En France les professeurs ne s'occupent que de l'enseignement. La surveillance et la discipline hors de la classe sont confiées à des maîtres d'études, appelés familièrement les "pions" par les élèves.

Les punitions consistent premièrement en heures de consigne, c'est à dire en un certain temps où les élèves sont obligés de revenir à l'école les jours de congé, soit le jeudi (qui remplace le samedi chez moi) soit le dimanche matin.

Les élèves doivent occuper leurs heures de consigne à faire certains travaux. D'autre part les élèves peuvent obtenir comme gages de satisfaction des heures d'exemption, c'est à dire, que, s'ils ont bien travaillé, on leur donne un petit bulletin sur lequel est inscrit un certain nombre d'heures—une exemption d'une heure—de deux heures, etc.—avec lequel ils peuvent payer leurs heures de consigne. Un élève qui garde ses exemptions peut obtenir à la fin de l'année un prix d'exemption. Si la faute est grave un rapport est fait par le professeur, ou le surveillant, et adressé au censeur ou sous directeur et

nsuite au proviseur. Le châtement le plus grave est l'exclusion de l'établissement scolaire comme chez nous.

En France le titre de professeur s'applique à tous ceux qui s'occupent de l'enseignement supérieur, c'est à dire, dans les collèges et lycées.

Peut-être faut-il vous expliquer que "collège" et "lycée" signifient ce que nous appelons ici "High School." En général les lycées sont dans les grandes villes et les collèges dans les villes moins importantes.

La récréation se passe dans une cour, quand le temps le permet, ou dans un préau, qui est un vaste endroit couvert, mais non fermé, où ils se livrent à des jeux divers, particulièrement à toutes sortes d'exercices avec les balles et les ballons. Ces derniers sont vraiment vos "foot-balls." En hiver les élèves font toutes sortes de courses et de sauts pour se réchauffer. Il y a beaucoup d'émulation dans les études et ce sentiment est excité par des compositions hebdomadaires, (c'est à dire une fois par semaine). Les compositions du dernier trimestre comptent pour les prix. En effet, il y a en France des distributions de récompenses ou de prix à la fin de l'année en des séances très solennelles toujours présidées par un personnage officiel et aux quelles assistent tous les parents.

Je vous ai parlé jusqu'ici de tout le system de travail mais in ne faut pas penser que les élèves en France n'ont aucune distraction, car au contraire les sports commencent à prendre une grande importance. Chaque collège ou lycée a des équipes pour les différents jeux tennis, hockey, polo et surtout foot-ball. Des matches ont lieu entre les équipes des différents collèges et, comme les jeunes filles pratiquent aussi ce dernier sport, on peut voir des matches entre les équipes féminines et masculines. Il faut remarquer que dans ces occasions les garçons ne ménagent en aucune façon les jeunes filles, c'est à dire, né font aucune différence pour elles, et on doit dire qu'il est rare de

voir le camp féminin obtenir la victoire finale.

Je vais terminer en disant qu'il existe en France beaucoup de moyens de développer le goût des arts parmi la jeunesse, ce qui malheureusement n'existe pas encore chez nous. Par exemple, il y a de nombreux concerts publics, où pour un prix très modique, même quelquefois ils sont gratuits, l'on peut entendre de très bonne musique comme Faust, Carmen, la Tosca, Mignon, etc. Il y a beaucoup d'orchestres militaires dont un surtout est remarquable. C'est celui des soldats de Paris, qui sont nommés Gardes Républicains. Enfin dans divers théâtres on peut assister à de multiples représentations qui mettent à la portée de tous les meilleures oeuvres littéraires, classiques et modernes dont vous connaissez déjà quelques noms, comme Le Cid, L'Avari, Athalie, Les Misérables et L'Abbé Constantin.

J'ai constaté moi-même le résultat de cette popularité du théâtre en entendant des élèves qui assistaient à une représentation discuter très sérieusement entre eux au sujet de la pièce et du jeu des acteurs.

Enfin, je ne veux pas oublier de vous parler des spectacles absolument gratuits, qui sont offerts à tous deux ou trois fois dans l'année par les meilleurs théâtres. Tout le monde peut entrer à toutes les places à condition seulement d'avoir une tenue correcte. Dans ces circonstances, comme le treize juillet, veille de la fête nationale, ou peut voir à minuit sur la place de l'Opéra une foule très gaie, munie de provisions, qui fait la queue pour entrer dans la salle seulement le lendemain vers midi pour entendre avec beaucoup d'enthousiasme une belle pièce jouée par les meilleurs acteurs, et la Marseillaise chantée par une magnifique voix.

J'espère que ce récit si simple rendra plus vif le désir que vous avez déjà certainement de visiter la France et surtout Paris.

BLANCHE E. TOWNSEND.





Detective: "Did your teeth chatter when the burglar entered?"

Defective: "I don't know, they were on top of the table."

#### Books Worthwhile Reading

"The Art of Correct Speaking."—By Frank Thomas.

"Essays on Beauty." By the Girls of the Class of 1923.

"How to Study Geometry." By Donald Green.

"Who's Who in America." By Gladys Nordstrom.

The Lord made everybody equal; he gave the rich twin sixes and the poor six twins.

Johnnie: "My dog can jump as high as that barn."

Bill: "How high can the barn jump?"

#### Popular Plays and Their Leading Ladies

"Peg O' My Heart."—Katherine Connell.

"Along Came Ruth."—Ruth Patten.

"Little Miss Fix-it"—Imogene Garner.

"The Road to Happiness."—Eliabeth Whit-  
ing.

"When Dreams Come True."—Frances  
O'Brien.

"Pollyanna."—Nancy James.

"Divine Comedy."—Mildred Perkins.

"Little Nellie Kelly."—Peggy Kelly.

Mr. Derry: "That isn't the way to pro-  
nounce Lethaea. She has a diphthong in her  
penult."

"How to be Popular", for young ladies,  
young gentlemen, and the Review Staff. By  
One Who Knows.

1. Sit in the hall at recess.

2. Be a frequent visitor at one of the  
masters' offices.

3. Wear striped ties and silk hosiery.

4. Bluff all your lessons, if you can.

5. Talk in the corridors.

6. Attend the "classy" tea dances, ball  
rooms, etc.

7. Read the Review.

Follow these and your popularity will be  
assured.

Miss Coyle: "What is a Colossus?"

Shepley: "Babe Ruth is Colossus of the  
Swat."

A cup of coffee and a roll down stairs—10  
cents.

Pupil: "Can one be punished if he hasn't  
done anything?"

Teacher: "Certainly not."

Pupil: "Well, I haven't done my home-  
work."

#### Famous Dates in History

September, 1922

The Reformation

September, 1922—June, 1923

The Battle of Books.

December, 1922

Secession.

January, 1923

Renaissance.

September, 1922—June, 1923

The Dark Ages.

June, 1923

The Deliverance.

Ding: "Jones married a laundress."

Dong: "Well, she'll make a good washer  
for that nut."

Lost: Between Cambridge Street and the  
school, an umbrella by a boy with an ivory  
head and a bent rib.

Fresh: "What are the mumps?"

Soph: "A swell disease."



Geom. Teacher: "George, why did you run across those chairs?"

Bright George: "Because a straight line is the shortest path between two points."

### An Alluring P. S.

A widower who was recently married for the third time, and whose bride had been married once before, wrote across the bottom of the wedding invitations: "Be sure and come; this is no amateur performance."

### Clever!

She struggled with her algebra,  
He said he'd undertake  
To show her some equations, but  
The offer was a fake.  
He slipped his arm around her,  
"X equals this," he cried;  
And when her lips were free again,  
"Square X," she softly sighed.

The other day the teacher asked the Latin class where one would be liable to find mural paintings. One of the scholars (in earnest) answered that one would find them in the Rogues Gallery.

Professor: "Do you know how far it is between your ears?"

Student: "No sir, I guess not."

Professor: "One block."

It's hard to keep track of the attractions a track team attracts on the track.

Mr. S. (In Geom.): "The whole is greater than any of its parts."

Was he speaking of a doughnut?

Miss Le Boeuf (illustrating a clause of unattained result in French III): "I am looking for a man who will serve me well."

Teacher (pointing to a picture of a zebra): "What does this picture represent?"

Pupil: "A horse in a bathing suit."

Bob: "What are you going to be when you grow up, Henry?"

Henry: "Well, after I have been a minister to please my mother, and a judge to please my father, I am going to be a 'cop' to please myself."

Oh! Stop It!  
Little Willie Rose;  
Little Willie sat on a tack;  
Little Willie Rose.

Miss Parker: "Of whom was Henry the Eighth the daughter?"

We wonder for whom Louise Hall is wearing those red and white H's. Of course, we don't know.

The teacher had a great deal of trouble with Fred's attendance. He was absent so often that she got suspicious and wrote a note to his parents as follows:—

"I am afraid that Fred is playing truant, and I would like your co-operation in securing a better attendance record from him."

Back that afternoon came this answer: "Dere Teacher,—If Fred is playing truant, he didn't lern it at home. We air church people, and hain't got a playing card in our house."

### Popular Beliefs

1. That sweaters are the only articles of feminine apparel.
2. That all Bolsheviks have whiskers.
3. That it is funny to talk in the corridors.
4. That the Review office is a social center.
5. That Mr. Derry and Miss Hardy have excellent positions for doing traffic duty.

Owen Moore came to town one day,  
Owin' more than he could pay,  
Owen Moore left town that day,  
Owin' more.

1. "Little Women."—By Hortense Wetherbee.
2. "Our Bessie."—By Bessie Grueber.
3. "Sturdy and Strong."—By Rex James.
4. "Little Miss Joy."—By Lillian Kalman.
5. "Misunderstood."—By the Review Staff.
6. "Successful Business."—By Robert Swenzy.
7. "How to Use Rolfe Correctly."—By the "Macbeth Students".
8. "The Books of Knowledge."—By Karl Anderson.
9. "The Walking Delegate."—By Peter Burns.
10. "My Experiences with Radio."—By Donald Green.

Oh, dear!" sighed the wife as she was dressing for a dinner-party, "I can't find a pin anywhere. I wonder where all the pins go to, anyway?"

"That's a difficult question to answer," replied her husband. "Because they are always pointed in one direction and headed in another."

When all others fail, I'll stand with you.—  
Bunker Hill.

Professor Noon: "It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Student: "Watch your step."

According to Miss Flanders the four favorite subjects for themes of the College English classes are:

1. How to Make Fudge.
2. A Description of the Public Library.
3. The History of a Penny.
4. The History of a Pencil.

Through self-government these children will be made stronger and will stand upon their own feet instead of their parents' or teacher's.

### Heard in German II

Kartoffelpfankuchen mit Johanissbeeren.

Trans.: Potato pancakes with currant bushes.

Miss Crook: "Give a part of Silas Marner's character."

Higgins: "At the end of his life, he was a real man; he smoked and talked like other men."

Miss Carr: "Hilliard, give the dative singular of 'donum'."

Hilliard: "Don' know."

Miss Carr: "Correct."

The engines were equipped with hose, hatchets, and a chemical asparagus.

Civics Teacher: "What was the population of Cambridge to which water was supplied in 1920?"

Miss H.: "Three-fourths of a million gallons of water."

Miss P.: "I know it but I can't express it."

Miss C.: "Then send it by freight."

First Chemist: "What is 'H<sub>2</sub>OCH'?"

Second Chemist: "Don't know."

First: "Hooch! You dumbbell."

"Why does a hen resemble a penny when sitting on a fence?"

"Because on one side is the head and on the other the tail."

"Why is a greenback more desirable than gold?"

When you put it in your pocket you double it and when you take it out you find it in creases, (increases).

What is the difference between a mother and a barber?

One has razors to shave and the other has shavers to raise.

Teacher: "Miss F., tell me the history of wheat." (The same question was asked and answered about 2 months ago).

Miss F.: "I was absent yesterday."

Sheehan in Spanish Class: (Pedro eleva las caballos a la caballeriya). "Peter carried the horses to the stable."

### November First

Lost: Somewhere between sunrise and sunset a golden hour set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for it never can be recovered in all eternity.

### December First

Found: Somewhere during the day or night the above described golden hour intact. Anyone may have it and no questions asked.

### EXCHANGE JOKES

Cop: "Here! Where did you steal that rug from?"

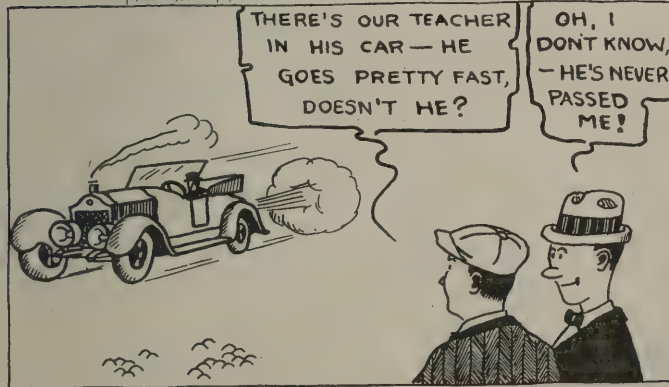
Tramp: "I didn't steal it. A lady gave it to me and told me to beat it."

Found: A watch by a man with a cracked face.

"Yes, my son's pretty handy about the house. He mended our cuckoo clock the other day. It's fine now, except that it 'oo's' before it 'cucks'."



# BUGHOUSE FABLES.



BUSNEL  
CHAS.  
1973



## TO THE VAINEST GIRL

She doesn't shine in Latin or in English,  
 Altho' in that she really writes quite fine;  
 Nor, does she really rightly show in physics,  
 The forces represented by a line.

BUT—she wears a different sweater every day.

"Macbeth" it can't be said she truly grasps.  
 And in the subtleties of Hugo's "Chute",  
 When called, the record book gives evidence  
 That all too often was she "dumb" and mute.

BUT—she wears a different sweater every day.

But Caesar, Hannibal, and Alexander,  
 As conquerers she surely puts to shame.  
 Her victims flock like moths around a candle,  
 And what attracts them's more than just her name.

FOR—she wears a different sweater every day.

*Elk Ay.*

## ALUMNI NOTES

'12—Frank Yale Rogers died Thursday, November 16th. He entered the employ of the United Shoe Company after his graduation from the C. H. L. S. During the war he saw active service and was severely wounded at Chateau-Thierry. Since his discharge at Camp Devens 1919, he had been taking up accounting under government direction, and making excellent progress.

'12—Thomas Pennypacker is teaching French at the Boston Latin School.

'17—Marian Kidder is a teacher of General Science in Taunton.

'18—Dorothy Googins graduated from Radcliffe last June with high honors and spent the summer and early fall in Europe.

'18—Anita Ford is on the business staff of the Radcliffe 1923 Year Book.

'18—J. Roger Wallace is a freshman at Harvard.

'19—George Manach, who studied in Paris last year, is studying law in Havana.

'20—Mary and Frank Williams are in France.

'20—Gladys Farrell and Pearl Pratt have graduated from Miss Wheelock's and are teaching in Cambridge Kindergartens.

'19—"Dick" Gerould received his H at Harvard on the track team last year.

'21—Mary Neil and Helen Chase are at Miss Wheelock's. Mary Neil is a senior.

'21—Alice Doherty and Leona Lynch are at the Salem Normal School.

'21—Helen Swezey and Claire Kirjan are at B. U. Helen is a sophomore, while Claire is a freshman.

'21—Margaret Hadley and Agnes Tweedie are Freshman at Mt. Holyoke.

'21—Olive Lynch is a sophomore at B. U.

'21—Elizabeth Peaselee is there also as a freshman.

'21—Al Goldenburg received a Scholarship at Harvard.

'21—Russell Brown is at Tech.

'20—Max Grossman received a Scholarship at Harvard.

'22—Alene Lurchin is secretary to Hoyt and Bixby of Beacon Street, Boston.

'22—John Canavan is a freshman at B. U.

'22—Catherine Lovett is the youngest at B. U. and is doing high grade work.

'22—Marjorie Blanchard is attending Miss Garland's School where she is taking up Social Service Work.

'22—"Izzie" Zarakov was one of the stars on the victorious Exeter team at the Exeter-Andover game.

'22—Irene DeRonde is training at the Cambridge Hospital on Mt. Auburn Street, to be a nurse.

'22—Ruth Norman and Ruth Grover are freshmen at B. U.

'22—Eleanor Flynn graduated from Miss Merton's Hairdressing School and intends to set up an establishment of her own. Girls! here is your chance!

'22—"Sid" Rudman is at Andover.

'22—"Tubber" Cronin is at Westbrook Academy but he intends to transfer to Exeter at the beginning of the New Year.

'22—Dorothy Stanley is going to the Salem Normal School.

## MARRIAGES

'22—Grace Lord and Audrey Whynaught, a former C. H. L. S. pupil, were married last September.

'18—Kathleen Merrill Cronin married Beryl Raymond English of Cleveland, Ohio, August 16th.

'19—Sidney Vickers and Marian Kelly have just announced their wedding which took place about two years ago.

'16—Frances Collins married Harrington Thurston, '16, last September.



The freshman party was one big success from the time the first frightened freshman went to be initiated until the last girl had departed.

The first thing that took place was the initiation of the freshmen, part of which we were not allowed to see, nor, in fact, were the freshmen themselves; for what would have happened if they had seen the terrible things they had to feel of? The part of the initiation we were allowed to see was the race, if such you would call trying to push a peanut along the floor with your nose faster than your neighbor could. Those with long noses certainly had an advantage.

After the initiation the girls paraded around the gymnasium several times so that the judges could see all the costumes, and then they went up to the hall lead by Catharine Usher with her drum.

Here an entertainment was given in the form of a magazine. On the cover was a picture of a Pilgrim maid holding a large tray heaped high with fruit, and representing Thanksgiving. Sargent School, Harvard, a military school, and Radcliff were then represented in "Schools and Colleges." The fashion pages portraying the winter models for 1923 were next shown. These were made particularly effective when a model showing the style of 1900 came on the stage.

After this a very pretty dance was given by May Dority. The entertainment was then stopped for a few minutes while Claire Kirkjian, a member of the 1920 executive committee, gave out the prizes. The prize for the funniest costume, a donkey, was awarded to Helen Bodemer, who represented a pumpkin. Lillian Peterson, who represented lettuce, was judged to have the prettiest costume. Her

prize was a fan. Prizes for the cleverest costumes were given to Bernadette Carney and to Marionne Carney, who came dressed as salt and pepper shakers. Honorable mention was given to Evelyn Sharky, "Bond Bread"; Elsie Field, "Puffed Rice"; and an unknown person, "Quaker Oats".

The literary department of the magazine, including two poems and a short story, was the next part of the entertainment. Two poems were read by Edith Quinn and Florence Mason. The story, entitled, "Polly Wants a Cracker," was acted out with the following cast:

Jeffrey Wayne.....	Wilma Cannon
Mrs. Wayne.....	Alice Gunzelman
Nora .....	Charlotte Walsh
Mary Wayne.....	Beatrice MacDonald
Thomas Livingston Pratt.....	Jean Sanford
Inspector Doran.....	Bessie Gruber
Lucerne Neville.....	Katherine Connell

Between the two acts an orchestra made up of Rosine Kirhjians, Frances Moulton, Elizabeth Preice, Elizabeth Whiting, and Madeline Sullivan, played popular music. Their playing showed the many hours they spent practicing for the party. While the orchestra was playing, the ushers gave out balloons which were donated by the "Moxie" Company.

After the play several well known "ads" were given. These advertized "Danderine", "Djer-Kiss" powder, "Pompeian" cream, "Hole Proof" hosiery, "Gillett" safety razor, "Dutch Cleanser", and "Jello".

The last "ad" showed the "Campbell Kids" being married by a very grave minister, in a very tall, silk hat, who, however, did not seem so grave when he was dancing later on. This scene was very funny, but if the audience had

(Continued on page 24)



# DEBATING

On Monday, November 13, Mr. Cleveland called a meeting of everyone at all interested in debating. The object of this meeting, which was held under the careful guidance of Miss Hartigan, was to elect the Debating Council for 1922, '23. It is of course unnecessary to point out the necessity of this body as it is undeniably as important to debating circles as coal is to an engine. After due consideration it was unanimously decided to elect one member from each class and, in order to avoid any possibility of a deadlock, it was decided to also vote upon a Post Graduate. The Freshmen voted separately for their representative, while the upper classmen voted for one member from each of the remaining classes. When all ballots had been cast and counted, the final vote stood as follows:

POST GRADUATE.....Alex Clyde  
SENIOR .....Milan N. Drake  
JUNIOR .....Walter H. McLaughlin  
SOPHOMORE .....Roy Lamson  
FRESHMEN .....Julia Sweeney

The above mentioned council met in room 78A on Wednesday, Nov. 15th. At this meeting a chairman was elected, in the person of Alex Clyde, whose duty it is not only to call and preside over all meetings, but also to get into correspondence with the various schools whom we would like to debate. The first matter which was brought before the council was that of holding the Durrell Prize Debate early in January, thus preventing the disagreeable situation of having debating and examinations coming at the same time. It is hardly necessary to state that this was unanimously passed. Consequently the Durrell Prize Debate will be held on January 12th, 1923, a very early date in contrast to that of former years. The trials for this debate were set for December 15, 1922. In order that the successful candidates may prepare their case over the Xmas vacations. Since the trials are held in 1922 and the debate itself in 1923, it may seem, at first glance, that a year elapses between the trials and the debate proper. However, such is not the case.

As has been the custom in past years, a series of three debates are to be held between

the Freshmen and the Sophomores. The winners of this series are awarded medals, known as the underclass medal. Although these medals are usually captured by the Sophomores, due to their advantage of a year's experience, it is the general belief in freshmen circles that their team will upset all predictions. As to what subject it would seem best with which to mark the opening of debating this year, the council was baffled. From four subjects which were submitted, it was finally voted to have "Movie Censorship", inasmuch as it is one of the most interesting, and one in which everyone seems to be playing an active part. The subject is as follows: "Resolved, that there should be a board of five men, appointed by the Governor, to supervise moving pictures in the state of Massachusetts." This question is undoubtedly recognized as one of the foremost problems before the American people today. Consequently, on December 8th, the school hall should be filled to capacity by staunch followers of both the contesting teams. The freshmen are represented by a team which is a credit to their class, and although they are going up against a team with the advantage of a year's experience they are confident of the result.

Following are the teams which shall battle for supremacy on Dec. 8th:

FRESHMEN	SOPHOMORE
Julia Sweeney	Henry Waitzkin
*Henry Adelson	*Roy Lamson
Brooks Bartlett	Edward McCarthy
*Rebuttal Speaker	

The freshmen team is being coached by Milan N. Drake, while the sophomore team is being coached by W. H. McLaughlin.

In regards to interscholastic debates, little or nothing has been done at the time this article goes to press. At a meeting held on Nov. 8th, the council decided that two outside debates, together with the Durrell Prize, and the inter-class debating, had ought to suffice for the year.

Challenges have been sent to Rindge, Quincy and Newton. One of the most interesting debates ever held in the Latin School hall

(Continued on page 24)





## BROOKLINE BOWS IN DEFEAT TO CAMBRIDGE LATIN, 3-0

The trusty toe of Davies gave Cambridge Latin a victory at last. In the 2nd period of the game he dropped the ball over the cross-bar from the 35-yd. line, and at a very difficult angle. Davies also played a great defensive game.

It was nip and tuck throughout, with the ball in mid-field most of the time. In the 2nd quarter, Brookline fumbled on her own 40 yd. line and Duchin of Latin recovered the ball. This put Latin School in a good scoring position. After 3 line plays failed to gain any ground, Capt. Davies dropped back to kick formation and dropped a pretty field goal. Latin's line held extremely well on this play. After this score neither side threatened during the rest of the game.

Carver and Nelson, Latin's ends, did good work. Very little ground was gained around their extremities. Duchin, playing at center for the first time, performed in great style. His passing and defensive abilities were of high order. With the possible exception of Davies, John Kelleher was the outstanding star of the game. He was chocked full of life and pep.

He ran back kicks with exceptional judgment and selected his plays with unusual generalship.

Agustino, Arthur, Rollins, Casey and Kenney also worked hard to win.

### LINE-UP

#### *Cambridge*

Carver r e  
Cohen r e  
Conroy r t  
Rotman r g  
Beardsell r g  
Donahue r g  
Duchin c  
Arthur l g  
Agustino l g  
Smith l t  
Nelson l e  
Kelleher q b  
Fitzgerald r h b  
Parker r h b  
Ro'ins l h b  
Casey l h b  
Kenney l h b  
Davies f b

#### *Brookline*

l e Winton  
l t Vachou  
l g Shapiro  
c Tyler  
r g Walkins  
  
r t Denning  
r e Metcalf  
r e Bailey  
q b Grenven  
r h b Philips  
l h b MacCann  
l h b Young  
f b Hardy  
f b Moran

## NEWTON SUCCUMBS TO CAMBRIDGE LATIN IN A GREAT GAME, 13-3

In the greatest game that has been seen at Russell Field for a number of years, Cambridge Latin defeated Newton for the first time in 7 years. Cambridge Latin performed in true championship form and great credit should be given to coaches Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Sheehan for producing a team equal to the task of beating Newton.

In the first half of the game Newton scored a field goal and this was the only score in the first stanza. During the first part of the game, Latin School lost several chances to score.

Between the halves, coach MacDonald gave the players a serious lecture on their mistakes and he instilled fight and determination to win in them.

The third period no sooner started, when Latin School scored. It was 3 down about 5 to go when one of Newton's backs attempted to kick, Conroy, Latin's right tackle, came rushing in and blocked the punt, the ball rolling over Newton's goal where Conroy fell on it for a touchdown. Davies missed the try for goal after the touchdown, by inches. In the same period, Newton tried a lateral pass which Carver blocked and then he picked the ball up and ran 50 yds. for a touchdown. This time Capt. Davies kicked the goal for the final score. A little later in the game Rollins recovered a Newton fumble and ran for a touchdown, but both teams were offside and the touchdown was not allowed. In the last

stanza, Kelleher intercepted a Newton forward pass and ran 40 yds. before he was downed. The game ended after a short series of plays by Latin School.

Kelleher played a whale of a game at quarter-back and starred throughout the game. The punting and all-round playing of Carver was a revelation. Davies and Conroy played their usual good game and in fact the whole Latin team excelled in all parts of the game.

#### *The Line-up*

##### *Cambridge*

Dudley l e  
Smith l t  
Beardsell l g  
MacAnern l g  
Arthur l g

##### *Newton*

l e Ryall  
l t Johnson  
l g Roddard  
l g Savory  
c Oakes

Duchin c  
Agustino r g  
Rotman r g  
Donahue r g  
Pearl r t  
Conroy r t  
Carver r e  
Nelson r e  
Kelleher q b  
Fitzgerald r h b  
Kenney r h b  
Parker r h b  
O'Connell l h b  
Casey l h b  
Rollins l h b  
Cohen l h b  
Capt. Davies f b

r g Lovejoy  
r t Dewing  
r e Adams  
q b O'Donnell  
r h b MacQuiston  
l h b Olmstead  
f b King

### CAMBRIDGE LATIN 0—MEDFORD 0

In a fast, hard-fought game, Cambridge Latin managed to hold Medford, the league leaders, to a tie.

The game was full of thrills, end runs, forward passes and hard tackling by both sides.

Latin School lost its chance to score in the first period. A forward pass, Dudley to Carver, netted 30 yds. and put the ball on Medford's 12 yd. line. Davies made 6 yds. off-tackle, but Latin school was off-side and was therefore penalized 5 yds. After 2 line plays failed, Latin School relinquished the ball to Medford, and Kelley of Medford kicked out of danger. In the second, Capt. Davies missed a field goal by inches.

The ball was in mid-field during the whole of the third period.

In the fourth period, Kelley punted to John Kelleher who ran the ball back 5 yds. Here, Capt. Davies was called on to punt back to Medford. The pass was poor, thus giving Medford time enough to block Davies' punt which was recovered by Phelan of Medford on Latin's 4 yd. line. Here Latin's line held beautifully, for 5 downs and Davies kicked

out of danger. The game ended after a few plays by Medford.

Carver, Davies, Dudley and Nelson starred for Latin.

Kelly, Vye, Phalen, and Leary excelled for Medford.

#### *The Line-up*

##### *Medford*

Kelley l e  
Tallent l t  
Phelan l t  
Vye l g  
Nichols c  
Murphy r g  
Mander r t  
Wood r e  
Howell q b  
Moore r h b  
Adams l h b  
Leary f b  
Howes f b

##### *Cambridge*

r e Carver  
r e Nelson  
r t Conroy  
r t Rotman  
r g Agustino  
r g Arthur  
r g Donahue  
c Duchin  
l g MacAnern  
l g Beardsell  
l t Smith  
l e Dudley  
q b Kelleher  
r h b Fitzgerald  
r h b Cohen  
l h b Rollins  
l h b Casey  
f b Davies

### CAMBRIDGE DEFEATED BY EVERETT 19-0

Davies won the toss and chose to defend the north goal. Bond, of Everett, kicked off to Davies, who ran the ball back to midfield before he was stopped. After a series of line plunges, Conroy kicked to Bond, who was downed by Smith after he gained 5 yds. Everett immediately kicked to Kelleher. Here, Fitzgerald threw a forward pass to Davies, who ran 30 yds. to Everett's 3-yd. line where he fumbled. The ball was recovered by Tay-

lor of Everett. Late in the second period Taylor caught a punt and ran 75 yds. for Everett's first score. In the third period, the Latin quarterback fumbled and Terrio of Everett, recovered the ball. After 3 first downs, Everett made her second touchdown. Bond failed to kick the goal. In the fourth quarter, Ashton ran 30 yds. for Everett's 3rd touchdown. Bond kicked the goal.

The field was wet and slippery, therefore, Latin School, which depends on its speed, could not get started. Latin completely outplayed Everett in the first quarter. In the third quarter, Latin School worked an on-side kick to perfection, and Kelleher recovered the ball over Everett's goal line. The referee did not see Kelleher back of the kicker, thus the touchdown was not allowed.

#### *The Line-up*

*Cambridge*  
Dudley l e  
Smith l t  
Donahue l g  
Rotman l g  
Duchin c

*Everett*  
l c Monroe  
l t Lindergren  
l g Dorr  
c Mason  
r g Tully

Garner c  
Beardsell r g  
Agustino r g  
MacAnern r g  
MacNeilly r t  
Conroy r t  
Nelson r e  
Kelleher q b  
Fitzgerald r h b  
O'Connell r h b  
Parker R. H. B  
Kenney l h b  
Rollins l h b  
Cohen l h b  
Casey l h b  
Davies f b (Capt.)

r t Boardman  
r e Terrio  
q b Bond  
r h b Taylor  
l h b Ashton  
f b Jacobson

### CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM

The Cambridge Latin Cross Country Team started the season well, when over forty candidates reported in answer to Coach Smith's call. After about two weeks of practice sessions, it became necessary to cut the squad. A time trial was held and the squad was cut to twenty. These twenty harriers represented Latin in the Stoneham-Latin race between the halves of the Latin-Somerville game. The team started off the season by defeating their rivals, 50-64. The work of Murphy was notable in this race. He finished the race far ahead of his nearest opponent. Meuse, Maloney, Murtagh, Bocker, Norris and Powers, also finished well up among the first. Capt. Guertin ran a great race but collapsed a few yards from the finish.

Cambridge Latin's next race was with the Harvard Freshmen, who had an exceptionally good team. As might be expected, they defeated us, the score being 32-90. The work of Murphy again stood out, as he finished in 4th place after holding the lead until the last half-mile. After this race the squad was cut down to its final size.

Andover was Latin's next opponent. They trimmed us to the tune of 15-40. Murphy finishing 6th.

Winthrop High School came to Cambridge and was defeated by the large score of 29-90. The first six men to finish were Latin runners. Capt. Epstein of Winthrop was the only thing that kept Latin School from having a perfect score. The work of Murphy again stood out. It was in this race that the fine work of Bocker was really noticed. He ran a great

race, finishing second only to Murphy. Meuse, Maloney, and Capt. Guertin, also ran well.

St. John's Prep's powerful team was the next barrier for the Latin School's harriers. It proved unsurmountable with only five men on each team scoring, and St. John's won. Murphy finished first as usual. Bocker and Powers finished well up in the lead for Latin.

In the two Interscholastic races, under the auspices of Harvard and Ipswich, Cambridge made a good showing. The running of Murphy in these two races stamped him as the greatest high school long distance runner in the state. He finished 4th in the Harvard Interscholastics, trailing two Andover men and one Worcester Academy runner. In the Ipswich race, for high schools only, he finished first, beating some of the best distance runners in the state.

Cambridge Latin's runners wound up their season with the second annual race with Rindge, between the halves of the Latin-Everett game. Rindge's team showed better scoring power than Latin and won 50-57, although Murphy came in first, as usual. Bocker ran a good race and came in fourth. The time of the winner was 15m. 49s. Nine Latin School runners crossed the line before the seventh Rindge man, but the Rindge runners had too great a lead to be overcome.

The order of finish was as follows:

1. Murphy, Cambridge Latin.
2. McDonald, Rindge.
3. Woodland, Rindge.
4. Bocker, Cambridge Latin.
5. Coulter, (Capt.), Rindge.



6. Guertin, (Capt.), Cambridge Latin.
7. Goodwin, Rindge.
8. Richardson, Rindge.
9. Dente, Rindge.
10. Powers, Cambridge Latin.
11. Maloney, Cambridge Latin.
12. Norris, Cambridge Latin.
13. Foley, Cambridge Latin.
14. Meuse, Cambridge Latin.
15. Goodhue, Cambridge Latin.
16. Carlin, Rindge.

Murphy, Bocker, Guertin, Powers, Maloney, Norris, and Foley will be awarded their letters some time this year. Just when it is hard to tell, as up to the time of going to press, the members of last year's track and cross country teams had not received their letters.

The members of this year's team will all be back except Capt. Guertin, Powers, and Bocker.

Indoor Track will probably be called out after Christmas. The team this year will have for a nucleus, the following letter men: Murphy, miler; Sheehy, 100-yd. and 220 man; and Leighton, 440 and high-jumper. Some good runners ought to develop from the Cross Country team also. Some point winners may develop from the freshman track team of last year, among whom are Thompson, Meuse, Taylor, Houlihan, McArdle, Washburn and White.

W. B. N.

## DEBATING

(Continued from page 20)

would result, if Rindge should accept our challenge. Rindge and Latin have met one another in almost every other kind of outdoor or indoor sports, with the possible exception of debating. If a series of annual debates should be arranged between these two schools, it will be the ambition of the Latin School team to mark the opening of debating hostilities with Rindge by a glorious victory for its "alma mater."

With the exception of the past few years, an annual debate has always been arranged between Cambridge and Quincy. These friendly relations are to be renewed this year, and it is very probable that February 16th may see these two teams together again for the first time in some years.

Now a few words as to the kind of a team is going to represent us this coming year. Last year the school team was composed of King, Drake, and McLaughlin. Through graduation, Arthur King was lost to the school, leaving Drake and McLaughlin to renew activities this coming year. In addition to these two, there are also a host of others who are capable of representing the school in a credible manner. All in all, we are possessed of a debating team which is capable of making things hot for any school it stacks up against.

**STUDENTS! ATTENTION!  
YOU HAVE A GOOD TEAM  
SUPPORT IT!**

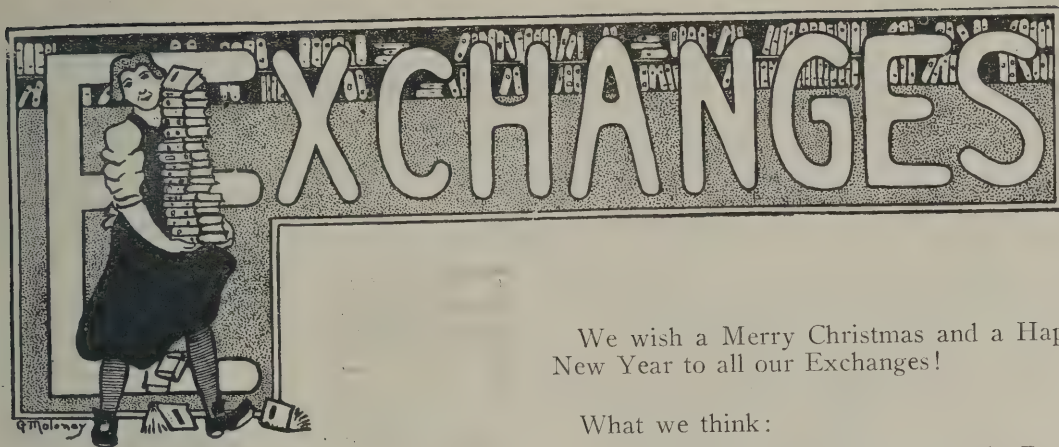
## G. A. A.

(Continued from page 19)

been near enough the minister to have seen that he held in his hands a "Cicero", it would have been thought still funnier.

The back cover of the magazine represented "Time to Re-tire". This was taken as a hint, and the girls retired to the lunch room for ice cream and cake.

The rest of the time was taken up by dancing in the gymnasium followed by a "grand march" and cheering, during which "Moxie" flavored lollypops were showered upon the cheerers.



We wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our Exchanges!

What we think:

*"The Schenley Triangle"*—Pittsburgh, Pa.

The motto which heads your paper is commendable. We think that, considering the difficulty in editing a weekly paper, yours is unusually good.

*"The Gleaner"*—Pawtucket High School.

We wish that more school papers had your advertising agent! Our only criticism is that your editorials, which are excellent, should come first. The *"Tattler"* is very good, but where are your *humorous* jokes?

*"The Jabberwock"*—Girl's Latin, Boston. . . .

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One reason why more interest is not shown in the Exchange Department is that it is more or less the same each time, consisting chiefly in such stilted phrases as, "We think your paper is very good, but why not do so and so?"—or—"Your stories are good. Where are your jokes?" We agree that this is so, and are working on ideas which will remedy that evil for which, as yet, nothing has been found; but, in the meantime, we wish to justify ourselves somewhat for not having done so before. In the first place, ninety-nine papers out of a hundred are good, in fact very good. Of course, the size and material depends largely upon the size of the school and local conditions; on which account, we cannot judge a paper without considering these things. Then, it is very true that in most papers, the jokes are the weakest point. We appreciate that this is the most difficult section to handle, because in most cases jokes which are funny in class depend largely on the way they are said and the attitude of the teacher, and are not humorous in black and white. However, if anyone is inclined to disagree with us on this point, we cordially invite him to a diligent perusal of the material in the Review office, after which we are confident that he will have experienced a change of mind.

Perhaps these two examples may have served to illustrate our point—that there is some excuse for repetition of the same idea in the criticism of Exchanges.

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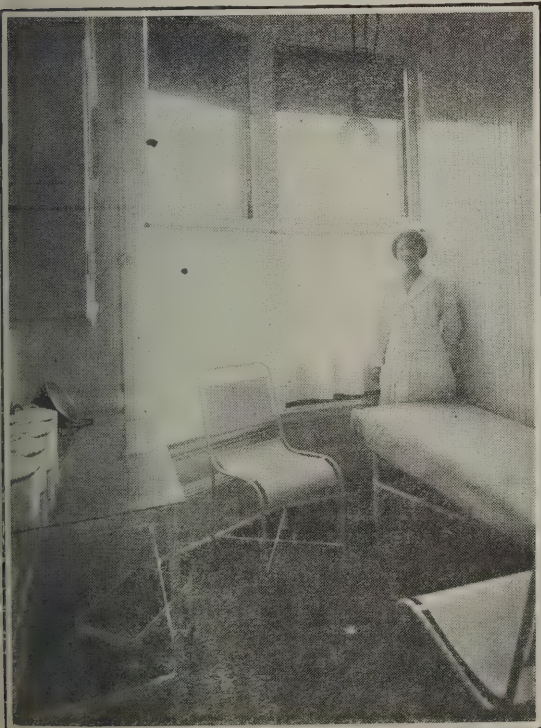
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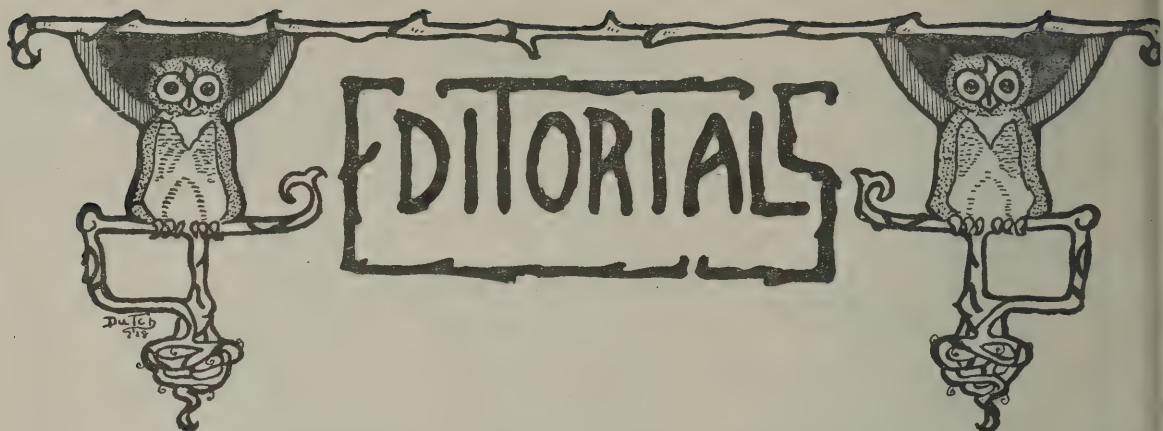
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Volume 37.

No. 3

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THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

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### THE LION AND THE MOUSE

Something mighty like a miracle took place at Brattle Hall, January twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh. The Senior Drama of the class of 1923 might well be said to have taken the house by storm. We went to see a high school play and saw a production equal, if not more polished, than a professional play. They held us spell-bound by their complete mastery of making the audience live with them. Is there any higher compliment than to say that they were living characters and that we in the pit lived with them. We grieved with them, we laughed with them, and pitied them as if it were not a play by one of life's episodes. We wondered what power had caused this; what master's hand had touched the chords so that a complete harmony resulted.

Miss Lillian R. Hartigan, the backbone, and the real power of the production deserves the heart-felt applause that all of us gave her. In her hands, and only hers, was the power to make or break the play. In her quiet, unassuming way she gives the stage to her pupils. What is a hand clap to her when she may stand back and glory in the fact that she is a builder opening the roads of unbounded success to others. Little she realizes that a great portion of the applause belongs to her. Her patience, her talent, and her training have opened the doors of success for her and she untiringly shows that door to others.

George Glasheen, playing the part of Mr. Ryder, portrayed a character that was so real we forgot that behind that make-up was George himself. His clothes, his gestures, his voice, and that hidden talent that makes him the real player depicted for us only the iron

fisted financial giant. He lived his part and his poise was that of a professional. George's conception of Ryder was sincere and superb and unusual for a boy of his age. We realize what work and energy he expended before giving this final, polished performance. "We forgot it was George, we only saw the character."

Hortense Wetherbee, playing the part of Shirley, showed what can be done by a "wee bit" of a girl. Her part is that of an unselfish daughter fighting for her father's honor against her great love for Jefferson. Her part showed a great deal of hard work and she was so radiant on the stage that many of us would have jumped at the chance to play the part of Jefferson. It is very difficult to play a love scene before one's classmates but Miss Wetherbee carried it off with a bang. She reached her real climax at the end of the third act and did it to perfection. She fought to give the one real impression that right must triumph. Hers was a very noble part, the part of a real heroine. A long and brilliant part like hers is indeed very difficult to play, for the audience watches her every movement.

Robert Swezey, playing Jefferson Ryder, had, probably, the most difficult part of all. If it had not been played very carefully it would have been a farce. During one of his most thrilling passages with his father in which he refuses to wed anyone but the girl he loves, someone in the gallery gave him courage by calling "good boy" but Swezey kept his nerve. Credit is due him in that he had only had his part two weeks.

Milan Drake as the Honorable Fitzroy Bagley and Katharine Connell as Kate had a diffi-

cult time in carrying out their plans but "Love will find a way". These two characters added necessary spice to the play. Bagley was well cast and Miss Roberts showed a good deal of poise and carried the scene gracefully.

The Expressman (Jerry Sullivan), came up stage and stole a great deal of applause from the main characters. His clothes were well chosen for the part. Eudoxia (Bessie Gruber), gave us an insight into the servant problem. She also drew a good many real laughs.

Judge Rossmore (Philip Rutledge), a man in real grief showed it in every action. You could feel and see that his very will was broken even while he tried hard to cheer his family. His old friend Judee Stott (Dick Rice), has indeed a real talent. He has found that a pause is more effective than talking and we feel that his acting helped the first act greatly.

Donald Moreland as Senator Roberts brought to the play a real senator of fine poise. He made a minor part one of first rank. His make-up was probably the best in the play.

Jack Kelleher and Eleanor Groden had a difficult place as they had to break the ice by appearing first but their strawberry festival and their pious manner was good. Mrs. Rossmore (Charlotte Walsh), gave to us the loving mother never questioning but always doing for her family. Miss Nesbit (Edith Quinn), sold her tickets to the strawberry festival and her free and open manner caught the attention of the audience. Her clean cut enunciation made her character stand out. Doris George's lovely face and graceful clothes caused a stir and although her speaking part was not large she did her work to perfection.

Jorkins (James O'Rourke), was a model butler and never forgot to be the perfect servant. The small part given by the maid, (Beatrice Robbins), showed a fine clear voice.

*The Lion and the Mouse* as given by the class of 1923 compares favorably with high class amateur performances.

Mr. Whoriskey has produced a collection of splendid players in his orchestra and handles them with a master's hand. His pupils added to the performances in the capacity of a violin solo and several good pieces.

### LITERARY CONTEST

In order to stimulate interest in the literary department, we are offering a fountain pen for the best short story of not more than one thousand words handed in before March 9.

### THE REVIEW AND THE ADVERTISERS

Very few of our readers give a thought to our advertisers; fewer, still, realize that without the aid of the advertisers, the Review would either be reduced in size or its price advanced.

It is with great difficulty that the advertising managers approach the merchants for ads. The reason for this is that our readers do not patronize our advertisers, thus they claim, there is no return from advertising.

You alone, can remedy that by mentioning the Review to them; also by patronizing the advertisers you are showing appreciation for their co-operation in making the Review a better and larger magazine. Do not give the school a "black eye" by having the possible advertisers call the Review a money making scheme.

Co-operation is one word, School Spirit the other, you have both. Use it!

Support the Review. Support the Advertisers.

Samuel Winthrop, '24.

Advertising Manager.

### BUSINESS NOTICE

Owing to a mistake, the fine spirit shown by Room 50 in getting a 100% subscription list, was unnoticed. This room was the only one in the building that accomplished this fine feat.

### IN HONOR OF AN AVERAGE MAN

In college he had an average standing of B plus, but he failed to make Phi Beta Kappa.

On the gridiron he played four years with the scrubs, but he did not make the varsity.

In college he took part in all the important student activities, but he never was president of a club.

The war with Spain came while he was still

in college; he volunteered. He took a post-graduate degree in medicine and entered the medical corps of the United States army. In the world war he went to the aid of a wounded man and was killed. He was awarded the *croix de guerre* after his death.

To this man, Capt. David Thomas Hanson, Northwestern University unveiled a tablet a



few weeks ago. In his tribute to this fine and faithful character the president of the university made the points recited above, how Hanson played football year after year without ever hearing his name at the end of a college cheer, how he "plugged away" at his studies without ever receiving a "high stand" award, how he simply did his duty always and everywhere.

He was an excellent example of the average man. There are a multitude of such men in this country. We respect them. We love

them, just as Hanson was respected by his associates, "generous, persistent, self-sacrificing." If they get few cheers fortunately they do not look for cheers. They are average men; they are the firm foundation for our achievement as a nation. Think a moment over the significance of these lines placed at the bottom of Hanson's tablet by the alumni of his university:

"He played four years on the scrubs—he never quit."

### REFLECTIONS ON WAR POETRY

"But the past is just the same—and War's a bloody game.

Have you forgotten yet?

Hook down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget."

As I sit here in my easy chair, this book open in my lap and those words staring me in the face, I wonder. Have we forgotten yet? Amid this maddening whirl of modern life, this dance of materialism, this "paean of victory" to the tune of syncopated jazz, have we forgotten what happened such a short time ago? Do we realize what war means, the terrific losses it entails? The terror and horror of war—do we know what *that* is? Ah, no. We laugh and say, "War? What do we care? It happened long ago. It is a far away thing. It is over now; let it go." And we dance and are carefree and gay. We play and forget. Ah, what a wonderful thing it is to forget, to let it all slip away. We've a marvelous present to live in; why bother our heads with the past? We can't help or change it. There's a fate that's ruling it all:—and so the poet says: "Whether we win or whether we lose With the hand that life is dealing, It is not we nor the ways we choose But the fall of the cards that's sealing. There's a fate in love and a fate in fight, And the best of us all go under—"

"And the best of us all go under—". As I turn the last pages of this book that fact is strikingly impressive. How pathetically often, at the end of the sketch of a young genius's life, I find. "and he was killed in action, July, 1917." Those brief, simple words paint a vivid picture in my brain. I realize the losses suffered by England and the world, in developing literary genius. I cannot but think of those lines of Service:

"And now he's finished with nothing to show."

Perhaps there is nothing material, nothing of this world's wealths or pleasures; but, in spite of their passing into the great beyond, there remains the spirit, the ideals of these lads who, giving up everything they had and all the future held in store for them.

"Turned out to the rallying cry of their schools

Just bent on playing the game."

And in the works of these "Riming musketeers" there is left to us bits of that spirit and those ideals in a concrete form. In Sassoon's war poems we find a passionate revolt against the gigantic brutality of war. It is seen in his "The Rear-Guard" and the "Aftermath".

"Do you remember that hour of din before the attack—

And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you then

As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?

Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back

With dying eyes and lolling heads, those ashen grey

Masks of the lads who once were keen, and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet?—

Look up, and swear by the green of the Spring that you'll never forget. Again he shows idealism in "Dreamers":

"Soldiers are dreamers; when the guns begin They think of firelit homes, clean beds and wives."

In "The Soldier" Rupert Brooke typifies a beautiful love for England:

"If I should die, think only this of me;

That there's some corner of a foreign field That is for ever England."

In saying "You are blind like us", to Germany, Charles Hamilton Sorley exhibits a tol-

erance and dignity remarkable in a boy of twenty under the harrowing circumstances of war. "It is a Queer Time", by Robert Graves, is full of a quaintly original and almost light fancy on the solemn subject of death. Wilfred Owen writes in much the same theme as Sassoon. F. W. Harvey's "The Bugler", one of the few isolated great poems of the war, is a wonderful moral poem. And so they go.

All these are examples of that remarkable,

intigible thing called morale; but they also represent something higher, something nobler, something indefinable, something of the spirit expressed by Kipling in his immortal "Recessional". None of these war poets wrote those blatant patriotics which glorified warfare and chanted new hymns of hate. They had a deeper, better, and more lasting desire for "peace on earth and good-will toward man."

### THE ABBEY GHOST

In a barren, English moor, quite remote from other habitations, stands a forlorn, sombre building, known in the distant neighborhood, as "Banwell Abbey". It is a graceful structure of Gothic architecture with its walls almost completely concealed by the plentiful ivy that seems to flourish on the sterile soil. When I first saw it, I viewed it with mingled feelings, impressed with the romantic atmosphere about it and also with a certain depression, rather haunting and disagreeable.

"Do you know the superstition that still hovers over this abbey?" the guard asked me as we made our way through the dense shrubbery to a particularly thick part of the ivy-covered wall, where my guide startled me by pushing aside the obstinate vines and revealing a knob.

"Is everything concealed and unexpected like this?" I asked, shuddering, and looking up at the dull November sky. "But do tell me about the superstition, something doubtlessly absurd and groundless."

My guide only needed encouragement and began his narrative, which I have here reproduced as accurately as my memory permits.

"Just recently, Madam, this Abbey was inhabited. You know there is one wing off the Chapel built for that purpose and three months ago today, the residents moved to America, leaving the place for sale, but with the frank acknowledgment that it was haunted."

"Monstrous," I put in, with an incredulous smile.

"Well, this was the foundation for their belief. Mrs. Gerad, the Madam of the establishment, entertained a good deal, and frequently gave house parties out here to cheer things up a bit. During the war and the absence of her husband, who had an executive position in the

English army, she gave a house-party, and among the guests was an American friend, a spiritualist, I believe. The morning after her arrival this lady I referred to, found opportunity to communicate startling information to Mrs. Gerad. She had asked to speak with her in a room adjoining the Abbey where the hostess had been obliged to put her because of the shortage of guest rooms. The spiritualist told her that in the night she had been awakened by heavy breathing and the consciousness that someone was gliding about the room. She lay perfectly still, but opened her eyes and at that moment her pillow was snatched forcefully from under her head. She waited expectantly, paralyzed with fright, yet curious as to the outcome.

"A voice not supernatural, but powerful, resonant and masculine issued from the obscurity and informed the breathless spiritualist of a danger that the Gerad family was incurring in staying in the Abbey. He went on to say that Mr. Gerad had offended someone and that the person offended would wreak his vengeance not only on Mr. Gerad but on the whole family. By what means the victim would retaliate the spiritualist was not informed but every remark was made with a threatening emphasis. The spectre then disappeared through what seemed to the listener to be not the main door, but one as yet unperceived by her. She rose immediately, lighted a candle and then sat wrapped in meditation until the first streaks of dawn when she began to investigate the room by tapping for secret panels. She found to her dismay a sliding door, not locked as was expected, but very easy to manipulate. It slid back noiselessly and revealed a flight of steps beautifully carved and ornamented. If you look up, Madam, you will see

them there by the organ." I started as if from a trance and raised my eyes in the direction indicated. There on either side of the organ pipes were flights of small steps, so intricately engraved and figured that one would never have recognized their purport.

"But there are two flights," I persisted.

"Yes, if you won't be nervous, I'll tell you about the other one."

"I can bear anything but suspense," I said tremulously.

My guide lowered his voice, "The panel to the right hand one has never been found..". Was it my overwrought imagination or distorted vision, but didn't the panel on the right of the organ move as he spoke? A gold cross on a long cord seemed to flash, I blinked and looked again but only the rays of a setting sun were lighting up the pipes.

"Finish your tale quickly," I said. "I must be retracing my steps."

"Well, the spiritualist slept two other nights in that room and the same performance was repeated. In the end she convinced the Gerads of their threatening peril, and when the master came home on leave they moved to London until the end of the war, and the real estate agent told me yesterday that they have now settled in America. We have, however, never been able to rent their place and never will I guess. But, I'll lock up now and if you should ever wish to come here again, get the key at the Inn. Many people visit the Chapel in the afternoon."

I assured him I never would, but before I left York, I was irresistibly drawn towards "Banwell Abbey", and decided to make it one more visit. It was still November and rather the same sort of day that I had visited it before, but I stopped at the Inn, procured the key and began the long walk across the extensive grounds up the grand approach, bordered by lofty oaks and finally reaching the Chapel. There I had some difficulty in pushing aside the ivy and getting at the knob, but I did slip through and found myself in the same quaint, romantic spot. I looked instinctively up at the organ and the staircase on the right hand side where suddenly, slowly and persistently a panel just above it began to slide. I stood rooted, accusing myself of delusion but something in the opening took shape and began to descend with care and dignity. With amazement I beheld a monk of emaciated stature reach the bottom, and then in his sweeping robes approach a side entry. Just there he turned and the evening sun fell full on a big gold cross that hung on a cord about his neck. He seemed to see right through me and with a sudden gesture, shook a long, white finger at me. I never moved a hair but followed his retreating figure through the door and out into the graveyard until it finally vanished in the shrubbery. I trembled then for the first time and got out as quickly as I could; and then with a gait half gliding, half running, that I had never used before, I left "Banwell Abbey" forever.

## SNOW FLOWER

By Frank Worris

"Master, is my brother Ne-geek not worth dying for?" —Snow Flower

Roy Jensing first met her at Mountain House one New Year's eve. It occurred during the course of the dancing. He was much impressed with her.

All day long Mountain House, that far-flung post of the Hudson's Bay Company, had been in the midst of holiday celebration; and all day long had the Factor's pine-log house been the center of attraction. In it were gathered woodsmen, wandering prospectors, trappers, the Hudson's Bay Company's officials, voyageurs, Mounted Police, and Indians. Every one was regarded as an equal; and with this fact in the minds of all, the entertainment went on merrily.

Late in the evening came the dancing. Prac-

tically every one took part in some dance or other. Such features as the Drops-of-Brandy, the Hug-Me-Snug, the Saskatchewan Circle, the Duck Dance, and the Red River Jig took place. Each terminated in an uproar of laughter and applause, the fat Indian women usually receiving the former, and the slim, graceful Indian maidens or some dexterous or humorous male characters, the latter.

Then came the Kissing Dance. Roy Jensing the traveler for the Hudson's Bay Company, found himself facing a very pretty Ojibway girl. For a moment, during the progress of that dance, the two hesitated and blushed; but Jensing instantly recovered himself and kissed her. The Indian maiden flashed him a smile and look of wonder, and soon after, dropped out of the dance. He did not see her



again that evening, nor the next day, nor for many days, and incidentally forgot about her. The following months were busy for Roy Jensing. Matters of delayed or neglected debts of the Indians to the Company had to be looked into; long canoe trips on other urgent matters had to be made; new districts had to be explored and opened up for trade; business at the post had to be attended to. Jensing met these different tasks grimly and silently; he was generally successful; and for this reason, found himself regarded as a dependable man.

Thus it was that one day, late in the autumn, Jean Monte, the Factor, summoned him to his presence. They met in the Company's trading room.

"Roy," began Monte, "I've got another job for you."

Jensing smiled faintly, but remained silent. "You'll take it of course, Roy?"

"Certainly."

"Good." The Factor puffed meditatively at his pipe. Then he went on: "It may take you a week, maybe a year. You see, it's trailing . . . . A week ago, an Ojibway named Ne-geek came here. He wanted to buy medicine on his credit for his sick sister, so he claimed. But I refused to give him any. I knew his kind. If I gave him the medicine, he'd exchange it with someone for some pain-killer for himself. . . . So he went away, and with him went two of our bear skins. I know that for a fact because one of our men saw him with them. Sort of a conjuration." He laughed. Then seriously: "Jensing, I want you to bring back Ne-geek."

"Very well, Monte."

"And by the way, Jensing, it's true he has a sister. She lives about forty miles up river. That place might bear investigating and may prove a clue to his whereabouts."

Two hours later, Jensing strode down to the beach and stepped lightly into a birch bark canoe. A swarthy half-breed stepped in after him, and they paddled off. For a moment they stopped to look at the last post of civilization that they would see for a long time; then, as a bend in the stream hid it from view, they gazed wistfully at the willow-fringed banks, and finally resumed paddling, in long and powerful strokes, up the Mountain River.

The supply of provisions was light, and when they gave out, Jensing would have to depend upon his rifle; and if he should plunge into the vast stretches of the barrens, he would

have to fall back almost entirely upon the resources of mere chance. These thoughts, however, did not disturb him; they were, as yet, too remote and vague for him.

All day they paddled, stopping only now and then to smoke a pipeful of tobacco; at sunset, they ultimately halted and made camp among some tall willows and birches.

The next day they were off as soon as the cold, gray dawn appeared. Again they paddled almost incessantly. Just before noon they came to a rapid and were forced to portage the canoe through dense underbrush. At noon the swarthy half-breed bade Jensing good-by and disappeared into the silent forest, on some secret mission for the company.

Now that he was alone and approaching his destination, Jensing slackened the canoe's progress. He became observative, scanning both banks carefully. After several hours of this his patience was rewarded: standing in a thick clump of birches, on the left bank, was a lodge. He slowly paddled toward it.

Landing, he drew ashore the canoe; then, cupping his hands to his mouth, he called:

"Hullo, there!"

Only the echoes answered him. He strode to the door, called again, and still receiving no reply, entered.

The first thing that he saw was the pale face of a girl. She was standing beside the lodge fire, facing the entrance. For a few seconds Jensing stared; finally he smiled. For it was the very pretty Ojibway girl he had met at Mountain House.

She spoke first.

"*Quay, quay, Hugemow*—good day, Master," she greeted him.

"Good day, My Little Sister," Jensing greeted in return, seating himself by the lodge fire and removing his mittens and fur cap.

Producing his pipe, he commenced to smoke. The Ojibway girl regarded him in faint surprise.

"My Little Sister," began Jensing, finally, "where is your brother Ne-geek?"

"He is gone, Master."

"Where?"

"Far. On a long trail."

"Why?"

She did not respond, Jensing looked up at her.

"My Little Sister, answer me."

"I cannot tell you why."



"THEN MAKING A FIRE, HE COOKED A MEAL."

"How long will he be gone?" was his next question.

"Long," came her laconic response.

Roy Jensing smoked in silence. His hard grey eyes twinkled as if a vivid reflection of the lodge fire were in them. After a while he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and pocketed it; rising, he put on his mittens and his fur cap.

"My Little Sister . . ."

"Master."

"You must come with me."

"Where?"

"Far. On a long trail."

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you."

Her dark eyes flashed. Her cheeks grew paler.

"I shall not go," she said.

"My Little Sister . . ."

"I shall not go."

Jensing smiled. "Prettier than at Mountain House," he remarked to himself in English.

Had he been less influenced by his duty, he would have noticed what was behind this prettiness and pallor; what was behind this obstinacy. But he did not notice seriously; did not care. The only thing he heeded was Monte's order: "Jensing, I want you to bring back Ne-geek." To obey this order he would do anything.

Accordingly, he seized a thick capote, stepped up to the girl, and, drawing it about her slim shoulders, picked her up in his strong arms. She stared in surprise, and then uttered a little cry. But Jensing, to whom all protestations in the face of duty were useless, stepped through the entrance and carried her down to his canoe. Carefully seating her in it, he stepped in himself and shoved off. A few powerful strokes of the blade, and the canoe shot up the Mountain River.

The Ojibway girl said nothing. Small, slender, pale, almost insignificant beside this tall, robust man, she sat staring alternately at him and at the river banks. Whenever he met

her look, he smiled; but most of the time he was too absorbed in thought and gazed vacantly at the wonderful panorama of scenery on the banks.

That night, camp was made in a clump of willows and quaking aspens. Jensing shot two rabbits and cooked them for supper. The girl ate nothing. She fell asleep before he had finished eating.

The next morning, however, she accepted a cup of tea. While she sipped it, Jensing asked her:

"My Little Sister, what is your name?"

"Snow Flower," she replied naively.

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen winters."

And that was all. The journey up river was continued. Neither spoke again that day.

The following afternoon, Jensing suddenly turned toward the right bank and landed. He helped Snow Flower out of the canoe; then, making a fire, he cooked a meal.

"You must eat," he told her.

She tried to, but a few mouthfuls were sufficient. He regarded her curiously.

"Snow Flower, this may be the best meal we shall have for many moons. Tomorrow we travel afoot. We may have to travel far. We may have to enter the barrens."

The barrens—the Barren Grounds! That was a terrible region. She shuddered. But she made no comment.

The following day the canoe was carefully concealed in some high rushes on the right bank; the pack and the rifle, together with two pairs of snowshoes, Jensing slung over his back. Then the journey began afoot.

It snowed all that night and the next day. The trail which Jensing had been so secretly following was now obliterated. The forest suddenly became white and mysteriously silent. A period of piercing cold set in, and continued to stay. The Northern winter, grim and terrible and forbidding, had settled.

Weeks passed. The silence of the snow-covered forest became more intense; so that when a twig snapped it sounded like the report of a rifle. Life became more scarce; Jensing no longer had facility in shooting even a rabbit. They entered a region of tall spear-headed spruces. Here the ptarmigan existed. Even though this bird was dull and slow-witted, Jensing found extreme difficulty in hunting it, in that its plumage blended with the color of the snow.

One day, on returning from an unsuccessful hunt, he found Snow Flower weeping. At his approach she covered her head with a heavy fur coat which she had made from a bear skin.

"My Little Sister," he addressed her in a paternal tone, "I have neglected to ask you, but do you know why you are with me?"

"I know, Master," she answered blazely.

"Why?"

"You want me to lead you to Ne-geek."

Whereupon he frowned, and said nothing.

Then, another day, he strode up to her angrily and, taking her by the arm, shook her lightly.

"Snow Flower," he said, severely, "you must tell me where Ne-geek is. It is long since I lost his trail. I cannot waste time wandering around. Until you tell me, you must stay with me."

But she did not tell.

A month passed. They were now in the Land of Little Sticks, the preliminary to the grim Barren Grounds. The frozen-hearted North had wrought a transformation in the travelers. The cold, masterful Jensing had become capricious and domineering. He now swore at her. The pale, silent Snow Flower had grown paler and more silent; dark rings appeared under her eyes; she had grown hollow-cheeked; she had begun to lag behind Jensing; the snowshoes on her feet became too cumbersome for her; she fell often.

"My Little Sister," Jensing would say, "you must tell me where Ne-geek is."

"I shall never tell you," she would reply.

He endeavored to persuade her by force, but that only increased her obstinacy.

Came a day when she was obliged to lean on Jensing's arm for support. It augmented his profanity.

Then they suddenly came upon the Barren Grounds. In the distance the vast region seemed deadly, monstrous, infinite; so white and barren did it appear.

At the sight of the void snow-plains, Snow Flower utterly broke down.

"Master, Master," she sobbed, "I can go no farther. Kill me, Master, but I go no farther."

"Where is Ne-geek?" demanded the man hoarsely.

"I shall never tell you, for I do not know. He is gone to a far, far land, where you shall never catch him."

"What, you little liar! . . . Ne-geek's debt must be paid!"





"SHE BEGAN TO LAG BEHIND; THE SNOWSHOES ON HER FEET  
BECAME TOO CUMBERSOME FOR HER"

He clutched at her and stared into her eyes. "Master, Master," she whispered, her strength completely exhausted, "you are hurting me . . . . At Mountain House you acted like a man . . . ."

It was like a dagger thrust. Reminiscences flooded his memory. His manner softened somewhat.

"Master . . . ."

He bent over her to catch her words.

"Master, I could have escaped, but I loved

you. I loved my brother Ne-geek even more. When I first became ill he stole two bear skins to buy me medicine. Master, is my brother Ne-geek not worth dying for? . . . . Oh Master . . . . the barrens . . . . the Barren Grounds . . . ."

She never reached the dreaded Barren Grounds, for a moment later she died, still in the arms of the man whom she had secretly loved.

Her brother's debt was paid.

## THE MUSICIAN

L. H. '26.

The room was dingy and dark, with only one small window which let in barely enough light to show the surroundings. It was far from comfortable; two broken chairs and a couch covered with straw were all the furniture that was in it.

The door slowly opened and a tall pale man, with feeble steps, entered. His hair and beard were long and looked as if they had never felt even the touch of a comb or brush. He closed the door and took from a shelf a violin case. He held it in his arms like a crippled child, and carried it to the couch. His face seemed to twitch with pain, and with tears running down

his cheeks, he took out the violin and sighed as he looked at it.

"O, my friend," he said, talking aloud, "the only friend that I have to love, not two minutes have elapsed since the Jew has offered me five hundred dollars for you. Five hundred dollars for a piece of wood that to me is useless!" A gleam of light came to the man's eyes as the thoughts of food and a cozy room were pictured before him.

"No more starving and freezing," he said, "just carry you downstairs, hand you to the Jew, and I shall receive five hundred dollars."

As if to carry out his thought, he put the violin back in its case, closed it, and rose from

the couch. But he had barely risen when his legs gave way beneath him and he sank on the couch. "I can't," he cried, "I can't and I will not."

He again opened the case, took out the violin, picked at the strings with his fingers, and the notes that vibrated forth were like the sobbing of a child. "Ha," he exclaimed, "you have a heart! Did I hurt or wrong you, dear friend? I did not mean to do so, I do not know what it was that made me do it. Could it have been hunger? No, for I am not hungry now. I am content as long as I have you."

"Come, let us play once more, 'The Last Rose of Summer'," and wiping the tears with his ragged sleeve, he took the violin with one hand, and with the other, the bow. He drew the bow slowly at first, but, with every stroke the music seemed to swell. Higher and higher the music rose, and all the time louder. The room seemed to sway; his eyes began to grow dim; darkness enveloped him. He could only feel his violin, into which he had emptied his soul, and like Orpheus of old, transformed his woe into music.

He was no longer in the shabby room. He was playing on a stage, and the place looked familiar. Suddenly, memories flashed before him. He was back in France where he had played before. Yes, it was the same; he remembered it well. Everything was the same, even the people in the overcrowded theatre who stared up at him breathlessly. His breast

swelled with mingled pride and joy, and a smile formed on his lips.

He raised his eyes to the boxes above. Yes, she was there, and as the music neared its end, she smiled sweetly at him, and threw the rose that she held in her hand. It fell at his feet; he picked it up, raised it to his lips, and as he came forward to make his bow, he was greeted with tremendous applause and a shower of flowers. He had conquered, it was worth living for; and now—he retired amid the mad applause and the cries of "encore" that rang through the theatre.

Again he appeared, and again he played with all his soul. He did not seem to notice the people before him. He played as he had never played before. The violin seemed to be a living thing under his guiding hands.

Snap! the first string breaks, but he still keeps on playing. Snap! the second string breaks, and this does not receive any more attention than the first. The musician still plays on, as if unaware of their breaking. Snap! the third string breaks; and with the breaking of the string, the music dies.

The room is dark and gloomy, full of silent shadows. The chairs seem to lean against the wall as if for support from what they have just witnessed; and the couch in the corner seems to crouch against the wall as if terrified at the burden it bears. He lies as if asleep. His violin is still in his grasp, and a smile parts his cold lips, for he has achieved his dream.

## TAGS

By Evelyn Frost, 24.

Tags was a dog and a yellow dog at that. It was quite evident to everyone that his strong point was not beauty, but under his yellow coat there beat a heart as warm and true as ever a dog owned. From the first he had attached himself to Jack to that gentleman's secret disgust and the open amusement of the whole family.

"He follows me around like all possessed," sputtered Jack as he lay on the lounge with a book, "and I'm so afraid that I'll step on him or that he'll get run over by a street car or something that he's no end of a nuisance."

"Perhaps," teased his sister Joan, "it's because he likes the resemblance between your hair and his coat, and besides," she continued, as she dodged a skillfully thrown sofa pillow, "he knows that you saved his life."

It was quite true that Tags owed his life to Jack's kind heart. For when he heard that their neighbor Mr. Johnson was going to drown the little fellow, he had pleaded so hard that Mr. Johnson had relented.

"Aw, Mr. Johnson," he had exclaimed, "don't drown the poor little tyke, I'll give you what he's worth."

So Mr. Johnson parted with the "poor little tyke" for the sum of fifty cents. Jack went straight home and, seeing Joan in the library, dropped the puppy into her lap with the brief statement:

"Here, take him, he's yours. Mr. Johnson was going to drown him, but I got him for you; ugly, isn't he?"

"Poor puppy," said tender-hearted Joan, patting the forlorn little bunch, "he's hungry."

Together they fed him, and made a soft bed for him in a large soap box. The little fellow had continued to follow his rescuer so persistently that before a week had passed the family had unanimously christened him "Tags".

On this particular afternoon Jack had come home from school followed not only by Tags but also by the hoots and cheers of his companions.

"Hey, Jack, how long have you been playing daddy to yellow dogs?"

"Say, Jack, can't you get home alone without having a dog to guard you?"

"He'll never be any good, Joan," he went on staring moodily at the fire burning brightly in the grate.

"Jack Randall, I'm ashamed of you," answered Joan with heat, "as if his looks were all that mattered! It's his heart that counts."

There was silence for a few minutes, but finally Jack said abruptly, "I'm going up to Hawkins' woods to see if the walnuts aren't getting ripe." There was no answer from Joan, so Jack with a shrug of his shoulders abruptly left the room.

Five minutes later with his cap pulled firmly down over his ears and his hands thrust into his pockets he was on his way to Hawkins' woods, Tags, as usual, close at his heels. As he trudged along, he was thinking of what Joan had said about a dog's looks not counting as much as his heart. Having found that there were many nuts only waiting for some one to gather them, he was reassured as to the nutting season. Accordingly he started home, but already the November dusk had fallen, and he had great difficulty in keeping to the narrow trail. For once he envied Tags, who seemed not to have the slightest difficulty in finding the trail and, what was more to the point, in keeping it. Suddenly he crashed into a fallen

tree, grabbed wildly for support, and pitched headlong. He felt himself falling, falling. He was conscious of a blinding flash—then utter darkness.

After what seemed a long time, he "came to" and found himself lying in his own bed. A dim light was burning somewhere. He felt his head. It was swathed in bandages. His left ankle felt strangely stiff. He moved restlessly and the next moment found himself looking into the face of the family doctor.

"Well, young man, you certainly picked out a jagged rock to knock you out, but you'll be up and about within a month, I guess."

The door opened and in came Joan.

"Oh Jack!" she cried, "Jack!"

"Why, Joan, what's been the matter, and how did I get here?"

"May I tell him, Doctor?"

"Tomorrow, Joan; he mustn't get excited."

"Alright. Must I go now, Doctor?"

"I think you'd better."

Next morning Jack heard the whole story: how about seven o'clock when the family was almost wild with anxiety, Tags had come limping up the path with one of Jack's gloves in his mouth; how he had led them to where his master lay so quietly on the ground; how all during the long hours when Jack lay unconscious, Tags had lain on the floor at the foot of the bed, and refused to go away until Joan had picked him up to get him something to eat. Then it took all Joan's efforts to keep him from howling outside the door.

Just then a faint scratching was heard. Joan opened the door, and in bounded Tags, who jumped on the bed and fairly wiggled himself out of his skin for pure joy. Then at a word from Joan he curled up in a ball at the foot of the bed. Tags had come into his own!

Where the willows hang a misty veil  
And blur their trunks with crinkled leaves,—  
Where cloud shapes, faintly colored, trail  
The threads of thought that Fancy weaves,  
Where sweet-spiced early blossoms blow  
I want to go! I *do*! I want to go!

And can't you hear the trilling call  
Of silver warbler whistling clear?  
And can't you see the maple tall

Loop up their golden blooms, my dear?  
The ancient longing comes—you know  
I want to go—with you! I want to go!

I almost hear the waters run  
On pebbles grey, by cresses clogg'd  
Such opal vapors 'neath the sun  
Cover the valleys, dream befogged!  
The Spell has filled the minds. And oh!  
I want to go—I *do*! I want to go!





### Report Card Psalm

Tell me not in mournful letters  
 My marks are but an empty dream!  
 For the brain is dead that slumbers  
 And my flunks as bad as they seem!  
 School is long! School is earnest!  
 The diploma is its goal.  
 Freshman thou art, freshman thou returnest  
 Was never spoken in accents bold.  
 Trust no "toot" however pleasant  
 Let the dead Past be translated again  
 Act—act in the living present  
 Heart in your mouth, and "teacher" just  
 ahead.  
 Let us then be up and doing  
 With a heart for any fate  
 Still remembering, keep *smiling*  
 Even when the car is late.

### Another Tale of Woe

I chose for my program six subjects  
 And wished that I could have had more  
 But when I had flunked all but Latin  
 I wished I had taken but four.

Day by day in Every Way, etc. Evidently  
 our teachers wish we would adopt M. Coue's  
 suggestion.

Miss McElroy in English III: "Titus,  
 change the sentence, 'She sings like a bird' into  
 a metaphor."

Titus: "She's a bird of a singer."

Sophia: "Can you tell me, dear, the chief  
 difference between Sandy and Saint Andrew?"

Senior: "Saint Andrew was a fisher of man  
 and Sandy is a manner of fish!"

Miss Dolan: (looking up at three of the  
 dozen lights, trying to penetrate the gloom in  
 C. H. L. S. "Poor things they can't brighten  
 the corner where they aren't."

### Naughty! Naughty!

Miss McElroy: "Give me an example of an  
 affirmative command in French."

Quinlan: "Fermez votre bouche!"

Moving Pictures Leading Men and Women  
 in C. H. L. S.

Pat Clark in "The Hoodlum."

Flossie DeChand in "To Have and to Hold."

Phil Smith in "The Young Rajah."

Irving Small in "I'm small but oh my!"

Donald Green in "Fascination."

John Kelley in "The Tailor Made Man."

Wilfred Nightingale in "The Woman  
 Hater."

Joe Lovejoy in "The Caveman."

Mr. Bramhall: "Have you proved the propo-  
 sition for today?"

Field: "Well, sir, 'proved' is a strong word,  
 but I think I have rendered it highly probable."

Lamb: "What time is it?"

Stew: "It must be the zero hour because I  
 didn't hear the clock shrike."

Flap: "I dropped my watch on the side-  
 walk."

Flip: "Did it stop?"

Flap: "No, it went right through to the sub-  
 way."

"He was driven to his grave."

"Sure he was. Did you expect him to  
 walk?"

Irate Teacher: "Young man, do you know  
 anything about this course?"

Bright Senior: "A little, sir. What would  
 you like to know?"

"He, pointing to a man on the field." "That's  
 Quenn over there. In a few weeks he will be  
 our best man."

She: "Oh, Charlie, this is so sudden."

### WHO KNOWS?

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?  
 Or a key for the lock of his hair?  
 Or can his eyes be an academy,  
 Because there are pupils there?  
 In the crown of his head what gems are  
   found?  
 Who travels the bridge of his nose?  
 Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?  
 Where's the shade from the palm of his hand?  
 And does he sharpen h's shoulder blades?  
 I'm puzzled to understand.

A well known business man who evidently had gained a bitter experience through working for one of the departments of the Government, was asked to make a generous contribution to the Technology Endowment Fund. He replied as below:

Sir:

For the following reasons, I am unable to send you the check you request;

I have been held up, held down, sand-bagged, trodden on, sat on, flattened out and squeezed. First by the U. S. Government's income tax, federal war tax, excess profits tax, Liberty Loans, thrift stamps, capital stock tax, and every other tax that the mind of man could invent to extract by money.

Next by the Society of John the Baptist, the G. A. R., the Women's Relief, the Red Cross, and the The Dorcass Society, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Boy Scouts, the Jewish Relief, and every hospital in town. Then on top of all this came the Associated Charities and the Salvation Army.

The Government has so run my business that I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined, re-examined, informed, required, and commanded, so that I don't know who I am, what I am, or why I am here. All I know is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every known desire or hope of the human race, and because I will not sell all I have and go out and beg, borrow or stand more to give away, I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up; hung up, robbed and ruined, and the only reason I am clinging to life is to see who or what is coming next.

Fresh.: "Who is King of France now?"

Translation in French: "Bob ran up the escalator."

What Would Happen If—?

Mr. Bramhall stopped laughing.  
 Karl Anderson didn't do his home work.  
 Miss Hardy omitted to catch a talkative student.  
 "Smiling Jim" Downey cracked a joke.  
 Miss Flanders gave an easy lesson.  
 The class-room clocks were right.  
 Kidder accidentally sat on somebody.  
 Second hand vegetables were allowed at the Senior Drama.  
 The kids who *study* in the Classical Library all had official permission.  
 There was water in the drawing room *and*  
 Someone handed in a good story for the Review.

### Famous "Cans"

Tin ——— 't do it  
 Oil ——— sas  
 ———dy ———Fords  
 ———celled  
 ———ned

### Famous "Bells"

Bill Cam——  
 Alexander Graham ——  
 Liberty ——  
 Society ——  
 Door ——  
 Dumb ——

### And Famous Passes

—— port  
 Forward ——  
 Free ——  
 I ——  
 ——t tenses  
 60%

Ma: "What do you want bloomers for, at school?"

May: "I need them for gym."

Ma: "Never mind Jim. Wear them yourself."

Heard in Latin: "In summer the days are long at night."

"C-H-L-S-Where innocence is bliss."

Freshman—A comedy of Errors

Sophomores—Much Ado about Nothing.

Junior—As you Like It.

Seniors—All's Well that End's Well.

Father as D. creeps into bed:  
"What time is it?"

D.: "One o'clock, sir."

Clock strikes four.

Father: "How that clock stutters."

Teacher: "What part of the world has the most ignorant people?"

Sam: "London."

Teacher: "Where did you learn that?"

Sam: "The book says in London the population is the most dense."

F—ierce lessons

L—ate hours

U—nexpected company

N—ot prepared

K—aught napping

Teacher: "What teeth do we get last?"

Pupil: "False teeth."

Edith: "I was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring."

Olive: "Did they?"

Edith: "Did they! Six of them recognized it at once!"

Mr. Jacobs (to Davies eating paper) "What other political parties were there in 1848?"

Davies: (hopefully) "Socialist? er—Prohibition?"

Adv. Mgr. at Billings and Stover's: "May I please speak to Mr. Billings?"

Clerks (in unison) "Ha! Ha!"

Adv. Mgr.: "What's the joke?"

Clerks: (kindly) "He died years ago."

Teacher: "Your answer is as clear as mud."

Pupil: "Well that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

Miss Schoeder: "What is an essay?"

Sam: "A statement of facts."

Miss Schoeder: "Oh, go away! No, no, don't go away. Stay here."

Miss Coyle sneezes aloud.

Pupil, from the back of room stage whispers: "God bless you."

Miss Coyle (aloud) "Amen."

Miss Crook in English: "Before writing your book-reports on white paper you had better use your blocks" (which kind?)

Motto on board in 85: "Success comes in 'cans'."

That's even better than a correspondence course.

Boys, if you want a snappy shape to your hat, just leave it in the dressing room near 46 at 1.45. You will get a good result.

How About

Katherine Parsnips instead of "carrots."

Mary Electricity instead of Gass.

Donald Pink instead of Green.

Beth Blueing instead of Whiting.

Louise Vestibule instead of Hall.

Katherine Matron instead of Usher.

Dick Oatmeal instead of Rice.

Donald More water instead of Moreland.

Maude: "Do you know why your not red-headed?"

Willie: "No. Why?"

Maude: "Ivory won't rust."

Heard in Spanish I: "Our class is a large space."

Miss C.: "What's there in the story that seems unlikely?"

Rogers: "All the men are fat."

Miss Flanders: misreading—"Hundreds of dogs were floating down stream and endangering the lives of the lumbermen."

Voice in rear: "Did they bark?"

Miss Flanders' favorite pastime—listening to extracts from Burke's Conciliation and marking down the "outs."

Miss Murphy: "But what is fire-water?"

Murphy: "Hooch! You're a disgrace to the Murphies, you are!"

Insane Man: "Bring me a piece of toast."

Keeper: "What do you want that for?"

Insane man: "I'm a poached egg and I want to sit down."

Miss Haggerty: "Decline one goddess."

Hanlen: "In the singular or plural?"

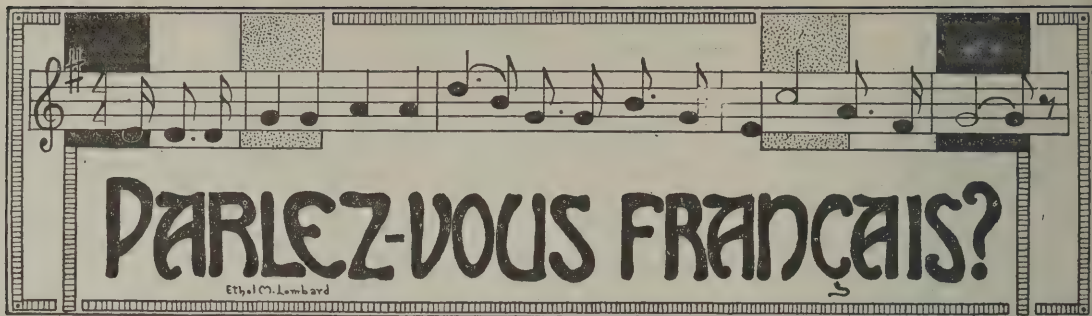
Man: "Do you collect pennies?"

Little Girl: "Yes, sir."

Man: "Well, here are two for your collection. Now how many have you?"

Little Girl: "Two."





LES SPORTS DE LA FEMME.—LE MEETING DE VICHY  
3<sup>e</sup> FÊTE FEDERALE DE GYMNASTIQUE ET  
SPORTS des 9, 10, et 11 Septembre, 1922

Je vais m'efforcer de vous faire comprendre, en ces quelques lignes, combien fut agréable et intéressante cette 3<sup>e</sup> Fête Fédérale de Gymnastique et Sports qui eut lieu, cette année, dans cette belle ville de VICHY, les 9, 10 et 11 Septembre dernier.

Plusieurs mois avant cette date nous recevions les conditions du concours ainsi que la photographie des mouvements que nous devions apprendre comme les 130 autres Sociétés. Après un entraînement continu et maintes répétitions sous l'habile direction de notre professeur de Culture Physique, nous sommes parties à VICHY toutes très contentes, non seulement d'effectuer ce voyage, mais aussi de prouver que nous étions capables d'aider au développement du Sport Féminin qui n'est, malgré beaucoup d'améliorations, pas encore assez populaire en France.

Arrivant à VICHY le Samedi matin à 8 heures, après un peu de repos et un déjeuner tout à fait réconfortant, nous sommes allées au stade pour faire un peu d'entraînement; à 7 heures nous étions de retour à l'hôtel pour le dîner et, après une petite promenade dans la ville nous sommes rentrées afin de ne pas nous fatiguer dès le premier jour.

Le lendemain matin—le dimanche—réveil à 5 heures. Après avoir pris en hâte notre petit déjeuner nous nous sommes rassemblées pour aller au terrain. A 6 heures 45, répétition générale des mouvements d'ensemble par les 131 Sociétés—ce qui représentait plus de 2,000 Jeunes Filles. Ce concours comprenait du saut en hauteur, de la course par relai, des barres parallèles, composition et exécution d'un ballet, et enfin les mouvements obliga-

toires que chaque Société devait exécuter à tour de rôle.

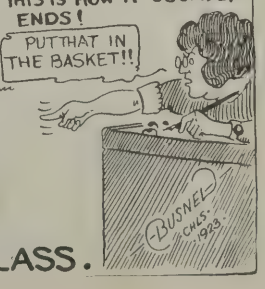
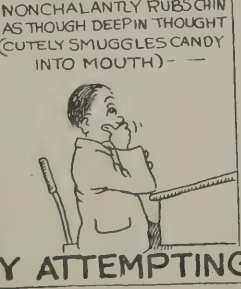
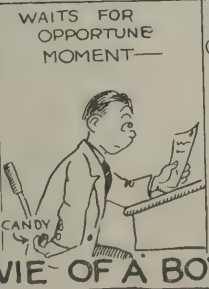
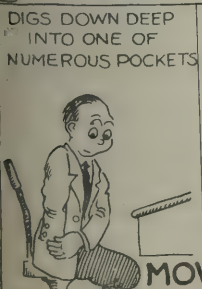
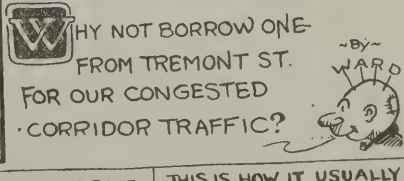
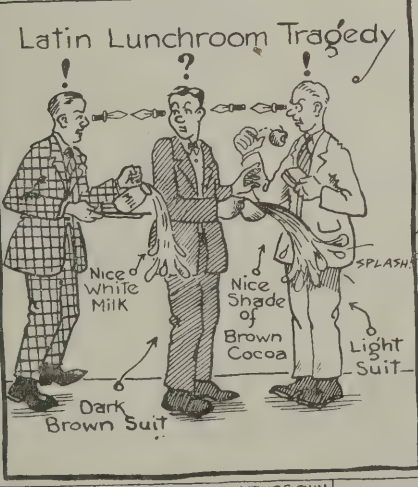
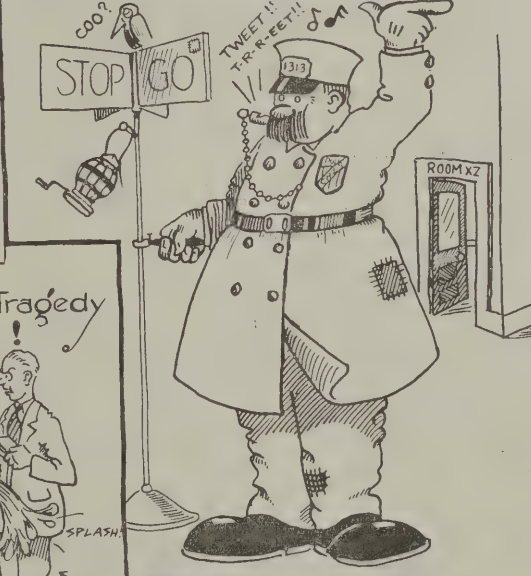
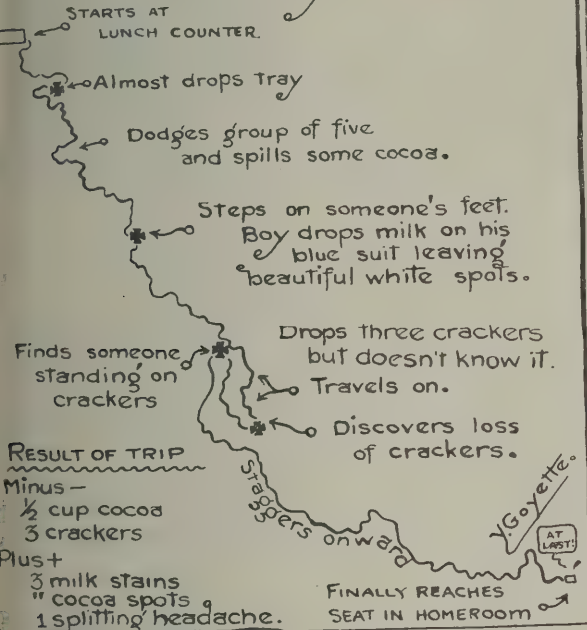
Ces quatre premières épreuves se passèrent le matin. A midi nous déjeunions, à 2 heures, défilé des 131 Sociétés toutes en costumes, dans les principales rues de la ville. Durant le parcours ce ne fut que cris de joie, exclamations et applaudissements pour les Sociétés trouvées le mieux, comme présentation et uniforme. Si j'osais je dirais quelques mots sur les petites Tourangelles. Par beaucoup de personnes notre costume uniforme fut trouvé le mieux, cela dépend des goûts, c'est évident, mais sans se flatter, nous étions toutes très contentes de notre idée tout à fait géniale. Nous portions une petite tunique blanche avec un écusson portant les initiales F. F. S. (Foyer Féminin Sports) et en plus, un petit sweater à rayures bleues et vertes; dans les cheveux, au tour de la tête, ruban aux mêmes couleurs avec broderie des mêmes initiales; et enfin, dans les pieds, sandales blanches (avec les jambes nues).

Après avoir parcouru environ 3 km. nous sommes arrivées au terrain; nous avons fait le tour du Stade et sommes venues nous placer à nos places respectives afin de commencer les mouvements d'ensemble. Jamais nous n'aurions pu supposer un pareil succès car, bien que chaque société eut étudié ces mouvements séparément, ils s'exécutèrent en un ensemble parfait, aussi, nous n'entendions plus que des hurrahs et des bravos.

Nous ne sommes revenues à l'Hôtel qu'à 7 heures 30. Après le dîner nous passions le concours de Ballet. Ce der-

(Continued on page 25)

# Path of a Lunchroom Fiend Trying To Get to His Seat With A Full Tray



MOVIE OF A BOY ATTEMPTING TO EAT IN CLASS.





## LA SOCIEDAD ESPAÑOLA

La Sociedad Española ha estado reorganizada y tiene ahora más de cien miembros. Las siguientes oficiales se han elegidos: Presidente, Antonio Serino; Vice Presidente, Marie Francoeur; Secretaria, Eleanor Lawrence; Tesorera, Grace Small.

El objeto de La Sociedad Española es el estimular interés entre los estudiantes de español de manera que usen su conocimiento del idioma hablándolo y escribiéndolo; familiarizarse con las costumbres de la gente española y obtener experiencia en desempeñar papeles en dramas españolas.

Hubo una sesión comercial en el gran salon el 22 de diciembre y se nombraron las siguientes oficiales: Redactores: Henry Hoffman, Mary Moran, Helen Richardson; Junta de Drama: Emily Mullen, Presidente. Esta Junta tiene que escoger funciones actores, dirigir la misma, y tambien arreglar programas para las sesiones. La Junta de Propaganda: Lillian Craib, Presidente. Las obligaciones de esta comisión son el anunciar a sus clases los asuntos que ocurren a las sesiones comerciales y estimular interés entre los miembros. La Junta de Recepción, Mary Cabral, Presidente. Esta Junta tiene que enviar invitaciones y recibir los visitantes. La Junta de Asistencia, Dierci Iappini, Presidente. El trabajo de esta comisión es de recordar la ausencia de miembros de juntas generales. La Junta de Biblioteca tiene que encargarse de la Biblioteca Española durante las horas de escuela.

La siguiente constitución ha estado propuesta y adoptada por el Club.

1. Esta sociedad se llamará la Sociedad Española de la escuela superior de Cambridge. Habrá cuatro oficiales-Presidente,

Vice Presidente, Tesorero, y Secretario. La elección de estos oficiales tendrá lugar en el mes de Junio de cada año.

Estos oficiales con dos profesores escogidos por los miembros de la Sociedad formarán La Junta Directiva. La Junta Directiva se encargará de todas las actividades de la Sociedad.

2. Solamente estudiantes de las clases del segundo, tercero, y cuarto año de español pueden ser miembros de la Sociedad.

3. Habrá una reunión general cada mes, y otras a la petición del presidente o Junta Directiva.

4. Habrá presente a las sesiones a lo menos una profesora.

5. Solamente miembros de la Sociedad pueden estar presentes a sesiones ordinarias.

6. Todos los estudiantes de español pueden estar presentes a sesiones publicos.

7. Cualquier miembro de la Sociedad Española que participe en las dramas, funciones, comedias, etc., será debidamente acreditado por su maestro de español.

8. Todos los miembros que tomen papeles en las dramas, funciones, etcetera, tienen que hacerlo de su voluntad propia.

9. Todos los miembros presentes a las sesiones deben hablar español excepto cuando hay permiso especial para hablar-  
inglés.

10. Todos los miembros que esten ausentes dos veces sin una excusa aceptable a la Junta Directiva deben remitir su calidad de socio. Cualquier oficial que está ausente una vez sin semejante excusa pierde su puesto por el mismo hecho. Su sucesor será nombrado por el Presidente.





A meeting was held in the Science Lecture room, January 19th. Miss Bickley talked for a few minutes about the monogram system for the Physical Education department monograms and numerals.

For the benefit of these who are on the basketball teams and for those who watch the games Miss Grant explained the basketball etiquette.

Before the meeting was adjourned the president announced that the Girl Dance would be held February 9th.

### MONOGRAM SYSTEM

This system, which was started four years ago, is divided into three parts: Health, Class Work, and Recreation. Under these headings several things are listed for which a girl may receive points. If at the end of the year a girl has received a sufficient number of points, she is entitled to a C. H. L. S. monogram.

The first year she is given her class numerals, and then is eligible for a monogram.

### Christmas Meeting

The Christmas meeting of the G. A. A. was held in the hall December 22. After the business meeting the following program was enjoyed:

- Song and Dance.....Alce Guertin
- Accompanied by Madeline Sullivan
- The Night Before Christmas Marjorie Gersuld
- Dance .....Edna Chapman
- Accompanied by Madeline Sullivan
- Dance .....May McClusky
- Accompanied by Edna Chapman

### The Enchanted Toy Shop

- Katherine Connell     Eleanor Groden
- Elizabeth Priese     Beth Whiting
- Edith Quinn     Alice Gunzelman
- Dorothy McNabb

Christmas carols were sung by the members of the association led by Katherine Connell.

Following the above program, Santa Claus, impersonated by one of the alumni, arrived with his pack stuffed with lolypops enough to keep each girl busy.

### BASKETBALL

The scores of the preliminary games have been as follows:

- Dec. 11.—Sophomore A 17; Freshman A 15.
- Dec. 11.—Sophomore B 21; Freshman B 4.
- Dec. 14.—Junior A 14; Senior A 6.
- Dec. 14.—Senior B 11; Junior B 8.
- Dec. 14.—Sophomore C 11; Freshman C 7.
- Dec. 18.—Sophomore C 14; Freshman D 0.
- Dec. 18.—Junior A 18; Senior C 11.
- Dec. 18.—Freshman A 6; Sophomore B 4.
- Jan. 5.—Sophomore A 16; Freshman B 11.
- Jan. 5.—Sophomore B by default Freshman D.
- Jan. 11.—Sophomore C 10; Freshman A 5.
- Jan. 11.—Junior B 7; Senior A 7.
- Jan. 22.—Junior A 18; Senior B 17.
- Jan. 22.—Sophomore C 8; Freshman B 4.

A series of inter-class games will be played between the class honor teams. Each class team will be composed of the nine best players from that class. These girls must have played in the preliminary games. They will be selected by Miss Bickley, Miss Grant, and others.

# DEBATING



On Dec. 8, 1922, the first of three debates between the Freshmen and the Sophomores was held in the school hall.

In order to emerge from a debate the victor, it is necessary to have behind one's arguments the authority of men of good repute, without which one's case is hopeless. In the first of their three annual tilts with the Sophomores, this so vital quality was lacking in the case of the Freshmen, which undoubtedly, was directly responsible for their defeat. Against the Sophomore case, constructed of authoritative statistics the class of 1926 were powerless to find flaws.

The subject for the debate was a very spirited one, namely "Resolved that the Governor should appoint a board of five members whose duty it is to censor all films shown in Massachusetts." Mainly because of the appropriate time at which this was discussed, the debate proved a huge success.

The subject was within the easy scope of everyone and, since it contained no technicalities, the school hall was filled with eager, expectant pupils. As is the usual custom, the Sophomores were victorious, but not by a great margin. Not once was the Freshman team found napping; not once did an incongruity in the case of their opponents pass unnoticed before their alert eyes. The Sophomore team was composed of:—

\*Roy Lamson, Henry Waitzkin, Edward McCarthy.

While the Freshman team consisted of:—

Brooks Bartlett, \*Henry Addison, Julia Sweeney. \*Rebuttal Speaker.

The affirmative side of the question was upheld by the Freshmen, while the negative side was defended by the Sophomores.

The affirmative based their case on two main issues, namely, that "Movie Censorship"

is the only salvation of our already low-standard American films, and secondly, censorship has been an undeniable success in other American industries. Julia Sweeney, of the affirmative, painted such deplorable defects in our present system, that she undoubtedly removed from her audience any doubt concerning the necessity of this bill. Henry Addison, of the affirmative, taking for example the milk industry, proved that, inasmuch as censorship has been proved a success in other industries, it would logically prove a success in our motion pictures.

Edward McCarthy, the mainstay of the negative, readily denied that conditions in our present system were as deplorable as they were depicted by his opponents. Quoting the result of the recent vote on this bill, he showed that the opinion of the public was not favorable toward "Movie Censorship". Roy Lamson proved wherein the bill is autocratic, because, since the censors would be appointed by the Governor, they would act so as to benefit his interests, in order to retain their positions, and the people's wish would be disregarded.

Roy Lamson, rebuttalist of the negative, was powerless to shake his opponent's case, which the attempts of Henry Addison, rebuttal speaker of the affirmative were likewise fruitless. W. H. McLaughlin presided as chairman. The judges were Miss Myles, Miss Butler, and Miss Elliott.

By virtue of their recent victory, the Sophomores now have one leg on the "Underclass" medal. In order to become possessor of it, one more victory is necessary. Inasmuch as another of the three debates is coming off in the near future, and the Freshmen are out to win, it will be worthwhile to be present when they next meet across the platform.

An officer was showing an aged lady over a ship. "This," said he, pointing to an inscribed plate on the deck, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"No wonder," replied the old lady, "I nearly slipped on it myself."

Jack, (inquiring of a pretty waitress in a

restaurant): "Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waitress: "Sit down. We serve anybody here."

Voice, (over the telephone at a dry goods store): "Have you any flesh-colored stockings?"

Clerk: "Pink, yellow, or black?"





Ordinarily, it would seem that the loss of such stars as "Tubber Cronin", "Red" Groden and "Chick" Shea would put a team in a very precarious state but such is not the case with our teams.

The development of Rex "Jimmie" James, a lad who learned the fundamentals of hockey in Canada, the land of hockey, as a defense man and of Pierce Fitzgerald, a reliable of last year, who has blossomed forth as our star centre ice man together with the improvement shown by Carver and Kelliher over last year, gives Coach MacDonald every reason to hope for a high rating in the Interscholastic League.

Of the new crop of candiates, Mahoney, Nelson, Roche, Duchin, Schoolnick, Conlon, Calder, Carney, Creedon, Gibson, O'Connell, Fitzgerald and Becker are likely to be retained on the squad.

A scrimmage with Browne and Nichols School which ended in a 2-2 tie gave Coach MacDonald and Captain Phil Smith a chance

to look over the material more thoroughly. With the great schedule that has been arranged, including a trip to Dartmouth, the competition for positions has an added incentive.

The Schedule is as follows:

- Jan. 2.—Stoneham.
- Jan. 9.—Arlington. (League Game.)
- Jan. 13.—B. C. High School.
- Jan. 16.—Malden. (League Game.)
- Jan. 17.—Harvard Freshman.
- Jan. 19.—Harvard 2nd Varsity.
- Jan. 23.—Melrose. (League Game.)
- Jan. 24.—Andover.
- Jan. 30.—Newton. (League Game.)
- Jan. 31.—Middlesex.
- Feb. 6.—Somerville. (League Game.)
- Feb. 7.—Exeter.
- Feb. 10.—Browne & Nichols.
- Feb. 13.—Brookline. (League Game.)
- Feb. 14.—Milton.
- Feb. 17.—Dartmouth Freshman.
- Feb. 20.—Rindge. (League Game.)

Cambridge Latin's Hockey team scored its second win of the year by defeating Malden at the Arena 2-0.

The condition of the ice which was very poor, hampered the passing and stick work of both teams. During the first two periods the Malden Goal tender was continually peppered by the Cambridge team but none of the shots could find a place in the net.

Largely through the individual efforts of James, Carver and Fitzgerald the disc was kept in the Malden territory most of the game. Capt. Smith had very few hard stops to make. The two goals came at the beginning of the 3rd period. There was a brisk scrimmage around the Malden goal when Fitzgerald, catching the goal tender off his balance, scored. Soon after this Kelleher skated right up to the

Malden net and flicked the puck between the pads of the Goalie. Capt. Smith, Fitzgerald, Kelleher, James and Carver excelled for Latin school.

#### Lineup

Cambridge Latin  
Fitzgerald r w  
O'Connell r w  
Becker r w  
Fitzgerald c  
Mahoney c  
Shcoolick l w  
Kelleher l w  
Creedan l w  
Carver r d  
Duchin r d  
James l d  
Smith g

Malden  
l w Daley  
c Henry  
c Carti  
r w Doralin  
r d Ross  
r d Shea  
l d Larabee  
g Donahue



## HARVARD FRESHMEN 3 CAMBRIDGE LATIN 0

Cambridge Latin's hockey team met its first defeat of this year at the hands of Harvard Freshmen in a very fast game considering the lack of ice and the want of practice. Latin's hockey team did very well against the Collegians. Cambridge Latin's forward line checked back in good style throughout the game.

There was no scoring in the first period but in the second period Harding, Harvard's star center, scored 2 goals on long chance shots. The other goal was made when Harding's

shot hit true on the upright of the net and on the rebound Howe scored.

Capt. Smith, James Fitzgerald, Kelleher and Carver played well for Latin School.

*Lineup*

<i>Cambridge Latin</i>	<i>Harvard Freshmen</i>
Mahoney r w	l w Howe
Fitzgerald c	c Harding
Kelleher l w	r w Henderson
Carver l d	r w Davis
James r d	l d Nash
Smith g	r d Martin
	g Bradford

The track team was called out at a meeting in Room 8 on Friday, January 12. Forty men reported. Practice is now being held at the Hemenway Gymnasium on Mondays and Wednesdays and at the Cambridge Y.M.C.A. on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The candidates for the various positions are as follows:

1000 yds.:—Murphy, Guertin, Goodhue, Plowman, Corcoran, Flaxman.

600 yds.:—Murphy, Guertin, Bocker, Egan, Hill, Sullivan, Williams.

300 yds.:—Sheehy, Leighton, Finstein, Burke, Langley, Houlihan, Washburn, McCusker, Kawadlin, H. Taylor, Stevens, Rawlins, Norris, Philips, Goodwin.

Dashes:—Sheehy, Meuse, Powers, White, Fraser, H. Taylor, Washburn, Whitley, Houlihan, Church, McCusker, Heshion.

Shot Put:—Sheehy, Fram, Arthur, Weiner, Leighton.

High Jump:—Leighton, Sheehy, Guertin, Finstein, Powers, White, Lawrence, Egan, Whitley, Trahey, Arthur.

Broad Jump:—Sheehy, Frazer, Murphy, Hilliard, Egan, White.

Measures will be taken to arrange meets with Newton, West Roxbury High, Brown & Nichols, Roxbury Latin, Lynn Classical, and Winthrop. The team will take part in the Huntington meet, this year, February 17th.

Men who showed up well as point-winners during the past season and who have returned to the team are as follows: Murphy, Guertin, 1000 and 600 yarders, Leighton; 300 yarder and high jumper, Sheehy; Dashes, broad jumper and shot-putter; and Meuse, dashes.

On Friday, January 26, the letter men of last year's track team met in Room 8 to elect a captain for the 1923 season. George Sheehy, a big point winner in all our meets last year, was elected.

Capt. Sheehy is an all-around man and he excels in the dashes, broad jump, high jump and shot put.

The letter men who voted were John "Fudge" Murphy, Page Leighton, ex-Capt. Harry Blood and Captain-elect George Sheehy.

## CROSS COUNTRY CAPTAIN ELECTED

The Cross Country Team elected "Fudge" Murphy captain for the fall campaign. All of the letter men of this year's pack of harrriers will return except Bocker, Powers and Guertin. Indications now point towards a championship team, with the interest in Cross Country becoming more active.

Murphy had no peer among high school dis-

tance runners in the State last year. He was not defeated by any high school boy in the State. He won the Ipswich Interscholastics, beating some of the best distance runners in the State.

The letter men who voted were, ex-Capt. Guertin, Bocker, Powers, Mahoney, Norris, Foley and Captain-elect Murphy.

## AQUATIC SPORTS MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE

For the first time since 1920, candidates for the swimming team have been called out. That is a popular sport is shown by the enthusiasm showed by the forty-five candidates that reported last Monday for the first practice.

The team coached by Mr. Waters practices Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons at 2.45 in the Y. M. C. A. pool, and any

student who wishes to try out for the team may give his name to the Manager on any one of the above named afternoons. The present prospects are Kenny, Hooker, Grier, Cassedy, Smith, Fram, Fair, Daly and Murtagh.

The manager has secured several meets with the Suburban School Teams, and the team hopes to have a few rooters to back them up.

## THE CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club, whose 1922 team was declared the champion schoolboy chess team of greater Boston, has started in this year where it left off last year, defeating both Harvard and Technology Freshmen. The club is finding it hard to arrange games since its team is too strong for the average High School Team; and the colleges do not care about playing a High School Team.

The Novice Tournament of the club will be started immediately; the Senior Tournament will begin later. The winner of the Senior Tournament, in addition to winning the championship cup for individual play, becomes the captain of the team in the ensuing year.

The members of the first team are:

Harry Isentein, (Capt.), Harold Rosenwald, James Meere, Lester King, John Estabrook, Morris Hochberg, William Campbell, John Lally. Sara Fishman is secretary.

## C. H. L. S. vs. HARVARD FRESHMEN

Isentein $\frac{1}{2}$	Spaulding $\frac{1}{2}$
Estabrook 1	Schwartz 0
Hochberg $\frac{1}{2}$	Levins $\frac{1}{2}$
King 1	McGilviary 0
Meere 1	Kiebbler
Rosenwald 1	Long 0
Campbell 0	Wickersham 1
Lally $\frac{1}{2}$	Schazky $\frac{1}{2}$
$5\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$

## C. H. L. S. vs. TECHNOLOGY FRESHMEN

Isentein 1	Heyser 0
Estabrook 0	Libman 1
Hochberg 1	Chua 0
King 1	Halpacre 0
Meere 1	Hessel 0
Rosenwald 1	Minsk 0
Campbell 0	McCormick 1
Lally 0	Turner 1
5	3

(Continued from page 25)

nier était intitulé: "LES FILLES DU DESERT" dans lequel nous avons exécuté la Danse de l'eau, Les Feux du Jour, le soleil couchant, la prière au soleil couchant et la nuit. C'est vraiment dans un cadre charmant que nous avons fait ce ballet; les décors électriques mettaient une note gaie à cette fête de nuit, de plus, tous les ballets, se faisaient avec projections lumineuses ce qui, du reste, faisait ressortir la beauté des costumes et permettait de juger mieux de l'ensemble des Jeunes Filles. Une fois le nôtre terminé, un Membre du Jury est venu présenter ses félicitations pour les costumes et l'exécution de ce ballet Arabe. Cette épreuve se termina à minuit.

Le lendemain distribution solennelle des

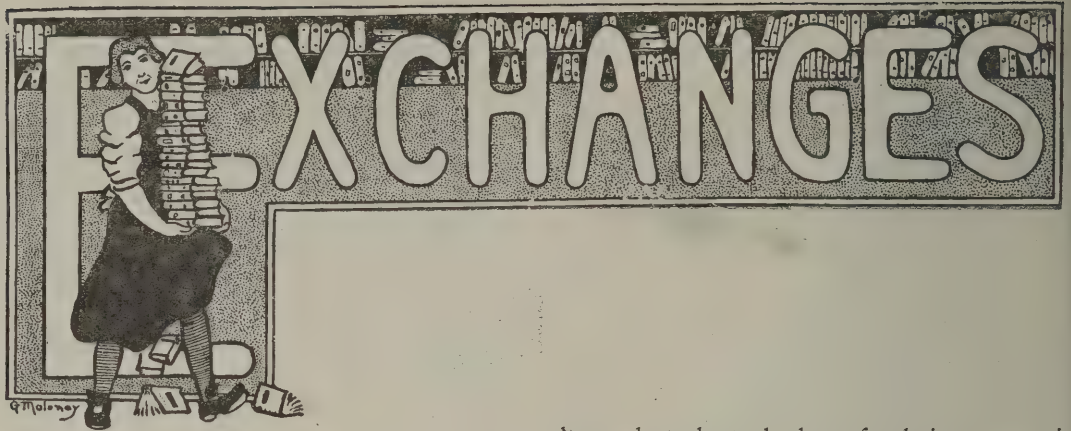
recompenses; ce moment là était vraiment attendu par tout le monde, avec beaucoup d'anxiété car, ce fut avec une joie inexprimable que nous avons reçu nos deux prix d'excellence l'un pour la "Gym", et les Sports, et l'autre pour le ballet. De plus on nous a versé la somme de 200 Francs en espèces.

Quelques jours après nous recevions, en plus de nos prix, deux diplômes et les notes obtenues par chacune de nous.

Il est donc à souhaiter que nos succès se continueront au mois d'Avril prochain, à Monaco, pour la 4e Fête Fédérale.

MARIE H. HARDOUIN

Membre de la Société: "FOYER FEMININ SPORTS" de TOURS.



Would this work in our school?

In order to create more interest in our Exchange Department, we have asked one of our exchanges to contribute an article on the form of student government used in the Dubuque High School, Dubuque, Iowa, called the "House of Representatives". We gratefully acknowledge the following letter from Gerald Perry of the "Dubuque News" staff.

"In reply to yours of the 11th, we have the following to say concerning our "House of Representatives":

The members of the House are elected at the beginning of each semester from each first period class of the school. Each class chooses one of its students for a representative, and each study chooses two. The House contains about thirty members in all. The officers are elected by the representatives, and consist of President, Vice-President, and Secretary. The President appoints a Social Committee of three, and an Outside Activities Committee of three. The Social Committee has charge of all High School dances, parties, etc., while the other two committees take care of all other activities coming under their respective heads.

The weekly meetings of the House are held after school, from 3.15 to 4.00 or shortly after. A member of the faculty is present at each meeting, and offers suggestions on certain matters. He also brings before the faculty any desire expressed, or action taken by the students through the House, of sufficient importance to warrant it.

The two fundamental objects of the House are (1) to let the students as a body definitely know their own minds and act accordingly; and (2) to permit the exchange between fac-

ulty and student body of their respective views on matters of common interest.

The daily problems that arise in every live school are of real interest to every member of that school. The student takes a personal interest in all matters, from the unthrilling question of how to keep the cloak-rooms free from congestion to the rather more interesting question of when the next dance shall be. If no place is provided where his criticisms and suggestions are welcomed and duly considered along with others, he voices his opinions outside, where they serve no purpose but to destroy the backing of the school, without which no undertaking can be carried through to success.

Our House answers the question, "Where do I hang my hat?" as well as, "When do we trip the light fantastic?"

We shall be very glad to furnish you any further information possible, . . . ."

Does the size of our school or our environment prevent such a plan from succeeding here? Or do you think it would be a good idea? Give us your opinion!

What we think:

"*The Spectator*"—Browne & Nichols School.

A very well edited paper. We suggest more material—especially literary, for which you are apparently striving.

"*The Red and White*"—Rochester, New Hampshire.

Your editorials are your best feature, with the Literary and Athletic Departments a close second; but—your jokes (!) It is hard to suggest way to make jokes humorous, but we recommend "Life" as a model.

"*The Grotonian*"—Groton, Mass.

We find that the neat and beautiful way in which your paper is edited is equalled only by the material itself.



*The Nautilus*"—Greenville, South Carolina.  
Your paper shows an enterprising school. We think it could be improved by having the editorials come first and by decreasing the number of stories.

*The Agassiz*"—Cambridge.

We welcome you as the first Grammar school paper on our list and wish that more could show so good a school spirit! Your paper is remarkable, and some of your stories, especially, "The Haunted Track" show great talent.

*The Spotlight*"—Chelsea, Vermont.  
Your first attempt is most successful!

*The Register*"—Cambridge.

We always have a good word for our rival paper.

*The Caribbean*"—Crisobal, Canal Zone.

Your paper is one of the most interesting on our list. It seems so strange to think of people so far away as having the same interests as we, and yet as we examine your paper, we find that we might be reading of any American High School, except when we come to the picture of your school surrounded by palm trees.

We gratefully acknowledge:

*The Recorder*—Winchester High School.

*The News* (5)—Dubuque, Iowa.

*The Middlebury Campus* (2)—Middlebury, Vt.

*The Obelisk* (3)—Murphysboro, Illinois.

*Midget-Messenger*—Alamosa, Colorado.

*The Voice*—Concord High School.

*Christian Education Magazine*.

*Minutes*—Waltham Watch Company.

*The Bowdoin Orient* (2)—Brunswick, Me.

*Our Dumb Animals*—Boston.

*The Tech. Engineering News*—Cambridge.

*The Alphan* (3)—Owatonna, Minnesota.

*The Burleson Burr*—Greenville, Texas.

*The Schenley Triangle* (3)—Pittsburgh, Pa.

*The Northeastern Tech* (2)—Boston.

*Ravelings*—Decatur, Indiana.

*The X-Ray*—Sacramento, Cal.

*The Magna Vox*—Charles City, Iowa.

*The Spotlight*—Valley Junction, Iowa.

*The Blackhawk*—Davenport, Iowa.

*The Tattler*—Conneant, Ohio.

*The Sassamon*—Natick, Mass.

*The Herald*—Holyoke, Mass.

*The Enterprise*—Belmont Junior High School

*The Inde*—Hanover, N. H.

*Ye Exponent*—Greenfield, Mass.

*The Delphian* (2)—Providence, R. I.

*The Headlight*—Marblehead, Mass.

Suggestions from our Exchanges:

"The Voice", Concord High School, is publishing a play. Why doesn't someone else try it?

Several schools have organized Radio Clubs. Where are our radio enthusiasts?

"The Enterprise", Belmont Junior High School has a Book Department. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to have a few good books reviewed in our paper each time to help us in our choice of a Book Report?

### EXCHANGE JOKES

Mr. Newlywed: "This lettuce tastes beastly—did you wash it?"

Mrs. Newlywed: "Of course I did, darling, and I used perfumed soap!"

Mother: "What's the matter, darling?"

Small Boy: "P-p-pa hit his finger with a hammer."

Mother: "Don't cry about that, you should laugh."

Small Boy: "I-I did."

Dumb: "This place certainly turns out fine men."

Bell: "When did you graduate?"

Dumb: "Didn't graduate. They turned me out."

Teacher, (holding up a picture of a zebra): "What is this?"

Johnny: "A horse in a bathing suit."

Fan: "Here goes a touchdown. We are on the ten-yard line."

Fanette: "What of it, so are they."

Censor: "How old are you, madam?"

Old Maid: "I have seen twenty-four summers."

Censor: "How long have you been blind?"

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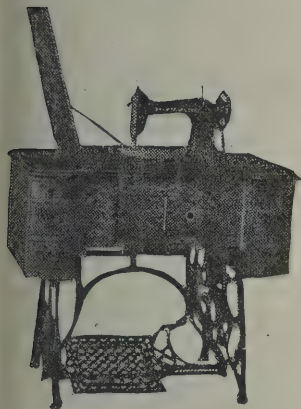
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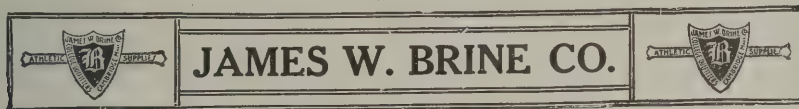
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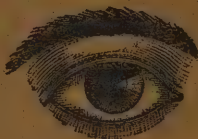
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Entered as second class mail Feb. 13, 1919, at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate for educational publications.

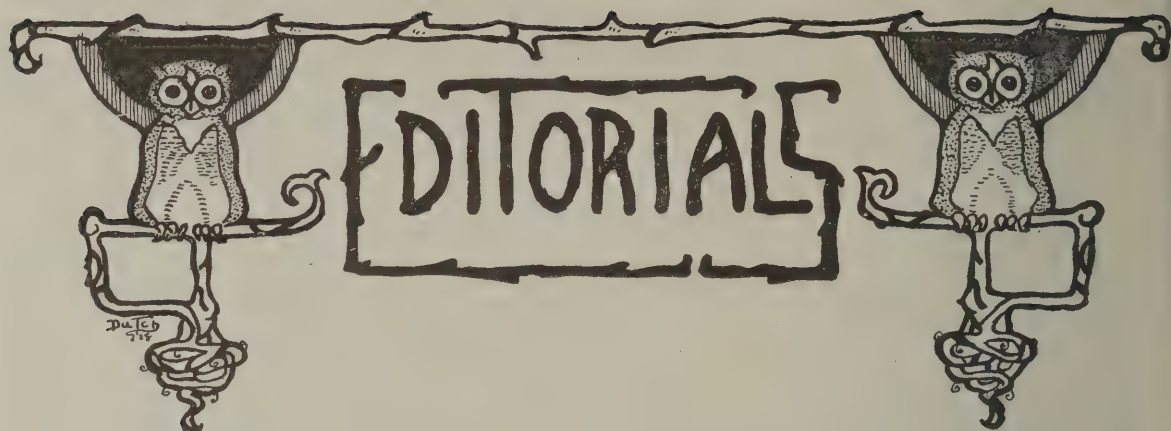
*Vita sine literas mors est.*

Volume 37.

No. 4

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THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

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### HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

The School year is in its last lap and all feel that the pressure is increasing, day by day in every way, in the form of more study. Spring and its alluring call has come and this fact makes it doubly hard to study. The patience of our honorable faculty is not so sweet and charming as it might be but then the trials and tribulations that they go through would cause anybody to become a little nervous.

But all is not as bad as it might be. The high and mighty seniors wait in eager expectation for the day when they will receive the lump sum of four years of knowledge in the form of a diploma and the junior class has hope of becoming seniors in the near future. I might say that the P. G.'s have lost all hope of ever getting out of high school.

As we are still in high school it might well be mentioned that there will be a public speaking contest, supervised by Miss Hartigan in the near future and that all who wish to be in it had better sign up.

The senior class has begun its preparation to put out a year book. In this book will be all the accomplishments and scandal of each pupil that it can find. Your classmates of the last four or five years will appear in picture form or otherwise; and even your name may appear in it. But at all odds do not miss the chance to get a copy. For two reasons you should buy this book; first, that in later years you can look back at your high school days; secondly, that it is giving your class a boost.

There is one thing that needs the serious attention of all the pupils in the school and that is—regard for others. The school has a great many pupils and they all have an equal

right. If you feel that you are not receiving your share, fight until you do get it but do not steal some of the other student's right. Try not to appear like so many cattle in the halls and in the lunch-room. We all have to eat and pass through the halls. If you think you are very clever show it in the class room so that you will get credit for it.

Last of all we must say that there will be an Operetta soon which shows good promise of being well up to the standard made by recent musical performances.

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The report of the sudden death of John Albrecht Walz was a great shock to the teachers and pupils of the Cambridge High and Latin School.

John was a general favorite. The cordial welcome accorded him on his return to school, Wednesday, March 31st, after a year in Europe was proof positive of his popularity.

His unusual mental ability, coupled with a keen sense of humor made him a valuable member of the various school activities in which he participated.

He was a graduate of the class of 1922 and wrote the class song for graduation.

He played prominent parts in both the Senior Drama and the Mikado given by the class of 1922.

He was vitally interested in the Four Arts Club and contributed generously to its success.

We who knew him and loved him, extend our sincere sympathy to his parents and his brother Hans.

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## CLEARING THE PASS

(PRIZE STORY)

By "Baba", '23.

By rights, it should have been a lake—the Portuguese Topographical Survey said so and the Portuguese Topographical Survey sometimes never makes a mistake. But nobody who had tried it could deny that it was as heartbreaking a mountain as any in the Western Ghats. Through the jungle upon its head, that seemed but a flat green carpet from a distance, stray sunbeams sometimes wandered like homeless dogs, discovering astonishing things that they alone observed. It was a fit place for snakes, human or reptile, and it contained more of each than could be seen. Then came the Ajgar and held the pass.

Now an ordinary Ajgar is no serious matter. Second cousin to the boa constrictor, he wakes once a month, puts himself outside of some large accumulation of flesh such as an ox or perhaps a man, wraps himself around the nearest tree by way of improving his digestion, and goes to sleep. The process is repeated *ad lib.* to the satisfaction of all but the "entrants" who are too far gone to care for human pleasures. This Ajgar, though, gave much trouble since he seemed to be afflicted with a fearful appetite and a Napoleonic knowledge of applied strategy. His presence became known when ox-carts bearing merchandise failed to come through the mountain pass. Suspicion rested on the outlaws and investigators commenced to investigate after the manner of their kind. On the third day, one returned. He could mumble and rave only of piled up carts, blue-black corpses and a great coiled thing that waited by the road-side. Shock often kills in a country like India.

Imagination began working overtime—which is more demoralizing than any number of Ajgars working all the time. Ox-carts continued to disappear, driver, oxen and all. No doubt, a blunt, cruel head driven by about nine yards of great muscles did for the driver. The oxen would be too scared to move and become good dessert. But the pass was effectively blocked as matters soon came to a pass of another kind. Rumor had it that the snake was the greatest ever visited upon suffering men for their sins; that he just lay down in the middle of the road with an open mouth in which the whole ox-cart—nay the entire wagon train—rolled unsuspectingly. Pure

fable, but very demoralizing. Lone travellers of the jungle went out to collect an extra large Ajgar skin, and, it is suspected, went out of existence altogether without the skin (though within the Ajgar).

The Portuguese government got wind, a whole hurricane, of the matter. An expedition consisting of six men and a corporal was sent, equipped with beautiful rifles and misfit ammunition. The expedition evidently thought the Ajgar of alcoholic origin, for it marched at double quick to the only saloon at the head of the pass. After a long and careful search inside, they emerged snakeless and to the amazement of the native gathering, wobbled expeditiously towards the Arabian sea. That was the last of them.

Then it was that we of Margao decided to take up the matter. The adventure of it appealed more than the prizes offered by blockaded merchants and the exemption from toll promised by local authorities to the clearer of the pass. It was decided to let the snake commit suicide. So, a fair sized copper crucible, containing glass makers' sand was kept at red heat in a glass furnace for three weeks. A small cart was made to carry the crucible and bells were fixed thereon to give a sound like a regular ox-cart when in motion. On the twenty-second day we took out the crucible, which now contained molten glass, wrapped it well with oily rags, put in on the cart, and let the whole thing roll from the top of the pass.

By means of a telescope, I followed its unsteady career down the reasonably straight road. The Ajgar must have learned to listen, for the bell—at any rate, something huge lashed out at our contrivance when it had rolled half way down. I watched the insulated crucible disappear down the throat of a monstrous Ajgar. The rags must have bothered him, for he proceeded straightaway to twist himself around a rock. Under the strain of those mighty muscles, the copper pot gave away and poured its fiery contents into his snakeship's stomach. Came a sudden upheaval by which the boulder was tossed far away. Followed a few moments of the most astonishing contortions and convulsions. Then our victim straightened out like a race horse on the



home stretch—departed—vamoosed—was no more so far as we were concerned.

As proof—my two brothers, and also partners in this venture, have become the leading merchants of their district, as their goods go toll free. Also, there probably lives some-

where in India, a huge Ajgar that shuns the paths and passes of men, nor moves too quickly for fear of breaking his solid glass digestive apparatus. That is, if the stuff was not too hot for him or if he is not dead of starvation.

## TO THE BROOK

Wilma Denio Cannon, 1925.

Whither camest thou, trickling stream?  
Who thy mother?  
Tell me, is the merry breeze  
Thy brother?  
Veeries carol in the trees.  
Are they thine?  
Is your shelter in the winter  
Yonder pine?  
Tell us truly, little brother,  
Why thy laughing, summer through?

Tell us why the minnows darting  
Follow always after you,  
Lost now, found now, darting thither,  
Rainbow fins and sunny glimmer?  
Come from hiding, chasing, darting,  
Show thyself, thou naughty swimmer!  
Tell us, brook, what other treasures  
In your bosom hold you dear?  
Show thy playthings hidden deeply  
In thy pockets crystal clear.

## THE BITTER BLAST

Junius, C. H. L. S., '23.

This is how the sleet-storm comes. A resentful wind, muttering over its wrongs all day, has been running the sodden clouds together around the cement-colored sky, throwing millions of little scraps of hard snow into their folds. The dead old grasses have been trembling as if with a cold palsy. Their vacant seed-tops are weighted with clotted bits of ice. The lake is solid and gray.

Then the wind-voice rises to a petulant scream, and the clouds shake out the sleet in stinging puffs. You leave your sheltered yard to walk to the postoffice, and your eye-brows freeze! The gusts tear at your ankles! You brace and heave against the storm, and it fights you at every step! Between the fierce attacks of the wild gale, you force your almost-frozen eyes open and glimpse a patch of hard, brown earth, a black, broken bough hacking at the mist of sleet, and the whirls of snow at one side, dancing in the open of the lake.

Did Providence, with its strong fingers, make a funnel of twisted air to bring to my ears that one wail of bottomless despair, and the sinking sobs that followed? For when the blast held its breath for a moment, and the fog of dazing sleet drove more thinly past, so that I saw the shape of something alive, huddled at the root of a writhing oak, the

course of my life changed from its very channel.

I fought my way to the wraith-like form in the semi-darkness, and, bending close, saw that it was a boy, frightened and very tired. Tears were frozen on his convulsed face, and a world of wild entreaty was in his eyes. He held out stiff hands to me.

"Put on your old handcuffs!" he choked. "Take me to jail! Kill me! I don't care!"

I picked him up and shook him around a bit. I remember bumping him up and down to get the circulation going. In the lee of the low-branched tree, I tried to question him, but he was incoherent from the cold and terror. . . . I managed to get him, somehow, back to warmth and shelter. It was rough work, for he was numb and helpless in the raving storm, and I had to carry him most of the distance.

Inside the farmhouse (which I have remodeled, and now keep as bachelor quarters), I tried to draw from him some sort of connected story, but ail I could ascertain was that he was pursued by men, hounds, police, rifles, and the three sister Furies. Note especially the police. I could not force him to eat, and the only effect of a roaring fire and a boiling drink was to make him fall gently asleep in the middle of a question, curled up in my

leather arm-chair. His head drooped on one arm. One foot hung over and touched the brass fender. He slept profoundly.

I might as well admit now that I had not that loving respect for the law that society expects. I owe nothing but bitterness to the law. It was long ago; I was much younger; and I was accused of a crime that I could not have committed. I was exonerated, but Lucine—she was a famous beauty, but before your day—had broken our engagement. And since—it was long ago, but it is hard to forget—I have lived a sort of hermit life. Nature has closed the old wound, but it still throbs, and I dare not risk the society of my own kind—no matter. A man only loves once.

Watching the slumbering face opposite me, I felt an unaccustomed friendliness for a fellow-creature, one who hated and feared the law even as I once did, steal over my heart, that had been for years only alternately flame-seared and frozen. The very helplessness of his position, at my mercy, as he was at the mercy of a harsh world, compelled me to lend a helping hand. But a something in that unconscious countenance caused in me an emotion that I did not then attempt to analyze—a wish to do anything, to give anything, that would erase the blighting marks of tears, and hush the spasmodic sobs that shook him now and again even as he slept.

When he re-woke it was near dawn, and the fire was low and dull. I saw the look of the hunted thing in his eyes, and I tried to calm it with soothing tones. I took him to the window, and pointed out the blurry square that was the garage, and told him that there was my orange racing run-about that would take him away, anywhere, eighty miles an hour, if he liked. I did not know that he could drive. He seemed satisfied, and went back and sat by the fire, staring at the coals.

When we heard a motor being stopped in my driveway, and feet stamping up the steps, we were both startled. He leaped up and was gone before I could collect my wits, but I was not too long in letting in my unexpected guests. Not the hour, or the weather, or the house, to make calls! They stepped in out of the blinding storm: a tall man with a pince-nez and a long overcoat, and two short men in goggles and serpentine mufflers.

They were brusque in stating their mission. They were looking for a dark-haired boy of about fifteen years—as the poet would have it, a slender youth—in khaki clothes, scuffed

shoes, and a gray cap. My new protege, to the very life! I stirred up the fire, and left them toasting their toes, with their countenances very somnolent; while I lost no time in stealing off to the garage. I had seen the orange car gliding down the driveway—too late! He was gone, streaking down the slippery highway. I gave thanks for chains, and bereft my guests of their car. Its motor was a revelation, and the unaccustomed steering-gear was all that could be expected.

The storm was furious, and in a few moments after I had cleared it, the windshield was plastered with sleet. It was hard to keep sight of the road ahead, even. I did not hope to overhaul him so soon, although I had the advantage of knowing the road, inch for inch, but soon I saw the pinkish shape some yards in front, and knew my own car. Unfortunately, he saw me, too, and it was not so easy to catch him then.

So we kept up the race, tearing and lurching through the rain and snow. I shouted—he did not hear me. I prayed—perhaps God heard me then, for we passed the worst stretch of road in safety. The speedometer showed fifty-three. It was suicide!

And then I do not know how it happened. I had turned back, and was slowing up beside a mass of wreckage that had been my speedster. A motorcycle officer—where do they spring from?—was pulling the boy from beneath it. The inevitable, I thought.

He was not dead! He was not even hurt.

In the police court I began to understand it all. The boy was not a boy at all, but a girl, the daughter of Lucine, my old flame. She had been tameless and untractable since her mother's death. I had not told you that her father, the tall man with pince-nez, was Aitchens, my best friend in the old college days. He had married Lucine only a few months after I left civilization. And four years later she had died, leaving Lucine the younger. The child's latest prank had been to shear off her dusky curls, and, having stolen the chauffeur's clothes, to evade a half-dozen detective agencies for a whole week.

Permit me to indulge in a truism. We live, we learn, we forget, we forgive.

\* \* \* \* \*

Little Lucine is grown up and married now, and has joined a gymnasium club for the good of her extra avoirdupois. She also has two beautiful children. Their pictures are on the mantel, beside me as I write. . . .

## THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Mona H. Fraleigh.

Roosevelt! Why is it that at the name a smile flashes across every face and a look of interest brightens every eye? Because a mental picture comes before one of a strong, broad-shouldered, kindly faced man, a man who was never afraid of hard work; and one realizes that our country is greater because of his life spent for the good of man-kind.

Born in the great metropolis of New York on October 27, 1858, to rich parents, he was given everything money could buy. Money, however, cannot buy some things, and among these is health. This, Theodore sadly needed, for when a little fellow he was very thin, very pale, and very delicate. Most people took it for granted that he would never make much of a man; that is, if he lived to be a man at all. In this, as we know, they were mistaken, for though his parents were rather inclined to treat him more as an invalid, Roosevelt had a far different opinion of himself and began doing everything possible to build up his health and make himself stronger.

He learned to swim, to row, and to ride. He climbed, he tramped over hills, he ran. In fact, he did everything that would help him reach the goal sought for—a perfect, strong, athletic body.

When he became old enough, he was sent to Harvard University, and, studying hard there, left a worth-while record behind him, when he graduated in 1880. After his graduation, he spent a year in Europe, traveling from one country to another.

Coming home in 1881, at the age of twenty-three, it was hard to believe that this stalwart youth had ever been delicate. He had fought his way to health and strength.

He had plenty of money, and had he been like many other youths, he would have, literally, taken it easy for the rest of his life. But Theodore Roosevelt wasn't made that way. He loved work and was never happy unless working at something.

In 1882 he was elected to the New York Legislature, becoming the youngest member in the House. Naturally, the older men made fun of him, but he soon showed them what he was made of, and in two months time had all the reformers on his side.

When he left the Legislature after six years of service, he was out of office for several years, and these he spent out west acting as

cow-boy and ranch-man. He loved his horses and cattle, spending all his time with them.

In April, 1897, Roosevelt became Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and this work he loved because he saw plenty to be done as it was beginning to look like a war with Spain, and the one thing he really loved was hard work. He spent a great deal of time and money training the gun-men to aim and fire accurately, and in less than a year his work began to show big results.

When war actually came in May, 1898, Roosevelt offered his resignation and went to join Lee's staff. He became a Colonel and was a popular hero of the war. Everyone spoke of his wonderful work there, so that it was no wonder that the next election made him governor of New York. He was slowly climbing the ladder of success.

He did not stay in Albany long for when the Republican Convention was held in 1900, Roosevelt was the popular candidate for Vice-President and McKinley for President. This office Roosevelt did not want, but he was coaxed to accept and almost forced into office. Of course, McKinley won, and Roosevelt with him.

He reached the top rung of the ladder in 1901 when President McKinley was shot, and he came into office as President of the United States. He was in the Adirondacks at the time and on Friday morning, after hearing that the wounded President was out of danger, he started on a tramp through the mountains. During his absence news came that the President was dying and the Vice-President was wanted. It took hours to find Roosevelt, and it was nearly night when the hunters found him many miles away. He was extremely surprised and grieved at the sad news, and rode all night in an attempt to reach his friend in time, but in vain. On reaching the White House he found that McKinley had died three hours before and that he himself was President of the United States.

After this time it was thought necessary to keep guards and detectives near him continually for fear he, too, might be shot. This, Roosevelt hated, because he was a man who liked to do what he pleased and go where he pleased, and many times he eluded the guards and went off for a long ride by himself.



His first message to Congress in December, 1902, gave everyone the same feeling. "Roosevelt is a safe man. We can trust the country to him." And today, still, we feel that he was a safe, dependable, trustworthy man, indeed worthy of our highest praise,

At his death in 1919 the whole country felt that they had lost a dear friend, and it was with sincere grief that they mourned for their twenty-sixth President—

Theodore Roosevelt

## OLD-FASHIONED GARDENS

Alice Whiting.

"Old-fashioned gardens!" The memories those simple words bring back to me! What pictures arise before me. What sounds and scents. The thoughts they bring are things of peace and comfort, and dearest pleasure of my life.

I wonder sometimes about the young people of to-day, who seem to be striving as madly for pleasure as their elders are for wealth. When in middle age they come to review the "matchless days of their youth", will their memories bring to them a sense of relief? Will they be consoled as I am now or will it be otherwise? They ridicule anything that savors of "grandfather's time" and turn up ostentatious noses at the mere word "old-fashioned".

To me the word "old-fashioned" holds so much of endearment that I find myself scarcely able to describe my feelings. Often and often the memory of my grandfather's old-fashioned garden arises in my mind. Each tree with its story and its name; each path leading to its own wonderland; the subways we built in the sweet-smelling earth; the swaying of the tree-tops before the coming storm; the rows of bushes with their luscious fruit, white, black, and red; the masses of white fleecy cloud sailing through the blue; the far pines; the near-by maples; the cedars for sentinels; the apple trees in blossom and in fruit—this was my play-ground and the pictures that appear before my eyes are enveloped in a wondrous mist of sweetness.

As I sit in my snug bachelor apartment with the candle flames burning steadily, my wood-fire crackling on the hearth, my dog stretched out in serene comfort on the rug at my feet—lifting now and then his head at a sudden spurt of the fire or blinking an eye for assurance sake—even the faces on the andiron heads seem to smile broadly in the pleasure of the hour. Now it is that my mind drifts back over a branching trail of circumstances till at last

I am back in my youth, my boyhood home and its old-fashioned garden.

Yes, there again I see our mother, surrounded by eager faces as she reads the old legendary stories, the sun on the horizon sending to us his farewells for another day and the sombre shades of evening beginning slowly to enwrap the garden in robes of dark silence.

Mother, oh, mother mine, if I could only feel your tender arms once more and see your smiling face. How I envy the angels. What a longing I have to hear your call so that once more I may lay my troubled head upon your shoulder and rest my tired heart.

As I lift my eyes and catch the glimmer of the candles, I seem again to see the stars peep out one by one and to sense a phantom figure at my side pointing out and naming as of old the neighbors of the sky as they appear—the head of the Cross and it's two torch-bearers, Vega and Altair; Cassiopeia, the Great Bear, and the Dragon between them; the Kite with great Arcturus; Hercules above and the Scorpion low in the south. I am again on the open west lawn of the old-fashioned garden and I know that when I approach the house the welcoming glow of the men's cigars as my elders and their friends enjoy the evening twilight will greet me and that the low voices will drift up from a honeysuckle-covered porch to me at my open window.

At such times I lived with King Arthur and his knights. I travelled with Don Quixote and Sancho. I suffered with the poor of London. I conquered all obstacles with Quentin Durward. I roamed the jungle with Mowgli and rejoiced when the "cat that walked by himself" was safely seated by the Woman's fire-side; I listened entranced to dear old Uncle Remus in his simple cabin and I helped Brock and Sindri forge their hammer and their golden pig.

I see the garden on a sunny Sunday afternoon, my mother and her guests strolling slow-

ly up and down the paths discussing the different species and varieties of plants and gathering flowers for the vases and for the table.

I see it in the winter when the snow has tucked everything to sleep under its blanket of silvery whiteness. I see the drifts and I know just what each mound encloses and I think of all as still blooming. I smell the lilacs and the syringas; I see the narcissus nodding and swaying in the breeze of spring; I see the glory of the Forsythia and the chains of the Laburnum in early June.

Whenever on my daily rounds I pass a city fruit stand, the odor of ripe grapes makes my

head swim with recollections of the grape arbor in our old-fashioned garden. When I pass a flower stand one whiff of fragrance brings back the old-fashioned garden on a July day when all nature is dressed in her gayest garments and the hot air is heavy with odors.

So from time to time the garden of my boyhood is recalled to me and as my happiest dreams are those in which I am back with father and mother, brothers and sisters in that remembered garden, so my fondest hope is to find such a garden and to wander with them in the spirit in the life everlasting.

### MY FORD

Stanley S. Ganz '24

Darn my Ford! There are times in a person's existence when he hates even his friends and his dearest possessions. There are moments when he devastates with curses that which, at another time, he would caress with kisses; so with my Ford.

Now, there are times when I wouldn't trade that vehicle for a million dollars, and when I have brotherly love towards it. But then, again, I sometimes feel that I'd give a million to any junk man who'd cart the thing away.

For instance: A few days ago, I went skating with a friend and we started out in the car. I like that word "car" for a Ford; it's so unsuggestive. Well anyway, we went. The "car" ran like a clock. It's true that it went by installments—it rather jumped along. But, after all, it did jerk as regularly as our school clocks do (when they run).

Finally we reached our destination, and let the "automobile" wait for only one short hour, after which we started to return.

Now, I want it understood that, at the time, I was neither over confident as to the ability of my possession, nor was I overly impatient. So, I courageously started to crank; I cranked and I twisted, but alas! the radiator was frozen and the whiskey-wa-wa refused to function. I pushed this and I pulled that and I spread magical passes over the hood; the thing would not relent.

So presently, weary and worn, we pushed. Oh what a weary walk home it was! It is true that we went almost as fast as we had come, but it was surprisingly harder. At last we did get the "car" in front of its garage.

Then I was "all in" and I don't know what happened to the Ford, for all of a sudden, it gave a kick, and without waiting for the doors to be opened, the thing crashed right through them. Now, I'm not usually of an excitable nature, but as I said before, "Darn my Ford".

### "DENTISTRATION"

(Apologies to Emerson)

Ever since I was a boy, I wished to write a discourse on dentistration, for it seems to me that on this subject, Life was ahead of the greatest novelist. If you don't believe this, find one novel where a visit to the dentist is mentioned. The sources of the subject, also, have charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and appeared to me even in sleep, for they concerned the tools in our inquisitor's hands, the bread in the bread-basket, the candy in the cavities, and the mutual dread of all men.

Mr. Emerson truly states that to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. As illustrations, we find the mark on the report card for all the home-work we haven't done; and the tarrying, or more elegant "loitering", after school for forgetting, "because we were afraid it would get wet", a book that was due. (Where have you heard that stuff before?) But nowhere is the truth that he enunciated more clearly shown than in the subject we have chosen.

Take, for example, a pound of candy, fol-

lowed by a little laziness, and there is the inevitable counterpart: the dentist; or take some real choice green apples, the acid in which dissolves our teeth, according to Miss Ruggli, and you have the same counterpart.

Thus do all things balance themselves. In one illustration there is a little joy and a considerable amount of pain; in the other, no real enjoyment at all, but the doctor plus the dentist instead. Thus is the admirable balance in Nature maintained. And so we find that there is nothing unalloyed existing, whether it be the paragon who is not quite so "it" as she thinks, or the otherwise perfect tooth with a filling.

But the real compensation for the trouble and pain incurred in going to the dentist is the strengthening of character. You feel a slight twinge in your sweet tooth—but of course you

must have been mistaken. You take a nice drink of ice-water, and straightway it is not so nice.

A very small piece of most delicious chocolate lodges in the cavity—and you are disgusted with chocolate. You are feeling fine; you draw in a nice deep breath through your mouth and—"Oh-e", you decide to go to the dentist. But on calm deliberation without any candy, ice-water, or deep breaths, you decide to go—skating. Three weeks later you go to the dentist.

Then when it is all over, after your character has been considerably strengthened, you feel like misquoting the famous poet—S: "And so, with a grin on our unlovely features, we can face again a piece of striped peppermint, "dentist delight".

## ALUMNI NOTES

It was announced in a former issue of the "Review" that Grace Lord was married to Audrey Whynaught. Both parties wish to deny this. Their engagement was announced, but the wedding was indefinitely postponed.

### 1922

Stearns Wyman is an assistant to John Nolen, landscape architect.

Ruth Morrison attends Miss Wheelock's kindergarten school.

Henry King, Marron Fort and Frank McComma are at Tech.

Viola Joyce is attending Fisher's Business College.

Gladys Foley is studying music at the N. E. Conservatory of Music.

Alice Lockhart is attending the Art School of the Boston Museum.

Marian Gleason is at Miss Pearson's school. "Dutchy" Burbank and Barbara Brown are at Art School.

Victor Saltsgaber is at Tech., Phil Allen is there also.

Grace Fair and Anita Carley are on the Second Dean's List. That is, they received A's and B's on the mid-year exams. Grace Fair also made the Mandolin Club at Radcliffe.

Luther Macnair received a scholarship at Harvard based on his scholarship at the C. H. L. S.

Elicot Spalding received the scholarship for

Harvard, given by the Cambridge Rotary Club.

Helen Ritz is doing clerical work for the Library Bureau.

Frances Morgan, the leading lady of the Senior Drama of '22, is continuing her studying with the violin.

Mary Nelly is a stenographer for the National Casket Co.

Dorothy Williams is attending a Civil Service School.

Marjorie Sparks is a stenographer in the Little Building.

Doris Gerry won the Barnard award at Radcliffe.

John Rogers is a freshman at the Mass. Agricultural College.

Susan Carruth is an assistant to Dr. Christman who is a dentist.

Henrietta Lawson is attending Salem Normal.

Howard Sprout is at Tech.

### 1921

Helen Coolidge was elected chairman of the Social Committee of the Freshman Class at Radcliffe.

Grace Sullivan won honors in scholarship at B. U. Helen Swezey is a sophomore at B. U.

Clair Kirkjan is a freshman at B. U.

Margaret Hadley and Agnes Tweedie are freshmen at Mount Holyoke.



James Cleary is working for the Farley Harvey Co. on Essex St., Boston.

Helen Coolidge is Vice-President of the Freshman Class at Radcliffe.

Alice Erhardt who had the leading part in the "Pirates of Peuzance" won the musical scholarship offered by Harold Hurlburt of New York and is studying music there.

Philip Natale was elected a member of the recently organized musical club at B. U.

Samuel Flaxsman is manager of the B. U. boxing team.

Evelyn Hotson won a scholarship at Radcliffe.

1920

Chitose Ko Nishimja won a scholarship at Radcliffe.

Carolyn Stubbs and Irma Reed were elected at the Phi Beta Kappa elections of Radcliffe for midyears 1923.

Carolyn Stubbs won a scholarship at Radcliffe.

Herbert L'Esperance and George Carlson won honors in scholarship at B. U.

Dorothy Kimball is engaged to Robert Newton Bryan of Denver, Colorado. She is studying vocal music under the direction of a Boston singing master to prepare for the concert stage.

Harold Anderson is a junior at B. U.

Margaret Gass is at Radcliffe.

1919

George Manach who studied in Paris last year, is studying at a law school in Havana.

Sidney Vickers and Marian Kelly recently announced their wedding which took place about two years ago.

"Dick" Gerould was the author of "First Down Egypt", the musical comedy given by the Pi Eta Society. J. J. Collier and A. C. Bliss took parts in it.

Robert Darling is a senior at the Mass. Agricultural College.

Claire Wait, who took a part in the "Mikado", attained honor marks in German at Smith and is a charter member of the recently organized German Club.

1918

Helen Whiting married John Thomas Rule of St. Louis, January 27th.

1917

Edward McGuire died January 21st, after a serious operation. He was the class president and was a member of several dramatic and musical clubs. He took the leading role

in the Senior Drama that year which was the "Florist Shop". He was also in "Pinafore". He was greatly interested in music and was the organist at St. Catherine's Church, Charlestown.

1917

Dr. James J. Cassidy who has just started a dental office in Cambridge is a C. H. L. S. graduate. He was a member of the hockey and football teams.

Edward Doran is the treasurer of the Senior Class at B. U.

1911

Grace Hovey married Carol Getchell, February 3rd.

## FINE ARTS

It is interesting to note the number of recent Cambridge High and Latin School graduates who have entered the field of fine arts.

Valley M. Christiansen '17, has graduated from the Massachusetts Normal Art School. She is making a success in Commercial design.

John O'Connell '17, has also graduated from the Normal Art School, and is now doing commercial design.

Pauline F. Goodrich '20, is a junior in the Normal Art School, studying interior decoration.

Viola Marsh '20, spent two years at Lowell Normal School. She has entered the Normal Art School and is preparing to teach drawing.

Eva Gilman '20, was in the Museum of Fine Arts for two years. She will enter a school of Commercial design soon.

Karl Genthner '20, is a Sophomore in the Normal Art School, taking a course that will fit him to work as an illustrator.

Alice Lockhart '22, and George Maloney '22, entered the Museum of Fine Arts this fall.

Helen Burbank '22, and Barbara Brown '22, are at The New School of Design in the commercial design course.

Howard Cronk is also at the New School of Design in the illustration course.

Thelma Sundlie '22, and Margaret Hughes '22, are freshmen at the Normal Art School.

Helen T. Hitchcock, Harold Vucassovich, and Albert Bailey are doing good work in the Harvard Fine Arts courses.

## FOR BOYS, ONLY!!!!

(Do not read backward). Didn't you if girl a be wouldn't you. This read would you knew I.



Mr. Jacobs: "What was a humane act during the Principate of Titus?"

Miss Gilbert: "Eruption of Mount Vesuvius!!"

Rex James: "Do you think I can make her happy?"

Don. Green: "Well, at least she'll have something to laugh at."

If we die in the midst of our course in Senior English, there is one consolation that it will be unprepared day when we arrive in heaven or in—.

It is passages like the following which lessen the burden of Milton's poems:

"Vesta was the goddess of the hearth. Il Penseroso called on her when he stayed in nights."

#### *An Anachronism*

"While Penseroso read Thackeray."

Freshmen are sometimes useful as well as argumental.

Someone said that sophomore means wise fool. That's why one keeps to trisect an angle.

#### *Coué Slogans*

Every day in every way I grow better and better. Basketball Team.

Every day in every way I grow handsomer and handsomer. Milan Drake.

Every day in every way I grow thinner and thinner. Miss Schroeder.

Every day in every way I grow crankier and crankier. The faculty.

Miss Dolan: "What were Henry II's relations in Ireland?"

Dixon: "I think he had an aunt living there."

Mr. S. to Cohen: "What is tomorrow?"  
Cohen: "Tomorrow's a Fox-trot."

A rich man's son strolled down the street,  
With a flapper debonair:  
The young man flashed a roll of bills,  
And the flapper took the heir.

The expression of a great man as heard in Senior assembly.

Jerry: "That will felicitate matters a bit."

#### *Heard in German II*

Herr Eckart verliess das Zimmer durch zwei Thuren.

Mr. Eckart left the room through two doors.  
(Mr. Eckart must have been an acrobat.)

Ich habe dich lieb du Susse, du mein Lust and Qual.

I love you my sweet, you are my joy and air.

Teacher: "Was it in 1871 or 1872 that the Boston Fire occurred?"

Doctoroff: "1871—I was there."

Teacher: "Then you must be in second childhood."

#### **Heard in 78**

"Say, George (Forbes) what was the highest note you reached in that song?"

George: "An F plus."

Miss W-S-n: "That is used to celebrate the syllable."

What has the syllable done to deserve such renown.

#### **Door Metre**

A: "Do you know, you remind me of a poem I read the other day."

B: "How interesting! In what way do you mean?"

A: "The feet in it don't match."

### Heard in Science

Teacher: "Two thousand pounds make a ton—can't you hold a little thing like that on your head?"

Pupil: "No-no ma'am don't think I can."

### Not English, But French

Bright Student: "Si plus bon livre."

Teacher: "Good-gooder-goodest is that the way you talk English."

Bright Student: "No, but that's the way I talk French."

A: "Are you going to have your picture taken tomorrow, Hodder?"

Hodder: "Yes, if I get my hair cut."

### All Aboard for Heaven!

Miss Ruggli substituting for Mr. Downey: "When the bell rings Mr. Downey's class will just pass out."

Carr: "Yup, I got South America on the radio last night. I opened the window and got Chili."

Glasheen: "That's nothing. I built a fire under the bed and got Hot Springs."

Young Willie had to write a theme for English in a period about a baseball game. The teacher looked up and saw everyone was busy except John.

"John, there are only five more minutes in this period," said the teacher.

At the end of the period John handed in his theme, which ran like this: "Rain—no game."

A certain history teacher asks Garner a question, whereupon Miss Putnam answers it. The teacher then exclaims, "Miss Putnam, your name isn't Garner yet!"

Seen on a recent history paper.

"General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had three horses shot under him and a fourth went through his clothes."

Chemist Teacher: "If a man walked into a room filled with illuminating gas with a lighted match, what would happen?"

King: "A funeral."

We wonder if he really said it.

### Mother Goose

Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
Ubi finisti?

Fin ad London ut  
Viderem reginam.

Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
Quid did you ibi?  
Terrui parvum mouse  
Fui erat sub sella.

Curiosity killed another in the science laboratory. It was the curiosity of the students to see if the cat could live in a vacuum.

Darkness is an absence of light; cold is an absence of heat, and flunking is an absence of mind.

"Can't you assume a little more pleasing expression of countenance?" asked the photographer.

One of us: "Yes, sir, wait a minute and I'll take off these new shoes."

"The party that lost a diamond ring need worry no longer—it has been found.

Casey: "That certainly is a bright red tie you got on."

Conroy: "It ought to be, I bought it at a fire sale."

Menu for Lunch Counter:  
Hot Dogs with celluloid collars.  
Sardine Sandwiches.

The Sardines will be impersonated by goldfish.  
Skimmed milk with reservoir flavoring.  
Straws served with all orders.

Think of the new cameras Mr. Champlain will have to buy, now that he has started on the class pictures.

Thinking of Milton's blindness, one of our teachers asked the following from one of her pupils:

"Was John Milton affected with some great infirmity?"

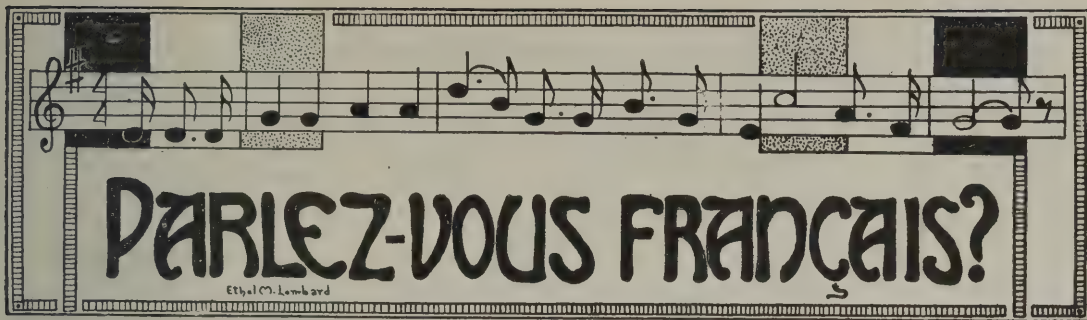
"Yes'm," the scholar replied.

"Well, what was it?"

"He was a poet."

Vergil, when he wrote the clause "excutor sommo", probably did not realize its similarity to the condition of Bill Campbell. We'll say the class did when he translated it the other day.





## ANECDOTE SUR VICTOR HUGO

Victor Hugo avait une fille qu'il aimait beaucoup et qui a été le sujet de bien de ses poésies. Il a écrit dans ses Mémoires qu'elle pouvait toujours entrer dans sa chambre quand il travaillait et il la laissait s'amuser et mettre du désordre dans ses papiers. Aussi éprouva-t-il un chagrin terrible, si grand, qu'il s'arrêta d'écrire pendant trois ans, lorsque cette jeune fille mourut d'une façon si tragique. Elle venait de se marier avec un jeune poète et ils étaient allés faire leur voyage de noces en Normandie. Pendant une promenade en barque sur la Seine, entre Rouen et le Havre, on ne sait pas comment, le bateau se renversa, et ils se noyèrent. Victor Hugo n'eut le courage d'aller voir le lieu de la catastrophe que trois ans après. Au sujet de cette visite il écrivit une superbe pièce de vers pleine d'émotion et de sentiment, nommée "*A Villequier*," du nom de l'endroit où le couple se noya.

*(Continued from December Review)*

Je vous gage que je puis y arriver avant vous, dit Collot, qui voulait faire une course. Ils courent vers le but.

La plus alerte de tous, celle qui peut facilement devancer même les garçons, c'est Jeanne d'Arc. Elle arrive la première à l'arbre.

Les enfants vont cueillir des fleurs, puis reviennent tresser leurs guirlandes sous l'arbre.

Bientôt, les guirlandes finies, le cride "mangeons, mangeons."

Sort de toutes les bouches. Et, c'est Jeanne qui dirige, qui arrange tout. C'est elle qui dit aux garçons comment mettre la nappe sur l'herbe. Elle leur dit où il faut mettre les noix, les oeufs durs et les petits pains aux formes étranges.

Une maman envoie sa fillette faire des commissions.

—Tu entreras chez le charcutier et tu verras s'il a des pieds de cochon.

La petite Marie revient:

—Eh bien? demande la mère.

—Je n'ai pas pu voir, maman, si le marchand avait des pieds de cochon, il portait des sabots.

Un jour, un Australien se promenait et admirait les beaux pâturages de la Normandie, lorsque tout à coup il vit une vache qui s'était détachée de son pieu et se sauvait. Il courut à la ferme sans penser qu'il ne savait pas le français et aurait de la peine à se faire comprendre. Hors d'haleine, il arrive et s'écrie: "Madame!" "Lait!" "Promenade." La fermière comprit de suite que ce lait en promenade voulait dire: vache en promenade, elle remercia gravement le complaisant Australien, et courut rattraper son "lait en promenade!"

Le goûter fini, les enfants commencent à danser.

Tout d'un coup, ils remarquent l'absence de Jeanne.

Jeanne s'était esquivée au moment où l'on avait commencé la danse. Plus jeune, elle serait restée et aurait été la plus gaie de tous, mais elle avait treize ans maintenant et elle devenait très sérieuse.

Partout elle entendait parler des malheurs de son pays. Les Anglais devenaient de plus en plus puissants en France. Le roi était faible et ne pouvait pas diriger son royaume. Les paysans avaient faim. A Domremy on craignait toujours une attaque, et souvent il fallait se lever au milieu de la nuit pour chercher asile au château.

AS LONG AS OUR  
CLOCKS ARE NEVER  
RIGHT, WE REALLY  
OUGHTA' BE  
FURNISHED WITH  
SOME MEANS OF  
FIGURING THE  
CORRECT TIME.

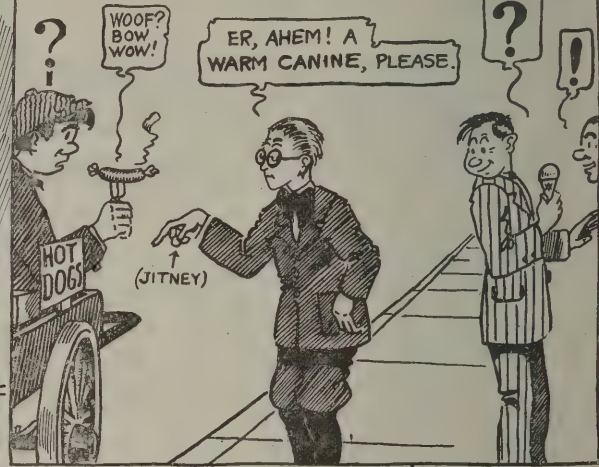
(JUST A SUGGESTION)

BOY,  
PAGE EINSTEIN!

DIRECTIONS FOR  
TELLING TIME ---  
NOTE TIME BY ABOVE  
CLOCK, THEN MULTIPLY  
THIS BY 2, G59, NOW,  
SUBTRACT YOUR  
GRANDFATHER'S AGE  
THEN DIVIDE BY THE  
FOURTH DIMENSION.  
(IF YOU HAVEN'T FOUND  
THE RIGHT TIME BY  
NOW, GAZE THROUGH  
YONDER WINDOW AT THE  
MEMORIAL HALL CLOCK.

OUR IDEA OF NOTHING AT ALL

(IF YOU WISH TO APPEAR CULTURED ASK FOR A HOT DOG LIKE THIS)



FEW HANDY INVENTIONS FOR CHL'S STUDENTS



BELOW

THIS IS A REAL TIME-  
SAVER FOR THE POWDER  
PUFF DEVOTEES. THE  
ABSENCE OF POWDER  
ON NOSE OF FAIR  
STUDENT IS REFLECTED  
IN MIRROR AND THE  
ARM AUTOMATICALLY  
DOES THE REST.



THE ABOVE HEADGEAR  
VERY GOOD IN HELPING YOU  
TO ANSWER QUESTIONS IN  
HISTORY, LATIN, GEOMETRY,  
ETC. ALSO HELPS YOUR  
MENTAL MACHINERY TO MAKE  
UP ALIBIS WHEN YOU'RE  
LATE. SIZES-5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>16</sub>-7<sup>7</sup>/<sub>16</sub>.

(OF COURSE ALL  
THESE USEFUL  
INVENTIONS ARE  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

WELL, HERE WE  
ARE AGAIN!



DOZES . . . .



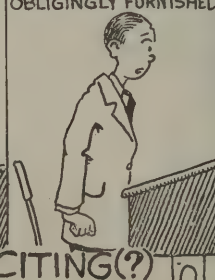
HEARS NAME CALLED  
-SHOWS SIGNS OF  
REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS



RISES. TRIES TO MAKE  
OUT WHAT COLLEAGUE  
IS TELLING HIM -



DID NOT HEAR QUESTION  
BUT UNBLUSHINGLY  
GIVES ANSWER FRIEND  
OBLIGINGLY FURNISHED



ANSWER IS INCORRECT.  
BOY SITS DOWN.  
RESUMES DOZING....



MOVIE OF A BOY RECITING(?)

© BUENEL  
-1923





## MADRID

Además de ser la capital de España y la Provincia de Madrid, la ciudad de Madrid es de otras importancias, por ejemplo: En ella está situado El Museo del Prado que contiene una colección inapreciable de pinturas. En este Museo hay pinturas de Diego Rodríguez Velazquez de Silva célebre pintor español, y las de otros.

La puerta del Sol es la plaza más grande y animada del centro de Madrid. Aquí están los grandes edificios, muchos cafés, centro de sistema de tranvías y desembocan aquí diez calles que tienen cafés, hoteles, y tiendas. Se llama este lugar Puerta del Sol porque ocupa una colocación de una puerta que daba al este con vista magnífico hacia la puesta del Sol.

El edificio más grande de la ciudad es el Palacio Real al oeste, entre la ciudad y el mar. Es cuadrado, hecho de mármol blanco, y fué construido 1737-1750. La construcción tiene una biblioteca de cien mil libros, y una Armería de dos mil quinientos treinta y tres ejemplares.

CHARLES PENICK, '24

## LA SOCIEDAD ESPAÑOLA

La segunda sesión de la Sociedad Española el 31 de enero. Después de que los anuncios de las comisiones se habían leídos un drama titulado "El Dormilón" fué presentado por D'Agostino y H. Hoffman. Una selección de violín, "La Paloma" se presentó por Joseph Mangano acompañado por la señorita Doris George. Una votación de gracias fué presentada a la señorita Townsend por las pinturas presentadas a la Biblioteca Española.

El comisario—Cómo se llama usted?

El preso—Juan Buleta.

El comisario—Nacionalidad?

El Preso—Español.

El comisario—Casado?

El preso—Sí, señor.

El comisario—Con prole?

El preso—No señor, con Josefina Gutierrez.

Había en una casa de señores un criado que era algo sordo y muy torpe. Una vez llegó un caballero preguntando:

—Está el dueño?

—Sí, señor.

—Pues dile que desea que verlo don Juan Francisco de Vinegra, Caballero 24 de la ciudad de Jerez.

—El criado entra y dice al dueño:

Señor, ahí está don Juan, doce Francisco, 7 negras, 24 caballeros y la ciudad de Jerez.

—Pues dile que aquí no cabe tanta gente, 'There is no room'.

!!!Ay!!! Mi marido, gravísimo!!!

Pero este telegrama está fechado hace diez días.

—Perdone la señora; pero como se trata de una mala noticia no habrán querido dársela de pronto.

—Me encuentro muy mal doctor.

—Que siente?

—Que cuando me toco la nariz me duele.

—Pero . . . Ud. no tiene necesidad de tocarla.

—Y, si no la tocára, Como podría saber si me duele?



# DEBATING



On March 23, 1923, the trials for the second of a series of three debates between the Freshmen and the Sophomores, were held in the Science Lecture Hall at 2 o'clock. Due largely to the fact that the Freshmen suffered defeat at the hands of their more experienced opponents in their first tilt, a multitude tried for positions on their class teams in order that it might emerge victorious when they next meet the Sophomores. The question which was discussed was: Resolved: "That Prohibition should be abolished by an amendment". The trials proved to be as lively as the subject. After due consideration, the judges, Miss Walsh, Mr. Donovan, and an outsider, finally selected the following teams:

## *Freshmen*

Henry Adilson  
Miss Thompson  
Miss Stead

## *Sophomores*

Edward McCarthy  
Haskell Friedman  
Roy Lamson

Henry Adikon is rebuttalist for the Freshmen, while Roy Lamson will manage the Sophomore's rebuttal. The above mentioned successful candidates met in the second debate of the series, held in the Latin School Hall on Tuesday, April 3, the result of which will be announced in the next issue.

The subject of the main debate was to be: Resolved: "That Massachusetts should abolish capital punishment." The Freshmen were to uphold the affirmative; the Sophomores defended the negative. It was necessary for the Freshmen to win this debate in order to

prevent their opponents from capturing the "underclass" medal.

A debate has been arranged with Rindge to take place on Wednesday, April 25, 1923 in the Latin School Hall at 8 o'clock. The subject for the debate is: Resolved: "That Massachusetts should establish a State University". Cambridge Latin will argue on the affirmative while Rindge will defend the negative. The time as follows: eight minutes for both first and second speakers, ten minutes for third speakers, six minutes for rebuttal, with ten minutes for preparation. A record breaking crowd is expected to attend the initial debate between these two schools.

Although the Cambridge Latin School Debating Society has received offers for outside debates, it has been necessary to decline a meeting this year inasmuch as the offers were received too late in the season. Despite this fact, an early meeting is looked for next year.

The Durrell Prize Debate is scheduled to take place the 11th of May, 1923, on either the Sterling Towner Bill providing for the Federalization of Education, or the French invasion of the Rhur district. Two weeks after this date the annual Prize Speaking contest will take place.

At a meeting of the debating council on March 27, Walter H. McLaughlin was elected as president. He will serve in this capacity until February 1924.

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## STYLES—Here and There

I took a trip to heaven,  
I had a lovely time,  
I chatted with St. Peter  
And he had quite a line.

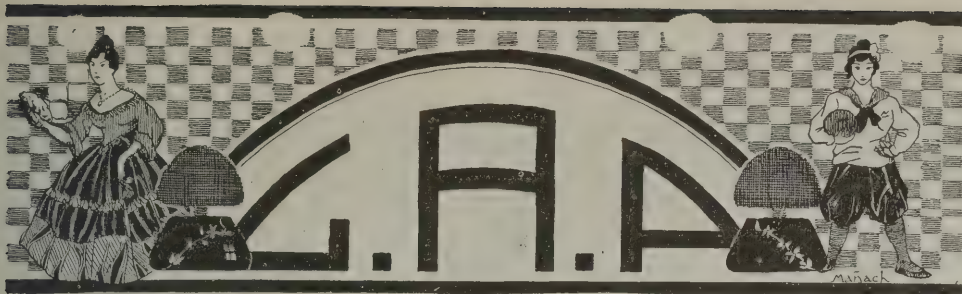
St. Peter wore red knickers  
Galoshes buttoned tight  
With an old pair of pink stockings  
And a hat which was awfully bright.

I wish he'd come down here once,  
We'd show him how to dress,  
And then he'd be right in the style  
Along with all the rest.

Next time I saw St. Peter,  
Galoshes were flying loose,  
He said, "I'm quite a flapper,  
You see it by my boots!"

His necktie was of stunning blue,  
His knickers were the same,  
His hat now sat upon his head,  
And he swung a long, birch cane.

He said—"The boots I bought at Jordans,  
The necktie at Filenes.  
And now that I'm back here again,  
I've lived beyond my means."



### Girl Dance

About three hundred G. A. A. members attended the annual Girl Dance which was held in the gymnasium February 9. The matrons were Miss Cox and Miss Goldman. Music was furnished by Jack Leahy's orchestra.

Hearts were the central feature of decoration. Large red hearts hung from the basket ball baskets, the ushers wore red hearts, and the dance orders were gray hearts with the dances printed in red.

This year for the first time the "boys" were allowed to wear knickers. It is hoped by all who attended the dance that this privilege will be extended to future years, and that a new custom will thus be formed.

### Boy Dance

The Boy Dance will be held sometime in April in the Agassiz School hall. Only juniors and seniors and those who have spent three years in school may attend.

The patrons and patronesses will be Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Downey, and Miss Brown.

### Meeting March 16

A short entertainment was given in the hall March 16.

Miss Hogan, who was formerly a G. A. A. member, was the guest of honor. She read two amusing selections which were much enjoyed by the audience.

A short act was then presented which included many dances. Those who took part were:

Katherine Connell .....A Mother  
Alice Ready.....A Child  
Edna Chapman, Mae McCloskey

### Rainbow Dance

Dorothy Littlefield.....Old Fashioned Dance  
Dorothy Foley.....Jockey Dance  
Mae McCloskey.....Irish Dance

Madeline Sullivan accompanied the dancers.

The next part of the entertainment was an act in pantomime called "The Assassination of the Lighthouse Keeper." A little imagination

was needed to convert a chair into a lighthouse, but the actors seemed to have little difficulty in doing this, and they acted so well that the audience forgot the lack of scenery.

"Saint Peter's Busy Day", was the title of the last act, a very unique affair. The scene was laid in heaven, and here were shown Saint Peter and three attending angels who, when bidden by the saint, played sweet jazz music on their "ukes". Among those who applied for admission into the "heavenly domicile" were Charlie Chaplin, Henry Ford, a Sheik, Lydia Pinkham, a Freshman from C. H. L. S., a Senior from C. H. L. S., and a well known senior teacher. Of these only the Senior and Lydia Pinkham were thought good enough to be measured for wings.

This unusual entertainment was followed by cheering and dancing.

### BASKET BALL

The following have been chosen for this year's honor basketball teams.

<i>Senior</i>	<i>Sophomore</i>
Eleanor Groden f	f Dorothy Bacon
Madeline Sullivan f	f Dorothy Foley
Mary Powers c	c Anna Curtin
Althea MacDonald s c	s c Rhea Webb
Mildred Perkins g	g Esther Borgeson
Regina Grenier g	g Mary Quinlan

#### *Substitutes*

Mary Denlen	Doris Bucher
Katherine Connell	Ethel Dansie

<i>Junior</i>	<i>Freshman</i>
Gertrude Sullivan f	f Ethel Kelm
Theresa Mahoney f	f Rose Troiano
Jessie Wilkins c	c Marie Margetson
Loretta Wetmore s c	s c Margaret Culhane
Ellen Hackett g	g Helen Haley
Grace Herlihy g	g Anna Grady

#### *Substitutes*

Florence Beresford	Helen Gately
Elizabeth Gerould	

These teams were chosen before report cards came out. Several of those whose names appear here will not be allowed to play on the teams because of failure in gym. or in a major study.





### Cambridge Latin Defeated by Pomfret, 3-2

Cambridge Latin's hockey team lost to Pomfret 3-2 in a fast match which was featured with fast skating and nifty stick handling.

Both teams were evenly matched throughout.

Both Capt. Dumaine of Pomfret scored on a long shot which bounded off Capt. Smith's pads into the goal. In the same period, Fitzgerald, Latin's star right wing, by means of some clever ragging, tied the score.

In the second period, Dumaine of Pomfret scored again. Towards the end of this period Kelleher took a pass from Fitzgerald and sunk the disc between the uprights making the score 2-2.

In the third and final period Dumaine again scored a spectacular goal which dissolved the tie and won the game for Pomfret.

The best work for Latin was contributed by Fitzgerald, Kelleher, Carver and Capt. Smith. Smith, Strubing, Coleman and Thayer excelled for Pomfret.

#### *Line-up*

#### *Cambridge Latin*

Fitzgerald r w  
Mahoney c  
Kelleher l w  
Carver l d  
James r d  
Smith g

#### *Pomfret*

l w Thayer  
c Horne  
r w Strubing  
r d Dumaine  
l d Coleman  
g Robinson

### Cambridge Latin Loses to Andover 2-1

Andover's hockey team defeated Latin's team 2-1 in an aggressive game in which Andover had a slight edge on Cambridge Latin. The game started at a fast clip but a snowstorm towards the end slowed it up. The absence of Kelleher from left wing hindered Latin's team work.

Andover's two goals were caged in the first period on individual rushes by Buarrier and Rogers.

Carver scored Latin's only goal near the end of the game on a pass from Fitzgerald.

Latin School showed considerable improvement on this game. Capt. Smith, O'Connell,

Nelson and Fitzgerald starred for Latin School while Rogers, Falling, and Hicks played exceptionally well for Andover.

#### *Line-up*

#### *Cambridge Latin*

Fitzgerald r w  
O'Connell c  
Conlon c  
Carney l w  
Carver l d  
Nelson l d  
James r d  
Smith g

#### *Andover*

l w Rogers  
c Falling  
r w Holbrook  
l d Hicks  
r d Ellison  
g Privi

### Melrose Beats Cambridge Latin, 3-0

Cambridge Latin's hockey team met defeat at the hands of its old rival Melrose at the Ell Pond Rink 3-0 on a rough game.

The game was hard and fast and featured by the defensive abilities of the whole Cambridge Latin team.

Melrose expected a larger score but Latin school put up such a rugged defense that it

confused the team work of Melrose. Melrose preferred the slam bang style of hockey and as a result her team showed very little effective team work.

Pierce Fitzgerald was very much the whole works for Latin's team. He played a hard, tireless game and only let up when his head connected with Harrington's hockey.



Capt. Smith, James, Kelleher and Carver gave everything they had to keep down the score.

Melrose scored in the first period when Doucette passed to Harrington who pegged a fast left past Capt. Smith.

Marshall on an individual effort scored the second goal from the middle of the rink in the second period.

In the third session Gardner passed to Harrington who skated up to the points and scored.

#### *Cambridge Latin*

Fitzgerald r w  
James r w  
Mahoney c  
Becker c  
O'Connell c  
Kelleher l w  
James r d  
Nelson r d  
Carver l d  
Smith g

#### *Line-up*

*Melrose*  
1 w Harrington  
c Gardner  
r w Doucette  
l d Marshall  
r d Mulliken  
g Kimball

### Cambridge Latin Bows in Defeat to Brookline, 1-0

Cambridge Latin's hockey team was defeated by Brookline 1-0 at the Cypress Street Rink in one of the cleanest and hardest games of the Interscholastic series.

There was no scoring in the first period and both teams appeared to be evenly matched. In the second period Hall of Brookline ragged down the left wing and lifted a shot past Capt. Smith for the only score of the game.

In the last period Latin's forward peppered the Brookline goalie but he withstood the as-

saults bravely. Capt. Smith, James, Nelson, and Carver excelled for Latin School while Hall excelled for Brookline.

#### *Line-up*

#### *Cambridge Latin*

Kelleher l w  
James c  
Fitzgerald r w  
Carver l d  
Nelson r d  
Smith g

### Cambridge Latin Downs Its Old Rival, Rindge, in a Thrilling Battle, 4-3

Cambridge Latin's hockey team defeated its ancient rival, Rindge in a hard, rugged game at Russell Field, North Cambridge. This game made up for the defeat Rindge gave Latin School last fall in football. Latin School was weakened by the absence of Pierce Fitzgerald from the forward line. He received concussion of the brain, and will be out of the game for a few weeks.

In the first period Kelleher scored on a difficult shot from the boards. A few minutes later he dashed down the rink and flicked the puck through the pads of the Rindge goaltender making the score 2-0. Near the end of this same period, Turcott of Rindge scored on a pass from Sweing. Thus the score stood 2-1 at the end of this period with Latin leading.

In the second period James of Latin dribbled up the points and lifted a hard packed shot by the goal-tender. This was the only scoring in the second stanza. But again in the last period James skated the length of the rink, smashed through the defense, drew the goalie off his balance and scored. But Latin School

was tiring because of the hard body checking of the Rindge team. Because of this, Sweeney and Dyson each scored making the total 4-3 in favor of Cambridge Latin. The game ended soon after this. Carver, Backer and Duchin contributed good work for Latin School while Capt. Sweeney, Turcott, Rosenberg and Machini played well for Rindge.

"Sonny" Foley, Frank Storey and John Culhane, former Latin School hockey stars, were spectators at the game.

Frank "Speed" Mahoney, a member of Boston College's great hockey team and a former star defense man for Cambridge Latin, was the official time keeper.

#### *Line-up*

#### *Cambridge Latin*

Kelleher l w  
James c  
Nelson r w  
Becker r w  
Carver r d  
Duchin l d  
Smith g

#### *Rindge*

r w Turcott  
c Sweeney  
l w Dyson  
l w Machini  
l d Poehler  
r d Rosenberg  
g Flaherty

### Cambridge Latin Ties Exeter, 2-2

In one of the greatest games ever seen at Exeter, Cambridge Latin's valiant hockey team held Exeter's great machine with "Izzy" Zarakov as its main cog, to a tie 2-2.

Exeter has one of the greatest teams in its history but this did not daunt Latin's team which rose to supreme heights of glory by tying Exeter's great team.

This game may be considered a moral victory for Cambridge Latin School because of the great reputation of Exeter's team, and too much glory cannot be given to the boys who participated in this game and also to coach MacDonald or as he is better known in athletic circles as the "Miracle Man".

No overtime period was played as both sides agreed to call it off.

It looked like an Exeter victory well towards the last of the game. Exeter being in the lead by a single goal which "Izzy" Zarakov

scored in the second period.

In the last period "Jimmie" James, Latin's star center, secured the puck at mid-ice and dribbled down through the whole Exeter team and drove the disc by the Exeter goalie who did not even see the puck. This tied the score 1-1. Almost in the same breath right after the puck off, he scored again by means of an individual effort. Thus Latin was leading 2-1 but Cabot of Exeter tied the count in the last two minutes of play on a long shot which caromed off Captain Smith's pads into the goal.

The game was featured by the hard checking and effective stick-working of the whole Latin team.

Captain Smith played a wonderful game. He repulsed attack after attack made by the enemy. James, Fitzgerald, Carver, Kelleher and Nelson played brilliantly for Latin School.

### Cambridge Latin Defeats Somerville, 2-1

In one of the best played League hockey games.

Rex James, in the first three minutes of the opening period, took a shot from center ice and the disc sailed true into the cage for the goal for Cambridge Latin. In the same period, Jeremiah and James squared off and had a tussle for the rubber near the cage. The former passed to Coffey, his team-mate, who tied the count with a hard packed shot. In the second period after some hard playing Pierce Fitzgerald and Kelson of Somerville were fighting it out for supremacy with the rubber when Fitzgerald drove the disc into the

cage for the winning goal. There was no scoring in the last period, Capt. Smith proving invulnerable. James, Becker, Kelleher and Nelson also starred for Latin School.

#### Line-up

<i>Cambridge Latin</i>	<i>Somerville</i>
Fitzgerald r w	l w Kelson
James c	c Jeremiah
Kelleher l w	r w Ryan
Becker l w	r w Coffey
Carver l d	l d MacFayden
Nelson r d	l d Simpson
Smith g	r d Scully
	g Royd

### Cambridge Latin Defeated by Dartmouth Freshmen 4-0

Latin's team was severely handicapped because of the extreme cold weather and only the day before they played a hard game with Brookline. Latin team put up a game fight and made the yearlings earn every goal they scored.

In the first period the yearlings scored 3 goals but after this the teams were evenly matched. There was no scoring in the second period but in the last stanza Cleary of Dartmouth scored on a long shot from the boards.

James and Fitzgerald of Latin took many shots at the enemy's goal but the disc could not find a place in the net. Capt. Smith,

Carver, Kelleher and Nelson worked hard for Latin School while Manser, Mills and Cleary played well for Dartmouth.

#### Line-up

<i>Cambridge Latin</i>	<i>Dartmouth</i>
Kelleher l w	r w Everett
James c	c Manser
Fitzgerald r w	l w Cleary
Becker r w	r d Mills
O'Connell r w	l d Rowe
Carver l d	g Stopford
Duchin l d	
Nelson r d	
Smith g	

**Cambridge Latin and Newton in a Tie, 0-0**

Cambridge Latin hockey team held Newton to a scoreless tie at Russell Field. The ice was the best the rink has offered this year. Therefore good skating and effective dribbling on the part of Cambridge Latin featured. Latin school played a strong defensive game sending Pierce, Fitzgerald and Kelleher to invade the enemies' territory.

The game went along smoothly, both teams making brisk advances only to be repulsed by the respective goal tends. The game started to warm up after a Newton player was booked with a time penalty.

The Newton players felt that they should have been credited with a goal because Vaughn carried the puck down to the points when "Jimmie" James of Latin crashed into him. The compact toppled Vaughn who claimed that on the goal that was scored the puck had

left his stick before he was on the ice, but the referee ruled otherwise. Newton refused to play any overtime periods so the game goes as a tie.

Capt. Smith played his best game of the year at goal, turning back many hard shots. Becker, James and Carver also played well.

*Line-up**Cambridge Latin*

Roach r w  
Becker r w  
O'Connell r w  
Fitzgerald c  
Kelleher l w  
Schoolnick l w  
James r d  
Carver l d  
Smith g

*Newton*

l w Vaughn  
c Holbrook  
r w Crosby  
l d Shaw  
r d O'Donnell  
g Holland

**Cambridge Latin and Arlington in Tie, 2-2**

In an Interscholastic League game at the Arena, Latin and Arlington played a tie 2-2 after seven overtime periods. The contest was the best and hardest fought of the winter. At times the play was rough and frequent spills and mixups resulting. Latin School was handicapped by the absence of Fitzgerald.

There was no scoring in the first period. In the second period "Jimmie" James of Latin tallied after a pass from Roach in front of the cage. In the second period Donnelly of Arlington obtained the rubber in center-ice, carried it down the rink and tied the score. There was no scoring in the third period. After a short rest, it was decided to play 10 minutes overtime.

There was no scoring in the first, second, third, or fourth five-minute overtime periods but in the fifth overtime period Donnelly of Arlington drew Capt. Smith out of the goal and sent the disc home. In the same period

James of Latin dodged and dribbled the length of the rink and tied the count.

It was agreed to play one more ten-minute overtime period after the teams had a short rest but no score resulted and the game ended in a tie. The Cambridge Latin team was in a state of exhaustion near the end of the game, but they gamely stuck to their task. "Jimmie" James was the individual star of the game with many brilliant dashes down the ice. Kelleher, Roach and Becker starred for Latin. Donnelly, Crosby and Buckley excelled for Arlington.

*Line-up**Cambridge Latin*

Kelleher l w  
James c  
Roach r w  
Becker r w  
Nelson r d  
Carver l d  
Smith g

*Arlington*

r w Donnelly  
c Crosby  
l w Buckley  
l d Foster  
r d Lunberg  
r d Danton  
g Bolt

**Boston College High vs. Cambridge Latin**

Cambridge Latin Swimming Team started its season well, by defeating Boston College High School by the score of 40 to 19. The point winners were Hooker, (captain); Greer, Barbour, Buntin, Kosambi, Fair, Dudley, Lawrence and Stevens. The relay team consisting of Greer, Stearns, Kosambi and Hooker took first place.

As a result of the narrow mindedness of two members of the Cambridge Latin Swimming Team, the victory over Rindge Technical School had to be forfeited.

**Boys' Club of Boston vs. Cambridge**

Cambridge Latin Swimming team was defeated by the Boys' Club of Boston at the home tank of Latin. The score was 33 to 17. The point winners for Latin were Hooker, (captain); dive, 20-yard dash relay, Greer relay, Kosambi, 40-yard, Fair, 100-yard; Buntin, plunge; Stevens, 20-yard. The relay team, Greer, Stearns, Kosambi, Hooker, again took first place. In a return meet with this team at their pool we were again defeated. The score was 34 to 25.



### CREW

Although laboring under the difficulties of a late start, a lack of a coach, and a lack of veterans, Cambridge Latin hopes, through hard work, to turn out a winning crew. The crew has had practically no machine work, but the first crew had its first row on the river March 27. The temporary seating of the first crew

is: Garner, stroke; Hooker, No. 3; either Ganz or Nelson, No. 2; and Rutledge, bow. The second crew has not been decided upon. The members of the crew expect the support and help of the school in winning the Keith trophy.

P. C. R.

### BASEBALL

Coach Leander McDonald called out the baseball candidates on Friday, March 9. At the meeting which was held in Mr. Sheehan's room, about 125 boys reported. Both the coach and Capt. John Carver gave the boys a few words of advice in regards to studies and rules of eligibility.

To start off with, Mr. McDonald has such veterans: Capt. John Carver, considered one of the best shortstops in school circles last season, Jerry Sullivan, the only veteran left from that "wonder" team of 1921, Smoky Kelleher (of football and hockey fame), Frank

Davies and Jim Dudley both of whom made a great name for themselves in football, Leo Slack and Eddie Conroy, our star right tackle. Of the candidates that reported the following are the most promising: Bunny Cronin, McCarty, Toothacher, Nate Cohen, Rosenberger, Purdy Fitzgerald, McGowan, Phil Smith, O'Connell, Ray Pearl, Clancy, Nelson, Smoky Kelleher, Jr., Sevens, and Jimmy Harrington, president of the Junior Class (1924).

The battery candidates were practicing in the annex basement during the last of March, but they have outdoors now.

### TRACK

Captain Sheehy is urging every boy in the school to come out for this sport. Can you run, jump, or put the shot? If so see Captain George at once and get busy. The Captain has only two letter men besides himself this year, and they are Murphy and Leighton.

Plenty of chance boys, get to it!

The track team defeated Browne & Nichols 36-20. Capt. Sheehy and Murphy being the individual stars. Capt. Sheehy proved his worth by scoring in the broad and high jumps, and in the dash and the "300". Murphy easily won the "1000" and "600". Meuse, Frams, Eagan, Broucker and Foster also figured in the point division.

Murphy, by taking second place in the

"1000", in the State meet, showed that he's a star in that distance as well as in the long grinds.

Capt. Sheehy won his heat at the same meet and placed in the semi-finals, but failed to cut into the point division. He helped the relay team to come through, however, and in this way helped to score a point which was awarded to one of the teams making the fastest time.

### BOOST THE TENNIS TEAM!

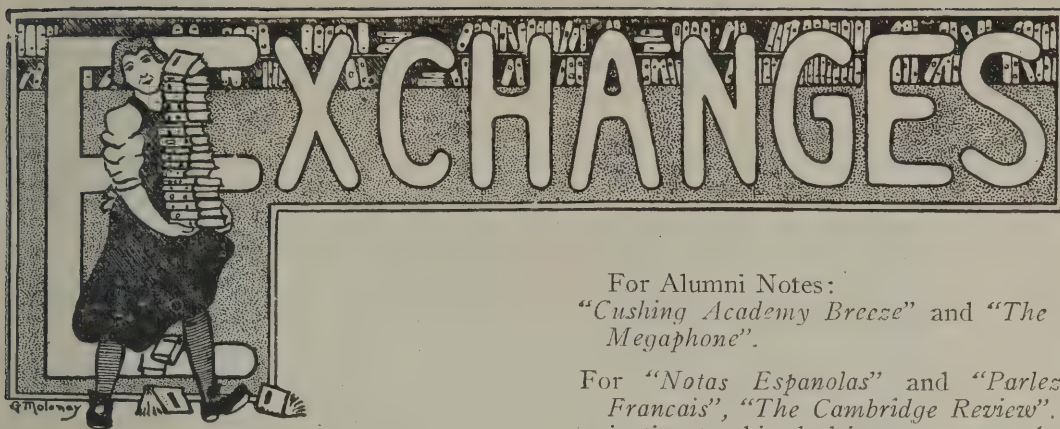
Don't lose sight of the Tennis Team in the general melee. Put Latin School on the map as racket wielders as well as puck-chasers.

W. B. N.

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*Former Cambridge Latin  
Football Player*

*Class of 1917*



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In these days of increasing interest in athletics, newspapers have chosen baseball or football teams composed of the best players from various teams. Why can't we, on the same principle, choose the best material from several school papers and call the result an "All America School Paper"? With this object in view, after careful consideration, we have chosen:

For an artistic, well-chosen cover:  
*"The Grotonian"*—Groton School.

(We consider a close second *"The Academy Journal"*—Norwich Free Academy.)

For number and arrangement of advertisements:

*"The Nautilus"*—Greenville, South Carolina.

For clever cuts and illustrations, we think a combination of the good points in the *"Nautilus"* and *"The Cambridge Review"* would be good for this department.

For editorials and stories, the field is so great that a fair choice is impossible. There is no one of our exchanges which has not some good point in these sections.

For the Exchange:  
*"The Brocktonia"*—Brockton, Mass.

For Athletics:

We find nothing distinctive in the treatment of this department which would enable us to make a choice. The quality of this section usually depends upon whether a particular school is ahead in athletics.

For Jokes:

If the best were taken from *"The Hampshire"*, *"The Headlight"*, *"The Abhis"*, and *"The Cambridge Review"*, we should laugh in spite of ourselves.

For Alumni Notes:

*"Cushing Academy Breeze"* and *"The Dean Megaphone"*.

For *"Notas Espanolas"* and *"Parlez-vous Francais"*, *"The Cambridge Review"*. (In justice to this decision, we grant that the competition was not large.)

Note:—This "All America" paper was chosen from school papers edited four or five times a year, because competition with weekly publications would not be fair, since that type is necessarily quite different.

What we think:

*The Advance*—Salem.

Your Exchange Department is very good. Your paper lacks humor in the way of cartoons and good jokes.

*Somanhis Events*—South Manchester, Conn.

Your Alumni Issue is very creditable. We suggest that placing your Editorials first would improve it. Your cartoons and Literary Department are especially good.

*The Argus*—Gardner, Mass.

A very attractive paper. Your editorials, stories, and special articles excel by far your jokes which prove to be your Waterloo.

*The Chestonian*—Chester, S. C.

A very lively paper. Your jokes are unusually good, but are rather spoiled by too much moralizing in your editorials.

*The Tattler*—Milwaukee, Wis.

All of your departments are well handled. We suggest that more stories would add interest to your paper.

*The Abhis*—Abington, Mass.

Your very attractive cover is an indication of the good material within.

*The Blue Owl*—Attleboro, Mass.

We like the size of your paper and find it unusually well arranged. Your stories, however, are rather childish.

*The Brocktonia*—Brockton, Mass.

One of our best Exchanges. You have a great deal of material, well written and neatly

edited, and your articles show an interested, wide-awake school. Improve your Jokes!

*The Item*—Pasadena, Cal.

Your material is most interesting and unusual. A better arrangement would improve it.

What others think of us:

*The Voice*—Concord, Mass.

"A very well proportioned paper. Your honor roll is a new and interesting idea."

*The Gleaner*—Pawtucket, R. I.

"The Review is always a welcome paper! Your cartoons are especially good. All your departments are good, but you need some new jokes in your 'Class Notes'."

*The Academy Journal*—Norwich, Conn.

"Have mercy and don't publish many more things like 'Orpheus A'. We shall all die from laughter if you do. We also cheer for your appeal in 'Exchanges', suggesting more detailed comments. You certainly have the right idea there."

*The Item*—Pasadena, Cal.

"The Spanish Notes are quite novel, but a few illustrations would make the pages more attractive."

We gratefully acknowledge:

*Midget Messenger*—Alamosa, Colorado.

*Bowdoin Orient* (1)—Brunswick, Maine.

*The Megaphone*—Dean Academy.

*The Spectator*—Browne and Nichols.

*Our Dumb Animals*—Boston.

*The Classical Gazette*—Lynn.

*Tech Engineering News*—Cambridge.

*The Voice*—Concord, Mass.

*The Teck Owl*—East Pittsburgh, Pa.

*The News*—Dubuque, Iowa.

*The Northeastern Tech*—Boston.

*The Middlebury Campus*—Middlebury, Vt.

*The Grotonian*—Groton, Mass.

*The Obelisk*—Murphysboro, Ill.

*The Alphan*—Owatonna, Minn.

*The Gleaner*—Pawtucket, R. I.

*The Conneant High School Tattler*—Conneant, Ohio.

*The Burleson Burr*—Greenville, Texas.

*The X-Ray*—Sacramento, Cal.

*The Argus News*—Ottumwa, Iowa.

*The Recorder*—Winchester, Mass.

*The Easterner*—Washington, D. C.

*The Academy Journal*—Norwich, Conn.

*The Sassamon*—Natick, Mass.

*The Red and White*—Rochester, N. H.

*The Reflector*—Woburn, Mass.

*Hi-Times*—Wellston High School.

*The Schenley Triangle*—Pittsburgh, Pa.

*Gulf-Hi-Life*—New Port Richey, Florida.

*More Pep*—Iron Mountain, Mich.

*Ravelings*—Decatur, Indiana.

*Lewis and Clark Journal*—Spokane, Wash.

*The Quill*—Parkersburg, West Va.

*La Prensa*—Nueva York.

*Hamptonia*—New Hampton, N. H.

*Princeton Theological Review*—

*The Spotlight*—Proctor High School.

*The Echo*—Chatham, Mass.

*The Register*—Cambridge.

*The Sentinel*—Leisenring, Pa.

*The Advance*—Salem, Mass.

*The Breeze*—Cushing Academy.

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Diner: "I can't eat this soup." (Waiter brings different kind.)

Diner: "I can't eat this soup." (Waiter angrily, but silently brings third kind of soup.)

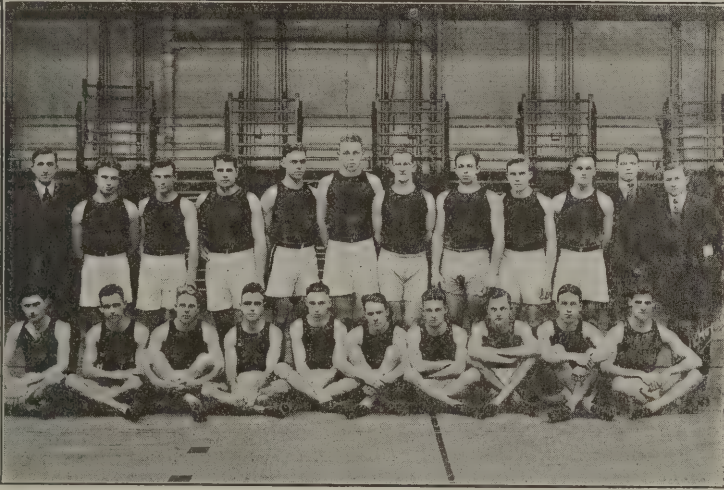
Diner: "I can't eat this soup." (Waiter, furious, calls proprietor.)

Proprietor: "Why can't you eat this soup?"

Diner: "Because I have no spoon."



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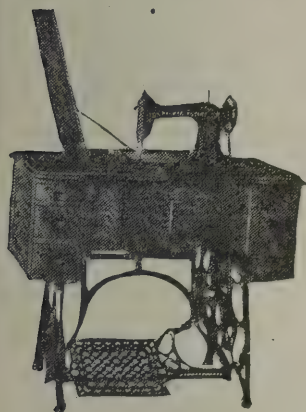


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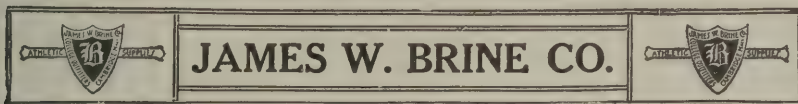
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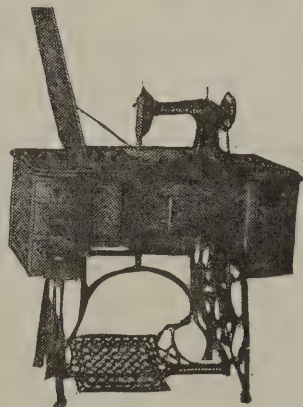
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Entered as second class mail Feb. 13, 1919, at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate for educational publications.

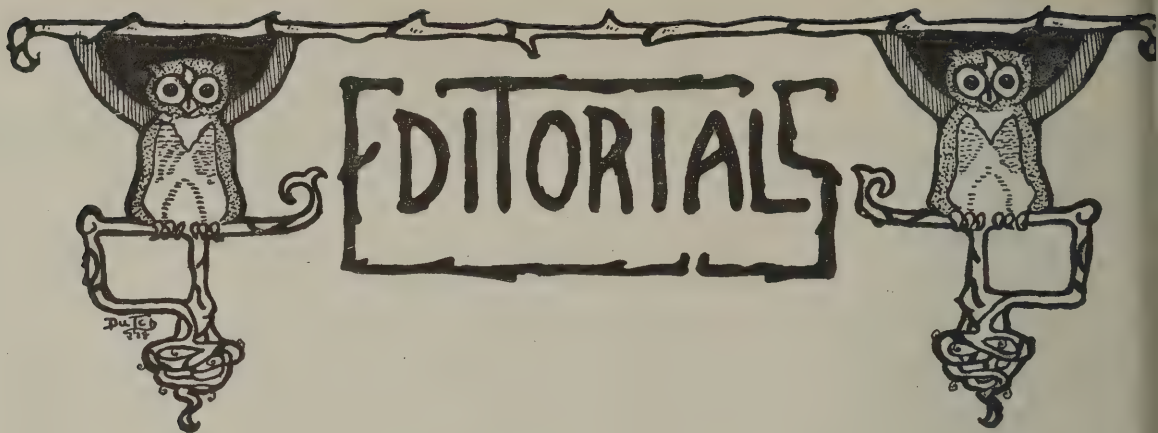
*Vita sine literas mors est.*

Volume 37.

No. 5

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### COOPERATION

Co-operation between pupil and teacher is vital and necessary in using to advantage our educational opportunities. Almost invariably the teacher is willing to aid a pupil and help him over the difficult places in the lesson. Unfortunately the pupil seldom comes to the teacher voluntarily for advice. Of course, it is not always easy to lay our difficulties before the instructor. Moreover if we earnestly wish to obtain aid, we surely can find a few minutes in some way to meet the teacher and have our minds enlightened.

Furthermore, let us not be kept from seeking aid because we are afraid of being called "Teacher's Pet". Indeed, the people who use such epithets are usually the ones who receive the worst marks and co-operate the least with the teachers. We hear a great deal about the duty of the teacher to the pupil but why not have this work the other way there is a duty of the pupil and parent toward the teacher. Therefore, let us make the most of our opportunities.

Now that the College Board examinations are at hand, a few simple instructions will help. The first thing to do is to decide definitely what examinations you are going to take. Be sure to ask your teachers to give you the name and number of the one you must take. The next thing to do is to do some very intensive work for the remaining days before the examination. Do not waste your time, for now is the time that you can either pass or "flunk". There is nothing so heartbreaking as to get a mark of 55% where you might have received a passing one with a little more work. It is hard to buckle down at this time of the year

for both you and the teacher, but you better do it now.

Every teacher is willing to help, but it is up to you. The old "College Boards" that are given after school these days are of great help. You may find out what you are up against and also find your weak spots. So for the next eighteen days—work.

We wish to say good-by to the senior class and wish them a great deal of luck and success.

### MANAGER

The position of Advertising Manager of the Review staff for 1923-24 is open to an ambitious young man who would like to have experience in that line. Such positions, one may gain, later on in life through this experience, that are not without remuneration.

### WEBSTER THIERRY

Died suddenly after a few days illness. His death was a great shock to his many pupil and teacher friends. We all extend our sympathy to his parents in their bereavement.

## ABOVE THE CLOUDS

D. Kosambi, '23.

By all laws of nature it should have been covered with snow. But it stood there bare, dark, and awful like an accusing finger that punctured the Himalayan sky. Or rather, it was a cruelly well-formed mace left there by some one of India's gods; and the idea was irresistible that the god would snatch it at any moment to crush mere human beings out of sheer malignity. The base of the lonesome spire was surrounded by clouds, giving the impression, not of a wreath, but of a besieged fortress whose starved garrison was on the verge of surrender at intervals, the clouds would writhe and twist up in heroic efforts to storm the citadel. Always the sortie was repulsed and the ghostly assailants fell into the abyss despairingly like shipwrecked mariners who have lost their hold on the side of the lifeboat.

On this particular day two animated dots moved like distant cripples across the face of Tso Morari. One was an eagle—not the well-fed self-satisfied bird that poets rave about and nations emblemize—but a scrawny, starved scavenger who could barely hover in the thin air. The other was a human being who had foolishly ventured to explore the mountain. His only guide had slipped into eternity a week before, accompanied by most of the food. That past week had been one seemingly eternal nightmare, full of free rides to death.

Nevertheless, having so far won his one-sided battle, he was content. His great feat of exploration was sufficient to make him an F. R. G. S., and some odd scientific data would furnish material for experiments that would blazon his thus far blank shield in the halls of science. The problem was to get home.

It was by no means the hardest problem he had faced. Fifteen feet further down began the trail to a sheltering monastery. Let him but descend those five treacherous yards and the world was figuratively his.

Just then a black cloud, impelled by the breath of Fate from the dark mass below, shot towards him. He watched it with apprehension born of the certainty that death was his lot should he be surrounded by the mist. As in a dream he saw it lift suddenly to pass far above his head, and shook his fist at it in a burst of triumphant joy. He was far too happy to investigate an answering "pat" nearby. Then the heartrending descent began. Now but a step intervened between him and the trail to safety. He took the step—and slipped on the single hailstone that had fallen from the cloud.

Only two were there to see. One perhaps smiled at the fulfilment of his cruel decree. The other, being earthly, dropped with folded wings to his meal.

## ON A SUBWAY CAR

Lester King, '23.

"I'll bet you five dollars; money talks." These words, spoken in a loud voice on a five-thirty subway train, recalled me from a blissful state of day-dreaming and strap-hanging.

The speaker was a man of about forty-five, short, mustached, and generously paunched. With his pudgy fingers he delved into a cavernous pocket of a brilliantly checked suit, displacing, in the act, passengers on either side of him. But when he had his hand in his pocket, his companion, standing, said, "Never mind, we'll settle this later." The seated man, reluctant to lose the chance of displaying a sleek wad of bills, drew them from his pocket. His disgusted companion, probably only a very

casual acquaintance, turned his back and walked into the next car.

The possessor of the bills was, I feared, threatened with an apoplectic fit. His face grew red; the fine purple veins in his cheek were obscured by the rush of blood. He stuffed the currency into the nearest pocket, cleared his throat, straightened his tie, and took from his overcoat pocket the "Telegram". Putting this well in front of his face, he started to read.

I looked around. Standing nearby were three girls, giggling at the scene. They had apparently been working, for they had lunch-boxes under their arms. One wore a seal-



skin coat, doubtlessly very expensive, but also very ill-fitting. She was fat—no, plump—and the constant exercising of her jaws, chewing gum, had worn slight creases in the plating of powder on her face. From her conversation and her peculiar expression I mentally classified her as a high grade moron.

One of her companions wore a short coat of curly black and white hair, known, I believe, as caracul. Somewhat smaller than her companion, she had much the same facial expression. This, together with her coat, her "radio" boots, and her bobbed hair made me think of her as a sheep.

The third girl never drank milk, for if she looked at any, it would have been turned sour. The three of them reminded me of a variation of a quotation from Hood:

"To think that brains could be so dear, and powder be so cheap."

Surfeited with that type of human being, I started to read the advertisements. I came across one for "Whistle" which irritated me

tremendously. I hated it, but could find no reason. I turned my eyes away; they lit upon a small boy, about eight, whistling. Now whistling may be very nice; but when a small boy, who has probably just learned the art, starts to exercise it without any idea of the tune he is whistling, the effect on the ear is most sickening and demoralizing. Three notes was his range, and he whistled and whistled and whistled with only the minutest variation of tune.

I was not the only one disagreeably affected. The small boy, with as much of a smile on his face as a puckering of the mouth could allow, was impervious to menacing glances. Finally one man politely requested him to stop. The boy did so; he looked at the man, who was engrossed in a magazine. The boy looked, and then started whistling again.

A lurch, my stop. (The man got off with me.) Well, as the platitudinous old woman said, "What is this world coming to?"

### IF I HAD ALADDIN'S LAMP

By Florence Mason.

If but Aladdin's lamp were mine,  
And all I wished for I could get,  
In a big nursery cool and white,  
The scene of my one wish I'd set.

And all the little kiddies sick,  
From want of money, homes and care,  
I'd bring to this, my bright dream-house,  
And all my love 'mong them I'd share.

And when the twilight shades came down,  
I'd gather them around my knee,  
And of Aladdin tales I'd tell,  
And of the wish he'd given me.

And afterward I'd tuck them warm,  
In soft and white and fleecy beds,  
Place tender kisses on pink cheeks,  
And gently brush their curly heads.

All this and more I'd gladly do,  
Were that lamp mine and my dream true.

### THE MISER

Louis Harmantas.

"Have you lost something sir?" This came from a boy of perhaps fourteen years of age who was returning home after his daily work selling papers. Again the boy repeated his question, but the man seemed to be so occupied in searching the ground, that he failed even to notice that someone was near him.

He seemed to be one from the lowest class of people. His clothes were in tatters, his shoes were full of holes, and his cheeks were pale and sunken. His eyes were bloodshot with overhanging brows; his gray hair nearly covered his ears. He might have been tall had it not been for his hunchback. His appearance was worse than that of a tramp, as

mumbly, he leaned over his home-made cane searching the ground feverishly. He was known to all the occupants of the village as "The Miser". There were stories and rumors about him that he had a great treasure; but from where he had come and where he had gotten his wealth none knew. All that they knew was that he had lived a great number of years in the village, and that he had always looked the same. Indeed one would have thought that he had lost a gem of great value, as he peered and poked with his cane into every crack in the sidewalk.

It was not until the third time the boy spoke

to him, that he realized there was someone near him.

"Huh, what is that?" he cried in a shaky voice, as he peered under his heavy eyebrows at the boy who stood beside him. The boy repeated his question.

"Yes, yes," replied the old man, in a voice just enough to be heard, "I did."

"Was it much sir?" again asked the boy.

"Yes," replied the old man, "much, very much to me."

Suddenly the boy's sharp eyes detected a coin on the ground near his feet.

"Is this it, sir?" he said, holding up a penny.

"Yes, yes," replied the old man, as with his long and bony fingers he clutched it eagerly, from the boy's hand. He sighed as he held it in his palm, and looking at the boy said: "You are a good boy, a good boy, and I shall give you a penny some day."

But the boy only laughed at the idea of receiving a penny from the miser, and watched his tottering form go down the street.

The old man continued his walk until he reached the baker's shop. Entering the store he asked for a loaf of bread.

"Will you have the fresh bread?" asked the baker.

"No," replied the old man, "I want a stale loaf," and produced his penny, but the baker pitied the poor man and gave him a fresh loaf instead for his penny. The old man left the store and walked up the street from whence he had come, until he reached an old broken down shack. He pulled back the bolt and entered into what he called a home. He took the loaf from under his arm, and pulled out a loose board from the wall which revealed a small hole in which he hid his meals. The old man looked at the bread first before hiding it and chuckled as he thought of the supper that he would have. After hiding the bread he saw that his door was locked and the windows covered so that no one could see through. He took a candle from one of his pockets and knelt down nearly in the middle of the floor. Grasping one of the planks with both his hands, he lifted it and placed it aside. Directly underneath this plank was a trap door of thick oak bound with iron bars, large enough to let a man through. It was fitted with a spring lock and a brass ring. This door had cost him very dear, and he sighed to think of the money that he had paid for it. He took a key from his pocket and fitted it to the lock and, with all the strength that he possessed, swung the

trap door open. Taking the candle he lit it and descended down to the gloomy cellar.

The candle pierced the darkness with its flickering light, and the old man walked to the corner of the cellar where he pulled a cover aside revealing a chest and a number of small bags. Placing the candle on the ground he picked up a small bag and emptied the contents into his hand. He held the glittering jewels towards the light as he counted them, and seeing that all his bags were there, he opened his chest. Holding the candle high, he let its beams fall into the overfull chest of coins. There were doubloons, pieces of eight, and ducats. The old man chuckled as he beheld his gold, and his eyes sparkled like the gems. He lifted some in his hands, dropped them one by one, and like a maniac bathed his hands in the gold as he laughed. Suddenly, as the old man was playing with his gold and laughing in glee, there was heard a crash which sounded to him like a clap of thunder. As soon as he had recovered from the shock, he grasped his candle and rushed for his trap door, only to find it closed. However, he thought, there was no sense in being alarmed, as he had the key in his pocket, but to his dismay, he saw that it was not in any of his pockets. Again and again the miser searched his pockets but in vain; it could not be found. For a while the old miser was stupefied, but the next moment with great wrath he threw himself against the door with all his might, but the door could not be moved. The door had indeed been strongly built. The miser gave a cry of anguish, as he saw that it would not budge under his storm of blows. Suddenly his foot slipped on the old stairway, and he landed in a crumpled heap on the floor.

As soon as he regained his consciousness, he stood on his trembling feet and looked around in a dazed manner. "Ah!" he cried, "it was no dream; I did not dream it." By this time he had become both hungry and thirsty. "Am I to starve of hunger?" he cried. "Fool, fool that I was to have left the key in the lock."

He cursed himself over and over for building so strongly the door, which locked him into his dungeon. Suppose that no one should free him! The thought of dying in this prison set his whole frame shaking with fear. His throat was parched from thirst, and his voice was husky. O, what he would have given for a drink of water and some food. The thought of the fresh loaf of bread only in-



creased his hunger. In his frenzied actions he espied his gold in the corner and grasping one of the small jewel bags lifted it with one hand.

"A drink of water," he cried in anguish, "for this priceless bag of jewels. O, for a little food. Gold, cursed gold," he cried, and with this, he flung it against the wall. The bag broke and the stones scattered over the floor.

The flashing of the pearls and rubies as they rolled over the floor made him lose his other thoughts. He was himself once more. Stooping, he gathered up the jewels again, and sat in front of his treasures playing with his gold like a child over a new plaything.

Years later when the old shack was pulled down, they found the miser's bones mingled with his gold.

## FIGHTING THE BIG WOODS FIRE

B. S., '24.

Dick Mason rode the patrol on his big, black, half-wild stallion, Ranger, which he sat easily, as of one accustomed to the saddle from childhood. He was a tall, spare man, young, yet looking older than his years by reason of his tanned, wind-burnt face, slightly careworn. His wide, slouch hat gave him a western aspect which was strengthened by the stout leather chaps which he wore, and the manner in which he curbed the good spirits of his mount by a firm hold on the reins and the pressure of his knee. In spite of his looks he was not a cowboy but a U. S. Forest Ranger patrolling the Big Woods with a sharp lookout for a possible forest fire.

The horse knew his beat and made his way through a narrow trail, flanked on all sides by a cool green forest. Soon the two issued forth onto a small plateau, absolutely treeless, on the summit of a hill from which one could overlook the woods for miles around.

Dick unslung his field glasses and surveyed the country round with the minutest care.

"Ranger, old boy, it's a mighty dry season and there's been no rain for six weeks. I wish I could feel that those darn fool campers wouldn't throw their lighted cigarettes around."

The day was excessively hot, the atmosphere hazy, and the sun glaring. Mason gave the forest one more inspection then lowered his glasses. There, way off in the distance, perhaps ten miles away rose a blue finger of smoke. He turned, shaded his eyes, then gazed again at the tell-tale sign.

"Lord, Ranger, if the glare of the sun isn't making me see things the woods are afire. We've got to do some hustling."

With these words he swung into the saddle and with a touch of his heels sent the horse off at a canter. It was only a matter of a few

minutes before he drew in at the door of a small cabin. Mason dismounted, rushed into the little dwelling and reached for the telephone.

"Headquarters—send forces quickly! Big Finger district afire!"

With that the man set off on his ten mile ride to beat those red tongues of destruction. Down the trail the beast ran, stretched out low to the ground. Soon, however, his rider checked his pace. He must not be allowed to waste his strength unnecessarily.

Never did a ride seem so interminable to Dick Mason. They went crashing along the trail. Pound, pound went the hoofs of the horse on the soft turf. Once he stumbled, only to recover himself and continue his course. Now the faint smell of smoke began to pervade the woods. This urged the ranger to spur his weary beast onward at a faster clip. The man could feel the body of the stallion quiver from sheer fatigue. "I'm sorry, boy, but it's got to be done." So he encouraged the poor brute.

Suddenly the horse stumbled and fell. Dick was thrown to one side but remained unhurt. He rose to find the faithful animal inert. There was sorrow in his heart for this friend, but he did not regret having run him. The U. S. government's property must be saved.

Mason forced his way hurriedly through the brush. The choking odor of smoke was everywhere, now, and he could feel the heat of the fire. If the flames found their way to the tree-tops the forest would be ruined. A crown fire is the dread of all foresters. Just then he pushed through a thicket and saw ahead of him the creeping flames.

He stripped off his coat and began to beat the on-coming fire. Soon he realized that that was doing but little good. Then with his foot



and the butt of his rifle, he cleared a narrow pathway along the ground. But the fire jumped this as it would a barrel-hoop. Just then there was a flash, and the flames had caught the tree-tops. A threatened crown-fire had arrived. Dick fought on in the choking smoke. The beads of perspiration streamed down his face. His hands and arms were blistered with the heat, but still he toiled. He stamped out the little red tongues among the grass; with his axe he chopped out burning bushes and extinguished the flames. On and on he worked until the brush was burning on almost every side. Suddenly he lifted his head and listened. Was that the brigade? A crowd of some twenty men joined him. Together they fought the red destroyer. Their faces were blackened, their eyes smarted with smoke, and their shirts were in rags. Every man of them prayed for rain. Through the black night, side by side, these rough men of the wilderness helped repulse the fire. But it was hopeless. Despairingly they gave up the job. As a crowd they ran for safety to the river. There, lying low under the banks, immersed in water, they watched the fire pass them.

The haze and heat of the afternoon had been prophesied as the forerunner of a coming storm; and the prophecy was soon to be fulfilled. The stars of the night were obscured by thick, damp clouds, and a peal of thunder

was heard in the distance. Gusts of wind swept the fire onward at a fast pace, scarcely giving it time to consume the forest wood. The red light of the flames reflected weirdly against the blackened sky and flashes of lightning could be seen on the horizon. The wind now rushed by in terrific gales and the drought of weeks was relieved by the torrents of rain which fell. Branches were torn from the limbs and trees were felled by the hurricane. It was the worst storm in the Big Woods for years. Under such conditions no fire could live.

\* \* \* \* \*

A crowd of wet, bedraggled, blackened men emerged for the woods into the clearing in front of Dick Mason's cabin. With a few words the reserve force of fire-fighters parted from the ranger and disappeared in the direction of headquarters. Dick, ragged, dirty, weak from burns and lack of sleep, stumbled into the hut. He dipped his head into a basin of cold water and proceeded to cool his hot cheeks. Suddenly, he raised his head and listened, then ran to the door. Out from the clearing staggered a weary, battle-scarred horse.

"Ranger!"

The big beast stood trembling while the hand of his master caressed his rough coat.

---

## FOOLING FORTY MILE

Frank Worris.

"Oh, Solomon!"

"Yes."

"I'd like to know what's your idea in inviting Forty Mile over to our creek?"

Solomon approached the camp fire and sat down on the snow. He began to munch warm beans and slightly thawed bacon, and to slowly sip black coffee.

Meeting his partner's eager look, he shrugged, and continued to munch beans and bacon and to sip his coffee.

After he had finished eating, he rose and looked away. In the distance, and as far as the eye could see, lay the Silent Land—a land of terrible cold, hunger, grimness, and hallucinations. To his right stood a dark spruce

forest, its spear-pointed trees laden with white. The frost itself was cutting. The thermometer registered approximately forty below zero, quite customary for this Klondike locality. . .

"Solomon."

"Uh-huh."

"I'd like to know what's your idea in inviting Forty Mile over to our creek?"

Solomon stamped on the snow with his feet, then meditatively scratched his chin.

"Who told you that, 'Hootalinqua' John?"

"Oh, I know."

"If you know, then what for—"

"I want the details," snapped Hootalinqua John; then added, "from you."

"Oh, all right, then. I'll tell you. I've

fooled you. But that's not all. I'm fooling Forty Mile."

"What?"

"Sure. I sold my share of our claim on the creek. That makes us quits."

The other was silent.

"Hootalinqua John, don't fool yourself. That creek and gold are strangers. I know. I panned. I hunted all through it. And not a speck. If you don't believe me, try yourself. . . . Now here's my proposition. They say there's millions of dollars' worth of gold in Sulphur Creek, Bonanza, and Gold Bottom. I've fooled you and sold in a hurry. Now, since me and you've been pards, I want you to come with me for the new claims. It means chicken meat and raspberry jelly the rest of your life. No more living on green flour and rabbit tracks.

"You see, I'm fooling a bunch of *chechaquos*—greenhorns, who claim to hail from Forty Mile. . . . They fooled me one day at Chilkoot Pass. Made my packbearers desert. Offered them more money than me. That's why my revenge. . . . I sold them my share for seven hundred. They're coming up today. Now, here's your chance. Sell. They're green at the game."

Later, while Solomon remained in their crudely-constructed cabin a short distance away from the creek, Hootalinqua John went to meet the *chechaquos* of Forty Mile.

"Tell them to come here, old boy," urged Solomon. "Or else, sell, shake them off your trail, and we'll both vamoose."

He sat down on an object he called a chair and smoked, the while reading an old San Francisco newspaper for about the hundredth time. He hummed, and sang; and whistled; wearying of this, he often went to the window to peer out. Nothing could he see but the vast snow plains.

The Arctic sun sank, and he knew it must be near midnight; for the sun in this silent white land at that time of the year shines 23 hours, 30 minutes, and sets merely for half an hour.

The mysterious aurora borealis shot its magic vari-colored streamers across the void Silent Land, to rule and dazzle these embryonic spaces for an ephemeral period of time.

Hours dragged by. He grew uneasy, and wondered what had happened to his friend. The monotonous silence became intolerable.

At last Hootalinqua John returned, with a radiant face.

"So Forty Mile is fooled complete, eh?" chuckled Solomon.

"Just so, Solomon. Forty Mile is fooled. . . . complete!"

Solomon looked sharply at his friend.

"Solomon, Solomon, I didn't sell. I bought! I told them how the creek was barren, and they were glad to get seven hundred. . . . You see, I suddenly found that there *is* gold in the creek—thousands of dollars' worth! Want to buy your share back again? Just ten thousand dollars. . . ."

The pipe which Solomon was smoking dropped from his mouth.

## THE HEROIC COWARD

Helen Marie Richardson.

His name was Percival Clarence Smith. His mother had wanted to lengthen it by including Lucifer but his father had so demonstrated that "the mater" had contented herself, although somewhat reluctantly, with Percival Clarence.

From the beginning he had been treated as a girl—his mother insisting that "her precious" have curls. Father was always so busy that he did not notice his son's semi-metamorphosis from male to female; but then, even if he had not been so busy, perhaps he would not have dared invite his wife's intolerable wrangling and her hysterics, which she never missed having at least twice a day, by interfering in the "bringing up" of Percival Clarence.

At the age of ten Percival Clarence still retained his golden curls and, in a trembling

soprano voice, would announce to mother's friends that he had never been in a "horrid, vulgar, street-fight". But he need not have announced it for his daintily manicured nails and lily-white hands shouted it; the pallor of his face spelled it, the slinking if one spoke crossly to him, and the fear, real FEAR which came into his eyes when one spoke of any sort of danger screeched it. Yes—Percival Clarence's name fitted him like a glove.

Within a year Percival Clarence had his hair cut mid his mother's hysterics and his father's rejoicing, but his sweet soprano voice remained as sweet and high-pitched as ever.

He entered High School as Clarence Smith but did not remain known by that name long. To his schoolmates, he was effeminatism personified and, at someone's commenting that

"his name should have been Percival," he was renamed Percival Clarence Smith. And Percival Clarence couldn't understand how they guessed his name.

He was ridiculed, laughed at, and pointed out as "a sissy" so when he graduated from High School, because of fearing further ridicule, he refused to go to college. All people smiled when in front of him, snickered in back of him, roared when out of his hearing. Percival Clarence knew it and accordingly became more and more ashamed of his blonde hair, his soprano voice and effeminate ways.

Thinking to gain self-reliance in "the commercial world", he obtained a position as clerk in a firm on one of the busiest streets of the city. He worked on for thirty years. The golden hair became tinged with gray, the soprano voice became rasping, the white, white skin became ever so wrinkled, but he remained a coward, still a "sissy".

Then came a day when "the boss" was all afurrry. There was no one to go get an almost sure order for the firm! Percival Clarence volunteered but, before he finished speaking, the boss' lips curled, and he snarled, "YOU—YOU'D be afraid to ask for it!"

Percival Clarence slunk out of the building with the boss' words ringing in his ears. He couldn't seem to think. He could see only the sneer and could hear only the words, "YOU—YOU'D be afraid to ask for it!" He stepped off the sidewalk with the words buzzing through his head. "YOU—YOU'D be—"

A scream brought him to his senses to see automobiles crowding to the sides and people scurrying to the left and right of him. Wild-eyed, he turned to find himself directly in the path of—A RUNAWAY. He seemed petrified, his feet rooted to the pavement. Men

shouted to him, women gestured to him, children screamed at him, but he remained unmoving, frozen with fear. It seemed an eternity to Percival Clarence. Lord, why didn't the horses hurry and finish it! This suspense!

Again those cutting words flashed through his mind, "YOU—YOU'D be afraid to ask for it". At last he realized he was a coward. Well, he wouldn't give up like a coward THIS time. He'd die fighting.

The horses were upon him, their mouths foaming, their nostrils quivering.

Percival Clarence with eyes blazing made a lunge for their bridles. He was whirled off his feet, and then as the horses slowed down he became dizzy—he fell—something hurt his breast.

\* \* \* \* \*

Percival Clarence blinked as he opened his eyes in a little hospital room. A smiling man handed him a "Times". Percival Clarence blinked still more for the headlines were:

#### PERCIVAL C. SMITH STOPS RUN- AWAY—PROVES HERO ON M STREET

There followed column after column telling how, "Mr. Smith in spite of all persuasions to run to safety kept cool in the center of the street waiting for the horses to reach him. He succeeded in stopping them but received broken ribs and internal injuries. Dr. Howard, attending him said that it depended a great deal on the man's courage and self reliance whether he would recover or not."

Smiling, but with a determined look in his eyes, Percival Clarence said, "You can tell the world, I'll pull through."

#### "IT'S A GREAT LIFE IF—"

Lester King, '23.

He was an intellectual, a "high-brow". He admitted it freely and gloried in it. But to one who understood him as I did, he was very good company. Therefore I was pleased when he transferred from Penn. State to Harvard, and I brought him into the circle of my closest friends.

After showing him the town and introducing him to several of my acquaintances, quasi high-brows, I voiced the hope that he would make many friends. This was not altogether an altruistic hope for two reasons. First, when

he started on his favorite subject, atheism, he was quite unbearable; and secondly, there was one acquaintance, unintroduced to him, to whom I thought he might take a particular liking. She was ultra broad in the head between the eyes and the hair, and it was on account of this that I read Shopenhauer and cultivated assiduously the gleaming scholastic beacons of the school.

His first week in the city, Henry met me every evening and told me of his progress in our "village". The second week he came every



other night. The fourth week, alarmed at his absence the week before, I went to his room, only to find him reading. On seeing me, he returned the book to a shelf, and in so doing, allowed me to glance over his recently augmented library. Relativity and psychoanalysis were represented abundantly; there were, as well, many ponderous German and French tomes all at least fifty years old; translations from Latin; a book on Chinese poetry; and others ranging from chiropractic to "Kant and Confucius: a Comparison".

I was surprised. His seriousness had tended to writing and conversation rather than to reading. Henry forestalled my question. "I find I-a-must enlarge my sphere of thought," he said rather coolly.

"For—?"

"A young lady I met at a dance two weeks ago."

Henry was not addicted to dancing, so I started to investigate; but he started on a panegyric on the merits of Helen. It was as I had feared. His enlarging circle of acquaintances had included my friend with the broad expanse of forehead.

Well, he was several years older than I, and fully able to settle the course of his life then and there, while I—I, with an unselfishness at which I am now surprised, extolled Helen with and for him. An epitome of our conversation would be something like this.

I said, "Well, she's a pretty good poet."

"Poetess."

"All right; some of her stuff is in this magazine."

"You mean poetry?"

"Yes."

"Mum. Pretty good." This with the air of a connoisseur.

"And in addition she fiddles like a streak and wields a mean paint brush."

"Your English needs decided correction, but anyway, she's very well read." (He seemed to doubt what I had said.) I found this out by a very short conversation.

"In fact," he waxed confidential, "I find I am a little rusty."

My parting words were: "Well, good luck to you."

\* \* \* \* \*

A month later the following monologue took place in my room.

"—and she talks like a Leglen but flubs her strokes awful (I refrained from correcting his English) and then she trucks around with—with a bunch of blooming imbecilic nincompoops, (this was violent for him, so I judged he had been neglected a trifle). Oh, yes, her wide reading consists mainly of narrow newspapers. (He snickered at this). Of course she has read some things, but merely superficially. And then she is so boring when she talks about the sciences. (Physics and allied sciences were his weak points.) And she displays a shocking ignorance about Kant. Yes, she has a modicum, or as much as you please (for I had started to argue) of beauty, but"—and he here started into the very argument against judging a girl on external appearances that I had used unsuccessfully on him to divert him from what I was now but too glad he had done.

\* \* \* \* \*

Henry is now devoting himself to philosophy and Dr. Crave. Helen confessed to me that she thought him very boring. I have given up Shopenhauer and am merely waiting—waiting and reading, "Tales of a Jazz Age".

## THE DERELICT

Ethel W. Spence.

A lean, gaunt cat stalked dejectedly down a dingy alley. All his life this derelict had drifted from one place to another till at last he had given up hope of ever having a home. In every alley the intruder had been greeted by angry snarls from the inmates.

With a once haughty tail hanging between its legs it kept watch with alert eyes for a possible remonstrance. None forthcoming and not a cat in sight it quickened its steps and proceeded more assuredly down the dark alley.

All at once, upon turning a corner, it came

face to face with a sleek, shining feline who, instead of immediately snarling, came up to him slowly and gently rubbed noses with him. Such a friendly rub from an entire stranger caused this derelict's hopes to return with a bound.

After a little friendly chat in the cat language it was decided that she would introduce him to the rest of the members of the "gang" and with head proudly held in the air she led him to what was evidently a council. Tail erected and with watchful eyes he looked for

signs of dislike. A suspicious glance here and a questioning look there were all that were to be seen. To have been brought in by a well-liked member was distinctly in his favor.

After a long discussion, headed on his side by his first friend, it was at last decided that he should be admitted to the "gang" and join

in the raids on the nearby poultry farm, etc.

The council was then adjourned and the derelict, a derelict no longer, walked proudly by the side of his staunch friend. He had at last found a mate and a home, to drift no longer the subject of the scorn of his race.

## ALUMNI NOTES

### 1922

Douglas A. MacKinnon went on the spring trip of the Harvard Glee Club which went as far as Detroit.

Don Howard went as a soloist with the Tufts College Glee Club which went to New York and Philadelphia. He also wrote the words of the Freshman song which was sung at the Freshman-Sophomore song contest.

Alexander Paddock took part in the comedy given on Junior Day.

Esther Edelstein is attending Miss Leslie's School.

Marguerite George and Anna Culhane are at Sargent. Margaret Bacon is also there. Mary O'Leary is a stenographer in town. Richard Wetherbee is studying to be an osteopath at the Massachusetts School of Osteopathy. Henry Groden was on the B. C. hockey team.

Gabriel Hochberg is attending Middlesex Medical College.

Thomas Clanay is working in a bank.

"Mike" Portanova is working.

Fred O'Connell is attending B. C. High.

Frank Macomber is at Tech.

Frank Mahoney is going to B. C.

William Mahoney is going there also.

"Tubber" Cronin has done so well, both in the athletic field and the study room at Westbrook Seminary that Dartmouth is considering itself very fortunate to have Tubber for a candidate for admission.

John O'Brien is attending B. C.

Stearns Wyman is an assistant of John Nolen, a landscape architect.

George O'Brien is at B. C.

### 1921

Edith Gustafson took part in an entertainment given to the Spanish War Veterans at their encampment here in Cambridge.

Helen Whoriskey is attending Miss Leslie's. Leslie Leighton is attending Tufts Pre-Medical School.

"Punk" Gautreau is still at Holy Cross and took part in the game in which Harvard was beaten.

Warren Cote and Jack Crowley are "going strong" at Holy Cross and Jack Culhane and "Sonny" Foley at Boston College.

Bradford Nichols is a member of the Harvard Glee Club.

Dobbin Brennan is at Holy Cross.

John Fitzgerald, a player for 3 years on the C. H. L. S. hockey team was elected captain of the Boston College hockey team. He was considered the finest goal tender of the past season.

Jack Hagar is attending Bryant & Stratton.

Jack Parcell and Jack Tobin are at Harvard.

Ella MacKenzie is attending the New England Conservatory of Music.

Margaret Clark is a stenographer at the Library Bureau. Ruth MacSwain is also doing clerical work there.

Howard Sprout is at M. I. T.

Josephine Weyn is a stenographer for the Dix Lumber Co.

### 1920

Cheese McCrehan is attending B. C.

Helen Moran was one of the cast of the Gondoliers. Miriam Putnam was in the chorus, Mary Killam was chairman of the printing and Alice Johnson, chairman of publicity.

Alice Johnson was elected college song leader for '24. It is very unusual for a Junior to be elected and Alice will be a Junior then.

Anna Dallinger and Harriet Lane have received exceptional high honors at Smith. They

are to be allowed to take special courses under faculty advisers.

Betty Chase married Bobby Boyd March 28.

### 1919

J. Arthur Winthrop, former Business Manager of the "Review" and 1919 Year Book is a senior at Tufts, is a member of the Tufts Mandolin Club and Auditor of the Tufts College Musical Clubs.

### 1918

S. C. Allien who received his A.B. degree last June will complete his course at the Harvard Engineering School this June.

H. Pearlman is taking a course at the Harvard Law School.

Frank Sullivan is an honor member for the Winter Term at Philips Exeter Academy.

### 1917

Frank Smith married Alice Shea, April 2nd.

### 1917

Eleanor J. Davis is engaged to George Sweet of Rhode Island.

### 1916

Eric Etherington has been awarded a Buckley scholarship at Harvard.

### 1914

Mollie Cohen married Jack Davis of New Bedford, April 8th.

Prof: "Who was Homer?"  
Stude: "The man that Babe Ruth made famous."

Crit.: "The picture of the horse is good, but where's the wagon?"

Art: "Oh, the horse will draw that!"

Silently, one by one  
In the grade book so carefully guarded  
Blossom the neat little zeros,  
The forget-me-nots of teachers.

Teacher: "Is that a semi-colon or a comma?"

Pupil: "A comma."

Teacher: "It should be a semi-colon."

Pupil: "That's what it is."

Freshman: "Why do they call you Bill?"  
Bill Berkley: "Because I was born on the first of the month."

Teacher: "Who is talking?"  
Student: "It's me."  
Teacher (correcting): "It is I."  
Student: "Well, what did you ask me for, if it was you."

He: "Going to have dinner anywhere to-night?"

She (eagerly): "Why, no, not that I know of."

He: "Gosh, you'll be awfully hungry before morning."

Well: "My father goes to every fire."

Don: "Fascinated by the flames?"

Well: "No, he's a fireman."

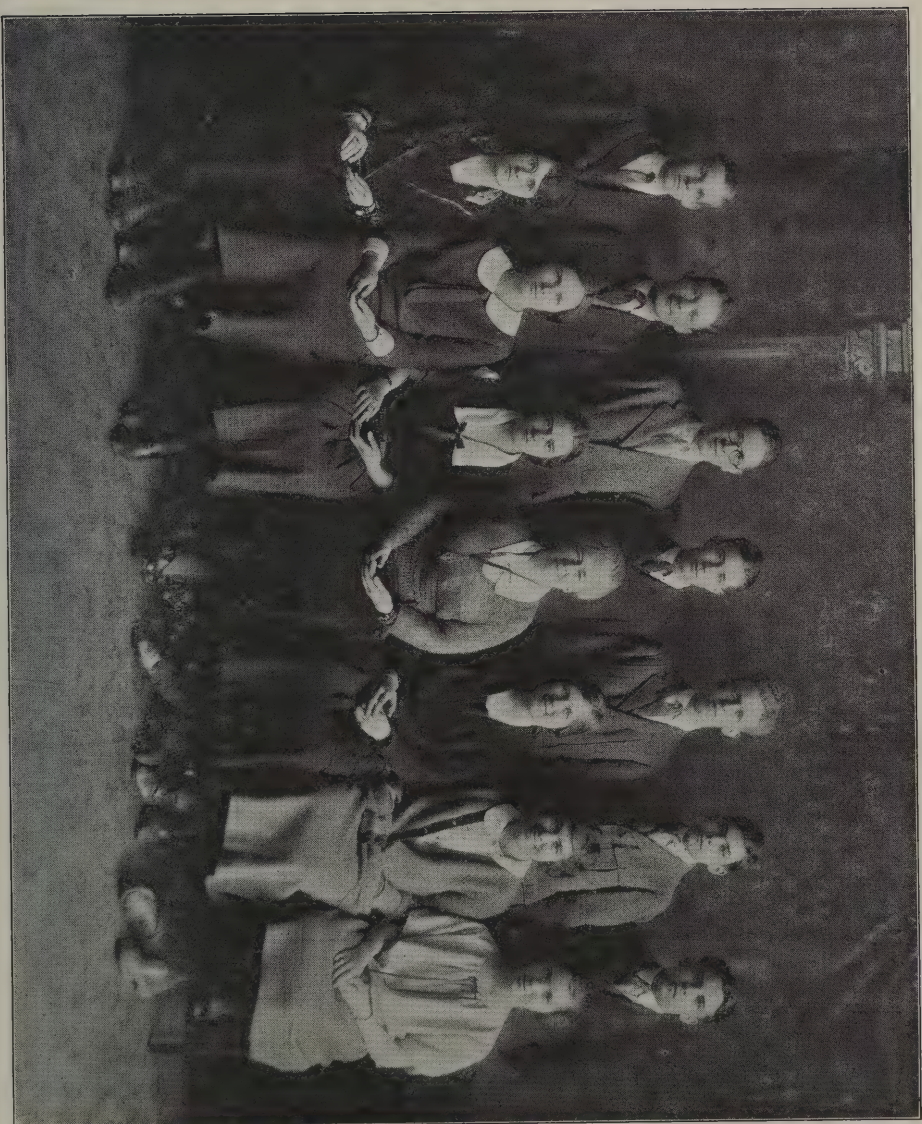
Son: "Dad, did your father ever lick you when you were young?"

Father: "Indeed, he did."

Son: "Then you might as well stop doing it to me now, because you see it didn't do any good."

WE WISH YOU ALL A PLEASANT VACATION





### REVIEW STAFF

BACK ROW (left to right) Nightingale, Sullivan, Rutledge, Swezey, Moreland, Campbell, Winthrop  
FRONT ROW (left to right) A. Gibson, C. Usher, L. Tyler, Miss Hardy, E. Gerould, E. Holmes, M. Schiebel

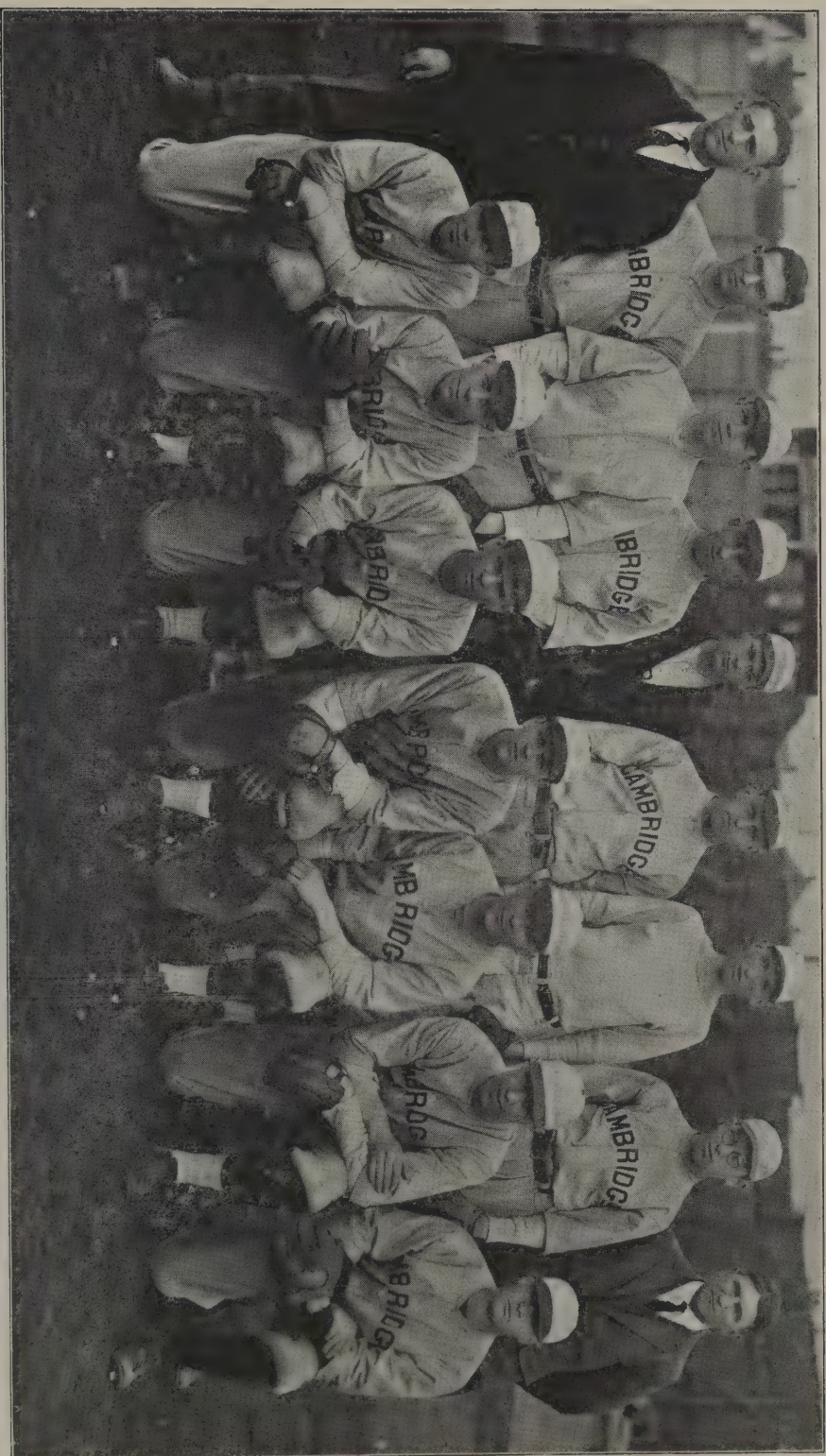




CAMBRIDGE TRACK TEAM

BACK Row (left to right) McCarty (Mgr.), Leighton, Fram  
FRONT Row (left to right) Brocker, Sheehy (Capt.), Murphy, Egan





### CAMBRIDGE BASEBALL TEAM

BACK Row (Left to right) Duchin, Dudley, Cronin, Carney, Davies, Pearl, Rosenberger, Clancy, Coach MacDonald  
FRONT Row (Left to right) Kerr, Slack, Kelleher, Carver, Sullivan, Conroy, O'Connell







Miss Tracey (reading from Leacock's Book on Education): "After I get through with my book every man can put his education in his hip pocket."

The algebraic definition of a kiss— $2 \div 0$ .

We know that Johnson did about everything while on his way to fame in London, but it was rather startling to hear a young lady of our class say that Osborne hired him to dust the Harlian Library.

According to Miss Flanders at High School, common sense is really uncommon sense.

Miss Groden (reading French text): "Là, près de l'eau, à gauche."  
"La, pray de law, O gosh."

Naidess are the female flappers of the freshman class.

Nereids are the flappers of the Sophomore class.

Dryades are the flappers of the Junior class.

Oriades are the flappers of the Senior class.

Dud: "I'm crazy about you."

Miss H.: "This is so sudden. When did you lose your mind?"

### Heard in German II

Wenn die Kanzleiratin einem Glied der Eckart 'chen Familie begegnete, etc.

Whenever the Lady Chancellor met a link of the Eckart family, etc.

Miss Flanders: "Tell the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, Master Turnbull."

Turnbull: "Well-er his wife died just before he married her."

### An Answer With a Kick!

Miss Flanders: "What is Oriental liquor?"  
Carr: "Moonshine. It rises in the East."  
(Yeast).

He: "This cold weather chills me to the bone."

She: "You should wear a thicker hat."

"I guess I'll have to cut in on this dance," said the doctor, as he prepared to operate on the St. Vitus patient.

Miss Ricker (reviewing idioms): "How many remembered 'to burst into tears'?"

Berkeley: "I didn't."

Garner: "He'll remember it after the exam."

Junior: "Wanta buy this?"

Freshman: "What's the matter with it?"

Junior: "Nothing."

Freshman: "Well, then what do you want it for?"

Junior: "Nothing."

Freshman (hastily): "I'll take it."

Mr. Jacobs: "Why are you late to class?"

Miss Gerould: "Well, you see, you began class before I came."

Miss Forrest: "Something is the matter with one of us."

Rothstein: "I know that nothing is the matter with me."

Why did they put corn meal on the floor at the senior social, unless it was to make the chickens feel at home?





On Wednesday evening, April 25, 1923, Cambridge Latin, supporting the affirmative of the question: "Resolved, that Massachusetts should establish a State University", met and defeated Rindge in a thrilling and forensic debate featured by oratory rarely displayed by high school debaters. Latin School based its case on the following issues:

- I That the history of the case favors the affirmative.
- II Excessively high tuition rates are prohibitive.
- III Present universities of higher education in Massachusetts are entirely inadequate to meet the demands made upon them.
- IV That the present institutions must necessarily adapt their examinations to nation-wide scope, and therefore, do not promote the educational interests of Massachusetts.

Walter H. McLaughlin, second speaker of the affirmative displaying rare oratorical ability, eloquently and conclusively pointed out that, since the present institutions are educating so large a percentage of non-residents of Massachusetts, our own students cannot gain admission and, therefore, must seek an education outside of Massachusetts.

Rindge contended that a State University was undesirable, inasmuch as it would levy an unjust taxation. They admitted "*for the sake of argument*" that there was a real problem of higher education existing in Massachusetts today. As a remedy, they proposed a furtherance of the present university extension.

In his rebuttal, McLaughlin showed that when they proposed university extension they admitted that it was necessary to adopt some plan by which our present system could be improved. He then proceeded to show that the university extension does not give a degree and therefore, could not satisfactorily solve our educational difficulties. He quoted Clarence D. Kingsley, president of the university extension board, who stated: "The university extension courses are taken advantage of by only the school teachers and the leisure classes. So, therefore, inasmuch as a state university

is desired so as to benefit the working man's son, and the university extension does not accomplish that end, he claimed that this, at least, was not *the* solution to our educational problem."

Since the system proposed by Rindge had been defeated, but one solution remained, a state university as advocated by Cambridge Latin. This system the judges, by a unanimous decision, decided to adopt.

Since our team was coached in delivery by Miss Hartigan and in argument by Mr. Donahue, a teacher of this school well versed in debating, and by George A. McLaughlin, stellar debater of a few years back and present coach of B. U. Law School team, defeat was impossible. Before the debate and during the intermission, the audience of 650 was entertained by the Rindge Glee Club and the C. H. L. S. orchestra. Mr. Dugan presided.

The teams were as follows:

C. H. L. S.	Rindge
Milan N. Drake	Melbourne Hunt
W. H. McLaughlin	Herbert Blessington
John Field	Hendry White
Roy Lamson (alternate)	

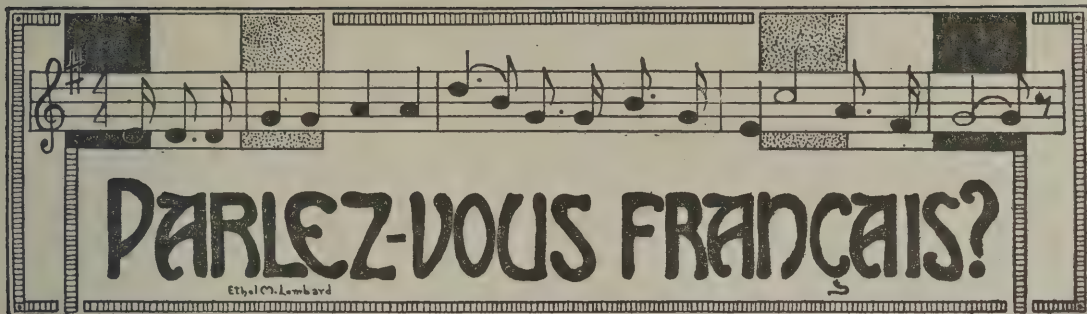
McLaughlin handled the rebuttal for C. H. L. S., while Blessington was the rebuttalist for Rindge.

On Tuesday, April 6, 1923, the Freshman debating team defeated the Sophomores by a 2-1 count. The subject under discussion was: "Resolved, that immigration to this country should be restricted for a period of ten years." The Sophomores argued affirmative, while the Freshmen defended the negative. The series now stands at one victory apiece. One more is needed to win the "Underclass Medal."

We wish to take this opportunity to publicly thank the following teachers for their keen interest in debating this past year: Miss Hartigan, Miss Elliott, Miss Myles, Miss Butler, Miss Sharkey, Miss Hardy, Mr. Donahue, Miss Haggerty and Miss Slade.

One thing marks this year an undeniable success, we caused Rindge to bow low in defeat before our onslaught of debating enthusiasts.





## NOTRE DAME

Aussitôt que j'avais une après-midi libre, je suis allée, comme font tous les autres touristes américains, voir la cathédrale de Notre Dame. Je désirais y aller toute seule pour en recevoir mes impressions sans être dérangée. Quand j'y suis entrée de dehors, il faisait sombre, tout était en obscurité et plein de cette odeur fade qui est particulière aux vieilles églises. Après quoi je m'étais accoutumée à l'obscurité mystérieuse, je ne pouvais pas m'empêcher de penser aux scènes que cette église avait vues.

J'ai pensé au neuf février 1779, quand une grande foule se dépêche vers la cathédrale. La terre est couverte de fleurs et de feuilles; les colonnes sont pavoisées de beaucoup d'étendards; les bougies éclairent l'intérieur d'une clarté éblouissante; la musique remplit l'église, et les claches sonnent partement.

Le roi et toute la cour y assistent. Lentement par la porte de St. Anne entrent cent jeunes filles portant les robes blanches, couvertes de longues voiles, et avec des fleurs d'orange sur la tête. Ce sont cent pauvres jeunes filles à qui Louis XVI a donné une dot à la mémoire de la naissance de Marie Thérèse-Charlotte de France, qui est devenue plus tard la Duchesse d'Angoulême, et il désire assister à leurs noces et consacrer leurs mariages avec son épée ornée de la "fleur de lys." Par la porte de la Vierge entrent à la fois cent jeunes gens, chacun avec un brin de fleur d'orange à la boutonnière. Les deux files avancent ensemble à la barrière du choeur,

où chaque jeune homme donne sa main à sa fiancée, et ils marchent lentement devant le roi en lui faisant salut et recevant un salut du roi. Après cela l'archevêque les marie. Ne croyez-vous pas que cet incident a dû être charmant?

En 1804 cette église a vu encore une cérémonie magnifique, le couronnement de Napoléon et Joséphine. À l'entrée du pape de clerge chante solennellement, et tout le monde est muet. Le couronnement est très intéressant. L'impératrice avance à l'autel. Le pape Pius VII donne la couronne à l'empereur, qui la place premièrement sur sa propre tête et ensuite la donne à sa femme. C'est un acte plein d'une grâce parfaite. Mais quand Napoléon reçoit sa propre couronne, il la prend à la hâte et se couronne hautainement.

Je ne suis pas restée très longtemps dans cette vieille église, car je n'ai pas désiré penser aux événements tristes qui s'y étaient passés. Notre Dame a figuré beaucoup dans l'histoire de France, et elle a vu des scènes tragiques-aussi bien que des scènes joyeuses.

B. L. NORMAN

—Hé! dis donc, Justin, est-ce que tu dors?

—Qu'est-ce que tu, voudrais, si je ne dormais pas?

—Que tu me prêtes dix francs pour aller demain à la foire.

—Je dors.



## EL ORIGEN DE LOS NOMBRES DE LOS ESTADOS AMERICANOS

Los seis estados que tienen nombres de origen español:

El primer estado que tenía un nombre español es Florida, que se descubrió por Ponce de Leon en la Pascua Florida en el año de 1512. Dos teorías subsisten en cuanto al nombre. Una refiere a la dicción española "Pascua Florida" (Easter Sunday) literalmente "Fiesta de Las Flores," refiriendo a las flores con que se adornan las iglesias españolas en aquel día. La segunda teoría es que Ponce de Leon usó la palabra Florida dando a entender "flowery" desde la mirada del país.

Quienquiera haya visto a los picos de Nevada coronados de nieve puede estimar bien la palabra descriptiva "snowy."

Aunque no se descubrió o se colonizó por españoles, Montana tiene un nombre español (algunos dicen latino). Las cordilleras de este gran estado hacen su nombre "mountainous" particularmente apropiado.

Colorado recibió su nombre probablemente del río, aunque solamente sus tributarios corren por el estado. La palabra es española y significa "red" en el sentido de "ruddy" y viene probablemente del río en algunos lugares. También es posible que el estado fuera nombrado de la tierra roja de algunos territorios, que se colonizaron en los días avanzados.

El título California era dado al principio por unos discípulos de Cortés, conquistador de Méjico, a la región llamada ahora Lower California. La fantasía de los hombres de Cortés había estado ex-

citada por el leer de una novela española llamada "Las Sergas de Esplandian" en que una isla inventada llamada California fué descrita, en donde oro en plentitud fué hallado, y dieron este nombre a la tierra descubierta.

En cuanto a Oregon, la primera teoría reconocida es que fué nombrado de una especie de "organum" que vegetan copiosamente en el estado. La segunda teoría es que está deducida de la palabra española "Orígones," que significa "Hombres con orejas grandes" un apellido que es supuesto había estado aplicado a los nativos por los sacerdotes jesuitas quienes se colocaron en aquél país en la antigüedad.

Traducción.

Con esta obra se terminan los artículos en la página española por este año, las cuales esperamos les hayan gustado a ustedes. Los oficiales de la Sociedad quieren que todos los miembros tengan una buena vacación y que vuelvan el año que viene para volver a ser miembros de la Sociedad.

A. J. S., Presidente.

El vecino, llamando a la puerta:

—No puedo dormir con su niño gritando de ese modo! Si no lo hace callar usted lo haré yo.

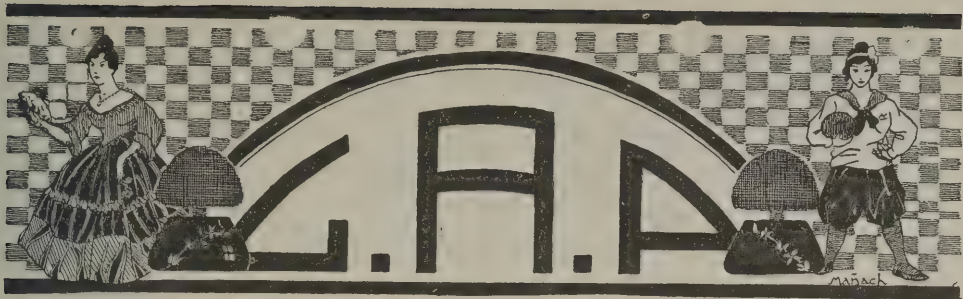
—Entre, señor, entre!—dice el padre del niño.

—Usted será tan bien recibido como las flores en la primavera.

Este bruto, que me trata como una perra, me hace trabajar como un caballo—

Entonces, señora, debe Ud. dirigirse a la Sociedad Protectora de Animales.





### BASKETBALL

The basketball season ended with the inter-class games played by the class honor teams. The senior team, the champion team of last year, again came out victorious. Although the other teams were strong, and played well, it was not once defeated. The members of the team are: Eleanor Groden, Captain, and Madeline Sullivan, forwards; Regina Grenier and Mary Demlen, guards; Athea MacDonald, side-center; and Katherine Connell, jumping-center.

### BOY DANCE

About sixty couples attended the Boy Dance which was held in Baldwin Hall, April 13th. Miss Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan were the patrons. The music was furnished by Jack Leahy's orchestra which came up to its usual standard.

### MEETING MAY 9

A short meeting, conducted by Eleanor Groden, was held in the gymnasium, May 9th to discuss the picnic.

### SENIOR EXHIBITION

On May 17th, the seniors gave an exhibition in the gymnasium to show the girls in the other classes what the work in the senior gym class is like. First they did a difficult drill using dumb bells, Indian clubs, and wands. The second drill was a baseball drill in which they took the positions for pitching, catching, batting and stealing a base. Another drill and a folk dance followed this, and then they played a game with a basket ball, using only their feet to kick the ball about. This game was almost as amusing to the audience as to the players.

### OUT-DOOR MEET

On Friday, May 25, an out-door meet was held between the different classes. There were

competitions in drilling, in long distance throwing and in high jumping. There were also games and various kinds of races.

### THE PICNIC

The annual G. A. A. picnic, the most important event of the year for G. A. A. members, will probably be on Saturday, June 2. It will be held at Kendal Green where the G. A. A. picnics for the last few years have been held. There will be races and games of all kinds and probably a real baseball game. The installation of next year's officers will take place in the afternoon. All present and past members of the G. A. A. are invited to come and share in the fun.

### BASEBALL

Baseball practice is being held every week on Mondays for Sophomores and Juniors, and on Thursdays for Freshmen and Seniors.

### SWIMMING MEET

A swimming meet was held May 31 at the Y. M. C. A. The order of events was relay race, front dive, fancy diving, race for speed, race for form, and a class stunt. The judges were Miss Bickley, Miss McCarthy, and Mr. Purdine, the instructor at the "Y." The try-outs were held May 24.

### ELECTIONS

The elections for president, vice-president, and secretary were held May 15-17. The following were elected:

President—Ellen Hackett.

Vice-President and Treasurer—Mildred Perkins.

Secretary—Frances Sullivan.

The nominations and elections for the executive committee were held the following week.





### **CAMBRIDGE LATIN DEFEATS EXETER 4-1**

Cambridge Latin's baseball team defeated Exeter 4-1 in a well played game. Cambridge Latin played like champs and well deserved the victory. Latin scored in the third inning when Carney was hit, Carver sacrificed him, and Carney scored on Kelleher's hit to center. Dudley got a hit and Conroy scored him with a slashing double.

Cambridge Latin had a 4-0 lead before

Exeter scored. The only count for the latter being a home run by our friend "Izzy" Zarakov.

Davies kept the hits well scattered and he received good support.

John Kelleher's batting and Jerry Sullivan's fielding were the features of the game.

Carver, O'Connell, Slade, Conroy and Dudley also played well.

### **CAMBRIDGE LATIN DEFEATS MEDFORD 11-7**

In the first Suburban League game of the 1923 season, Cambridge Latin pounded its way to an 11-7 victory. Pearl pitched a good game on the whole and, though he was hit, tightened

up in the pinches. Conroy's terrific homer was a big factor in the defeat of Medford. Carver and Kelleher also hit well.

### **CAMBRIDGE LATIN DEFEATED BY SOMERVILLE 10-3**

Cambridge Latin met its first defeat at the hands of Somerville 10-3.

Aided by some good batting and errors by the Latin infield, Somerville was able to collect a total of 10 runs.

Davies received poor support from Latin's infield.

Hogan pitched great ball for Somerville, and he also hit well.

Latin scored 3 runs from the hitting of Conroy, Kelleher and Dudley. Kelleher got 2 triples.

### **CAMBRIDGE LATIN DEFEATED BY NEWTON 7-3**

Newton's hard hitting team landed on Davies at the beginning of the game for 5 runs. They scored 2 more on errors. White-

more kept Latin's hits well scattered. The whole Latin School team was off their usual good game and made many bad errors.

### **LOST IN THE NINTH**

Cambridge Latin came from behind twice to tie and then to lead in the game with Everett. When the Everett batters came up for the last of the ninth the score was 8-5 in favor of Latin School. Then the first three batters got on, and the bases were loaded. One run scored on a sacrifice and the score was 8-6 with

Latin School still on the long end. Then Dearing, classed by the papers as the "Babe Ruth" of the Suburban League, knocked one of Davies' fast ones out of the park, and the game was lost in the ninth 9-8. This was a tough break for the team as every one had fought hard to win.

### CAMBRIDGE LATIN BREAKS LOSING STREAK

After losing three games, Latin School came back and with Joey O'Connell pitching a heady game, beat Brookline 3-2. Cambridge Latin counted all its runs in the third when, with Carver and "Smoky" on the bases, Conroy tripled to right and then scored a moment

later himself on Davies' single over second.

O'Connell pulled himself out of a bad hole in the eighth when with the bases jammed and no outs, he caused the next batter to hit into a double play, Cronin to Carver.

### CAMBRIDGE LATIN DEFEATS OLD RIVAL

The Cambridge team, with Frank Davies pitching championship ball, and the team pasting the ball to the far corners, scored nine runs to three for Rindge. The team found its batting eye in this game and found Banzul for 13 hits, four of which were for extra bases. With a one run lead and Smoky and Carver on the bases, Conroy knocked a terrific homer over the right field fence, one of the longest hits ever seen on the field. Dudley added a run to the total by a terrific drive over the center-fielder's head. It rolled out to the center field

fence and "Dud" was rounding third before the fielder picked up the ball. The Kelleher family covered itself with glory. Young "Smoky" got a pass and a triple in two times up. The elder "Smoky" also starred at the bat with a triple, one of his many this year, and two singles in four times at the plate. T. Kelleher made a nice catch in center field and Slack and Carver made some nice plays. The whole team played heads up ball, and the victory was well deserved and sweet.

### CAMBRIDGE LATIN DEFEATED BY SOMERVILLE

Latin school started off well and scored a run in the first inning. Somerville tied the score up in their half of the inning and it remained that way until Hogan of Somerville knocked a questionable home-run. The ball landed on the shore of the brook and did not go in the water. The "ump," however, gave him a home run although Slack bagged him out before he reached third. The rule is that a ball in the brook is a homer but this one did not go in the brook. The game has been protested but it is not certain whether it will be allowed or not. Latin tied the game up in the first of the ninth and would have won if the

"ump" had not allowed Hogan a homer. The score at two all until the last of the 14th when Somerville won on a squeeze play by Macfadden. Davies pitched better ball than his opponent and deserved to win. Each pitcher struck out 13 men.

### CAMBRIDGE LATIN DEFEATS MEDFORD, 5-3

In the shortest game in the Suburban League for this year, we defeated Medford, 5-3.

### TENNIS

The tennis team was started just before the vacation. Wilfred Nightingale was elected the manager, and then a tournament was planned in order to find out who were the best players; the winner of the tournament to be Captain. "Nate" Cohen won this honor when he beat Rex James in the finals, after beating all his other opponents in love sets. Rex, however, gave him a hard battle before it was decided.

A team was picked from the results of this tournament which is as follows: singles,

Cohen, first man, Kelly, second, James, third man, and Campbell fourth; in the doubles Cohen and James pair up and Campbell and Kelly or King.

The team was twice scheduled to meet Browne and Nichols but the match was postponed both times on account of rain.

Cambridge Latin, in the first match of the year at St. John's was defeated 4-0, although each match was closely contested. Capt. Cohen was defeated in a slow and steady match by Capt. Bernardin of St. John's, 6-4, 4-6,

6-4. Rex James gave Stadel, the captain of last year's team, a great battle. The latter won however 7-5 and 8-6. "Bill" Campbell started off well against McGuane in the first set although he lost. The scores were 6-4, 6-0. "Nate" and Rex started after Bernardin and Stadel of St. John's but were not very successful, losing the first set 6-1. They made a great comeback in the second set, however, beating their opponents 6-2. They were unable to cop the deciding set however. Campbell and King started in the doubles against Del Valle and Mulcahey, but the match was called on account of the lateness of the hour. The team will probably not meet such stiff opposition from the high schools which the manager has arranged matches with.

The Cambridge Latin tennis team proved that it is no easy mark by beating the Arlington team on its own field, three matches to two. This was the team's second match and they showed up well. Rex James and "Nate" Cohen cleaned up for Latin School, by win-

ning their own singles matches and then pairing up in doubles they also won. King and Campbell played well for Latin School. If Kelly, our second man, had been there we probably could have cleaned up.

The summary:

Capt. "Nate" Cohen defeated Brown of Arlington, 6-3, 6-3.

Rex James defeated Capt. French of Arlington, 6-3, 4-6, 6-3.

Lorenzen of Arlington defeated "Bill" Campbell, 6-1, 6-4.

In the doubles, Evans and Brown of Arlington defeated Campbell and King, 9-7, 6-2.

"Nate" and Rex then came through with the score tied at 2 all and defeated Lorenzen, 10-8, 4-6, 6-3.

Matches have been scheduled with the following schools: Everett (2), Arlington, and Somerville.

Cambridge Latin ought, in a year or two, to develop a team able to battle with the foremost schools.

W. B. N.

## TRACK

Winthrop 52½

C. H. L. S. 19½

The day itself was as bad as could be for any athletic event. The field events, high jump, broad jump and shot put were easily won by Winthrop. Hilliard would have had first place in the broad jump but for the overleniency of an official, as it was he came second. Our opponents were stronger in the

dashes than expected, since Capt. Sheehy only placed in the hundred yard dash and came second in the two-twenty. Murphy's work was outstanding—any man that can win the mile and the half in the same meet against a fast field as he did is an exceptional runner. Flax and Leighton helped the meagre score.

## RINDGE 55⅔—LATIN 16⅓

In the annual Rindge-Latin track meet, Rindge had everything its own way, cleaning up in almost every event. Latin School gained its points through Murphy, Sheehy and Leighton. Murphy made 10 points by winning the

880 and mile, repeating his proformance of the week before. Sheehy placed second in the 100 and 220. Leighton added one-third of a point by tying for third in the high jump.

## EXTRA — Late Scores

### Baseball

Cambridge	- - 10	Malden	- - - 2
Newton	- - - 6	Cambridge	- - - 4
Everett	- - - 6	Cambridge	- - - 2
Cambridge	- - 10	Brookline	- - - 1

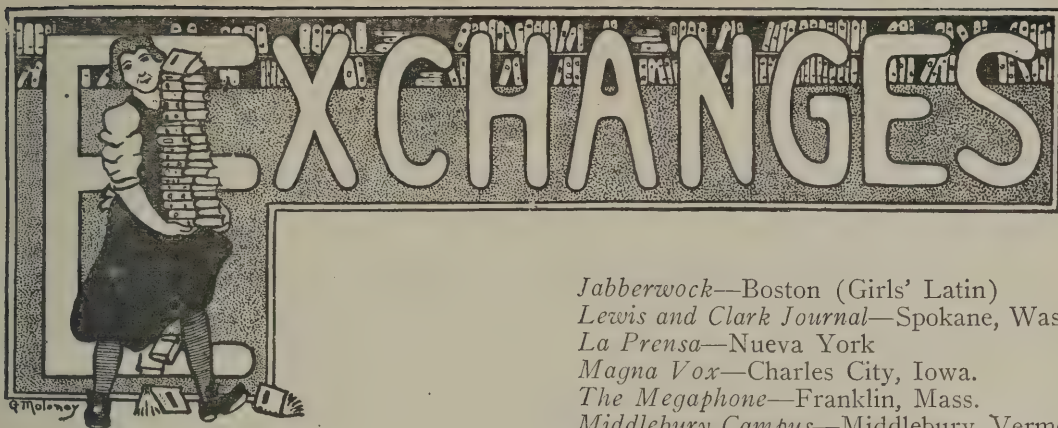
### Track

Cambridge	- - 47	Watertown	- - 25
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### Tennis

Cambridge	- - 5	Winchester	- - 0
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For the last issue of the "Review" we are printing a list of our Exchanges for the year to show to how many different sections of the country the paper has been sent and how many schools have judged us through our paper:

*The Agassiz*—Cambridge (Agassiz School)

*The Abhis*—Abington, Mass.

*Academy Journal*—Norwich, Conn.

*The Advance*—Salem, Mass.

*The Alphan*—Owatonna, Minn.

*The Argus*—Gardner, Mass.

*Argus News*—Ottumwa, Iowa.

*The Blackhawk*—Davenport, Iowa.

*Boston University News*—Boston, Mass.

*Bowdoin Orient*—Brunswick, Me.

*Bowdoin Quill*—Brunswick, Me.

*The Breeze*—Ashburnham, Mass.

*Brocktonia*—Brockton, Mass.

*Budget*—Baltimore, Md.

*Burleson Burr*—Greenville, Texas.

*The Campanile*—Palo-Alto, Cal.

*Caribbean*—Canal Zone

*Chestonian*—Chester, South Carolina.

*The Delphian*—Providence, R. I.

*The Dial*—Plymouth, N. H.

*Drury Academe*—North Adams, Mass.

*Easterner*—Washington, D. C.

*Echo*—Chatham, Mass.

*Enterprise*—Belmont, Mass.

*Exponent*—Greenfield, Mass.

*The Gazette*—Lynn, Mass.

*The Gleaner*—Pawtucket, R. I.

*The Great Blue*—Milton, Mass.

*The Grotonian*—Groton, Mass.

*The Hamptonia*—New Hampton, N. H.

*The Headlight*—Marblehead, Mass.

*The Hermonite*—Mount Hermon, Mass.

*The Herald*—Holyoke, Mass.

*The Inde*—Hanover, N. H.

*The Irwinian*—Philadelphia, Pa.

*Jabberwock*—Boston (Girls' Latin)

*Lewis and Clark Journal*—Spokane, Wash.

*La Prensa*—Nueva York

*Magna Vox*—Charles City, Iowa.

*The Megaphone*—Franklin, Mass.

*Middlebury Campus*—Middlebury, Vermont

*Midget Messenger*—Alamosa, Colorado

*More Pep*—Iron Mountain, Mich.

*The Mirror*—Waltham, Mass.

*The Nautilus*—Greenville, S. C.

*The News*—Beaumont, Texas

*The News*—Dubuque, Iowa

*Northeastern Tech*—Boston

*The Obelisk*—Murphysboro, Ill.

*Our Dumb Animals*—Boston

*The Quill*—Parkersburg, W. Va.

*The Radiator*—Somerville, Mass.

*Ravelings*—Decatur, Indiana

*The Recorder*—Winchester, Mass.

*Red and White*—Rochester, N. H.

*The Register*—Cambridge (Rindge)

*The Reflector*—Woburn, Mass.

*The Sassamon*—Natick, Mass.

*The Scribbler*—Spartanburg, S. C.

*The Sentinel*—Leisureing, Pa.

*The Signal*—Cambridge, Ohio

*Somanhis Events*—South Manchester, Conn.

*The Spotlight*—Rutland, Vt.

*The Spotlight*—Chelsea, Vt.

*The Spotlight*—Valley Junction, Iowa

*The Spectator*—West Frankfort, Ill.

*The Spectator*—Cambridge (Browne and Nichols)

*The Student*—Portsmouth, Va.

*The Tattler*—Conneaut, Ohio

*The Tattler*—Milwaukee, Wis.

*Tech Engineering News*—Cambridge

*Tech Owl*—East Pittsburgh, Pa.

*Triangle*—Pittsburgh, Pa.

*Tufts Weekly*—Tufts College

*Unquity Echo*—Milton, Mass.

*The Voice*—Concord, Mass.

*The X-Ray*—Sacramento, Cal.

These come from twenty-four different states, the Canal Zone, and the District of Columbia.

We thank our Exchanges for their kind and helpful criticisms and hope to see them all next

year even bigger and better and more lively than before.

### WHAT WE THINK:

*The Scribbler—Spartanburg, S. C.*

Each department is unusually well arranged and complete.

*The Irwinian—Agnes Irwin School*

A well rounded paper with an especially good Literary Department. Your jokes might be improved considerably.

*The Radiator—Somerville, Mass.*

Your college sketches give an added touch to an already interesting paper for February.

*The Unquity Echo—Milton, Mass.*

We are in sympathy with your editorials, and suggest an enlarged Alumni Department.

*Drury Academe—North Adams, Mass.*

We like your paper very much, but wonder how you finance it without advertisements. We suggest that you make your Literary Department of more importance by placing it next to the Editorials, and your Athletic section of less importance.

*The Mirror—Waltham, Mass.*

Your Class Notes and Chirps and Chuckles particularly impress us. They give a humorous touch to your paper which is so often lacking in the average High School publication.

### WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US:

*The News—Dubuque, Iowa*

"Your short stories are many and interesting. Your cartoons are also good."

*The Argus—Gardner, Mass.*

"Your cuts are good. You must have a fine cartoonist. The French story was very interesting and Athletic Notes well written."

*The Abhis—Abington, Mass.*

"To be brief and concise, we like your paper."

*The Blue Owl—Attleboro, Mass.*

"Your Editorial on 'Americanism and its Needs' sets forth the goal that every High School in the United States should be striving to attain. Your 'Parlez-vous Francais' page is very interesting and improves your paper a good deal."

*The Lynn Classical Gazette—Lynn, Mass.*

"'Nugget Jack's Strike', printed in the November issue, and 'Finding the Man', written in the December number, are both very inter-

esting contributions to your good Literary Department."

*The Nautilus—Greenville, S. C.*

"This magazine differs from most other exchanges in that its 'Class Notes' consists of many snappy, amusing, up-to-date jokes which we enjoyed immensely. The book as a unit is splendid, every department being complete throughout, although a few more editorials would greatly strengthen this section. Your Literary Department is composed of many clever short stories, of which 'The Trail of Mah-en-gin' is the best. The cartoon 'Bug-house Fables' is quite amusing. Congratulations are in order for your debating club.

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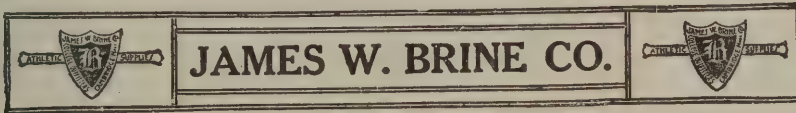
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